

# MCCALL'S

## MAGAZINE

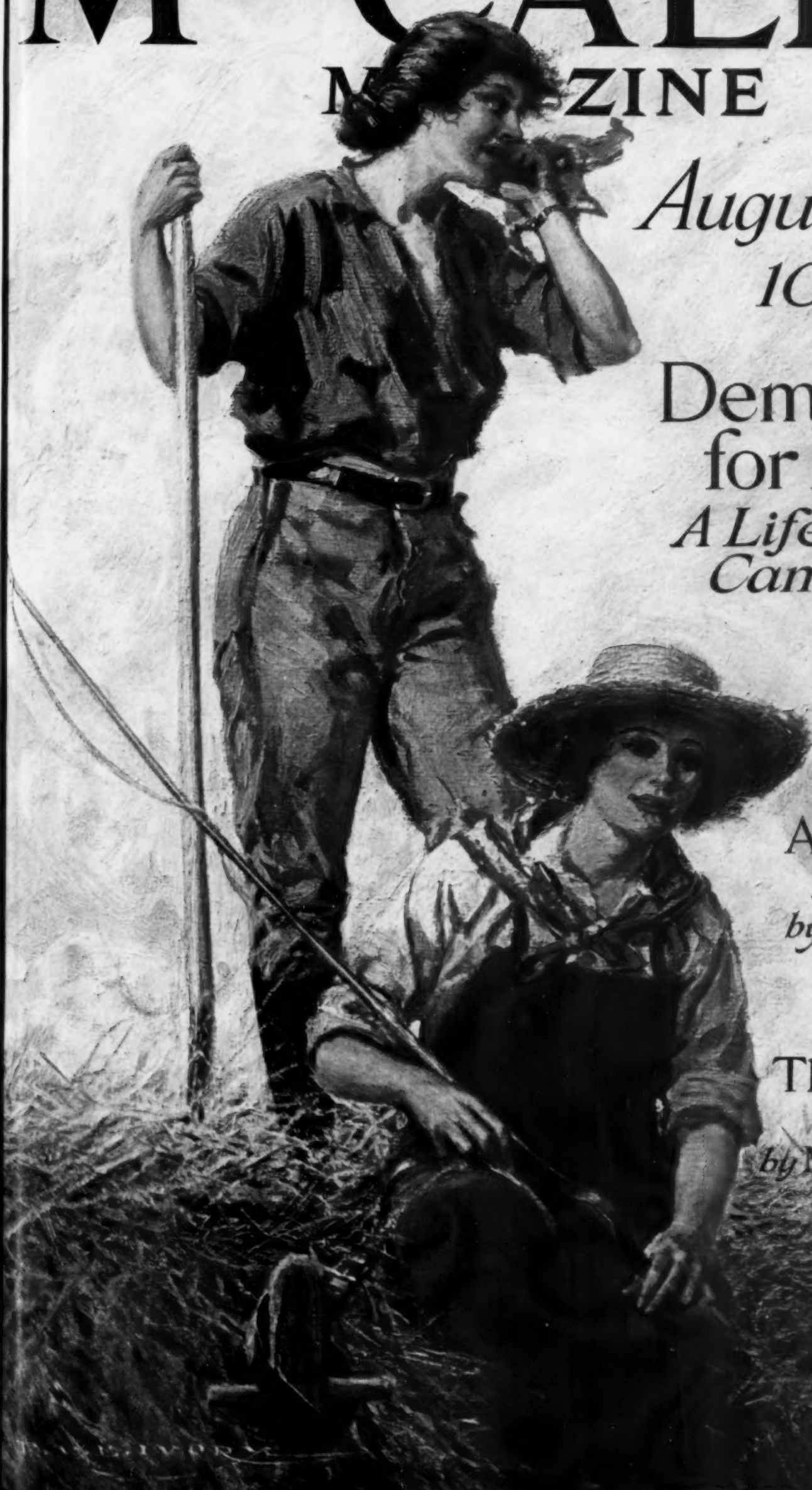
*August 1918*  
*10 Cents*

Democracy  
for Babies-  
*A Life Saving  
Campaign*



A Farmerette  
Love Story,  
*by Juliet Wilbor  
Tompkins*

Defying  
The Big Gun  
In Paris  
*by Madeleine Z. Doty*





*Painted by G. C. Widney for Cream of Wheat Company.*

*Copyright 1909 by Cream of Wheat Company*

**"JACK-THE-GIANT-KILLER"**



### Price of McCall's Magazine

McCALL'S MAGAZINE is 10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. If your newsdealer does not carry McCALL'S, please notify us. The subscription price is now 75 cents a year (12 issues), postage free for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; for Canada, \$1.00 a year; foreign countries, \$1.50 a year.

### When Your Subscription Expires

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Fill out the blank, enclose stamps or Money Order, and mail within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

# McCALL'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST  
VOLUME XLV

1918  
NUMBER TWELVE

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office August 5, 1897

Copyright, 1918, by The McCall Company. All rights reserved

Published monthly by THE McCALL COMPANY,

McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

ALLAN H. RICHARDSON,  
President and Treasurer

O. B. CAPEN,  
Secretary

ROBERT CADRE WILSON,  
Vice-President

### Change of Address

If you intend to change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Be sure to give your old address (complete) as well as your new address. If possible, give date you subscribed.

### Manuscripts

The editor is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts, drawings or photographs submitted. Always send stamped, addressed envelope for return of manuscripts.

### Advertisements

McCALL'S will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms or business men. Any advertisements found to be otherwise should be reported at once to the McCall Company.

BRANCH OFFICES:  
418-424 South Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.  
149 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
21 to 40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.  
62 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
78 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.

## A Pertinent Suggestion

DEAR EDITOR:—I have noticed your articles for girls and their mothers on various phases of girls' colleges. Why not give information concerning a less idealistic but more normal form of education—the coeducational university or college? I believe in them and look to them to produce the type of women so much in demand now—strong, healthy women, with poise, idealism diluted with practical intelligence, looking forward to a useful future in a home or in some profession or trade.

I believe that women in these institutions have the advantage of more than casual contact with men and come to know them as men. They lose that silly self-consciousness that so often characterizes women from a girl's college, and acquire, instead, a healthy, delightful camaraderie. They look life frankly in the face and meet it unflinchingly.

I am a Junior at the University of Pittsburgh. Last year we had four thousand two hundred students. Five hundred of these are girls. We have no dean of women. Yet the girls, by deliberate and persistent effort, are raising the standard of the young women who attend the school. Many hard problems come up, but we gain excellent experience and breadth of character in solving them. The silly girl becomes more normal; the overserious one more human; the intolerant, priggish person is likely to disappear entirely, and all of us learn that we can, and do, often equal the brightest boys in classwork, in athletics, and in general college life. I do not believe our school is a typical example, either, as far as the great advantages of coeducation go.

Why not have an article on such institutions as these? Many are attending them. Let both sides be seen. Our western schools are splendid examples. Forget our charming, conservative, eastern schools which such a small part of the total number may attend. We will be glad to hear of others.

Cordially yours,

P. S.

## Christian Democracy

JUST before the war, four years ago, the general Conference of the Southern Methodist Church had its usual quadrennial wrangle over the subject of the status of its women. But that was before the war! St. Paul had evidently never seen the every-day Roman woman meeting crises grandly, and staunchly backing her men in war—and, as a Christian people, we have taken his philosophy of social economics most literally. But, in the light of the splendid achievements of the twentieth century woman, St. Paul would have been first to give her the status she deserves, and, finally, also, the churches are swinging round to a more tolerant and Christian attitude. Both the Southern Methodist and Baptist Churches granted full laity rights to their women at their general meetings recently, and when the conferences have ratified the measure, the women will be eligible to all the positions now held by men. Who doubts that this war will leave us with a universal, Christ-like religion?

## The Key

POLLYANNA'S successor, *The Key*, by Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, begins in the next number of McCall's. If you liked "Pollyanna, the Glad," that amazing child of laughter and tears, *The Key*, will strike equally close to your heart. It is the story of a blind youth who conquers life; of a funny woman who converses in rhyme—a story of love and the world and the war and you—a story that everybody will be talking about soon.

## Back of the Front



(Photograph by International Film Service)  
"Room and Bath" in front line trenches



(Photograph by International Film Service)  
The shoe repair man with Pershing's forces is always "snowed under"



(Photograph by International Film Service)  
Somewhere in France, the French women repair Sammie's uniforms.

## DEATH A FRIEND TO MAN

IN his sermon, "The Function of Death in Human Experience," Dr. George Burman Foster, of Chicago University, maintains that death, rather than being an enemy to man, is a friend; instead of an end to happiness, a further step to broader happiness. "In our day," he says, "we must cease to think of death as punishment of sin or as a door out of life. Death is a natural necessity. In nature's everlasting alternation of origination and decay, death is the great rejuvenator. Life is movement and mutation; everything new that comes to be life buries an old, and if the old were no longer buried, no longer would the new be born. A life without death, would be life without growth; would itself be death. What would an everlasting spring be? What a day without night? Bounds belong to all that is earthly, else it loses its power. Death sets a goal to life—it articulates our life in the limits of space and time. In this way, it makes life something definite, measurable, tangible, just our human life, which would have no true human content without the succession of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. Transitoriness is the form in which eternity reveals itself to us. Death necessarily belongs to life."

For lack of space, the third instalment of "The Abandoned Farm Dwellers" was crowded out of August; but you may look for it in September, and other instalments about every month thereafter till the tale is told.

## The Triumphant Career

DEAR EDITOR:—I have read in the April number of McCall's what Suzette Decker Meyer replied to "Image Breakers" and I must say that I agree with her.

Many years ago, I preferred a home and children to the lecture platform, both because I felt that I must know life as it really is to millions of women before I could help them, and because I felt that I should be able to be of greater service through my own children than by any public work.

In the years of my married life, I have gone through sickness, adversity, so-called drudgery and disappointments. I have looked upon it all as a school in which I was learning. I would not have missed it for all the careers in the world, for there have been compensating joys. I look forward to the years when my children are grown as those in which I can do still other more worldly work.

My children and I are great chums. We read together, play together and enjoy each other. In training them, I am disciplining myself. In studying with them, enjoying their joy in nature and the world, I am but renewing my own life. My husband and I are pals. He sees that I am cheerfully doing my best by our children and our home, and, as any real man would, gives also his best. Of course, if I were cross, or constantly harping on how much I have to do, and blaming him, I could expect to have the whole responsibility of bringing up my children; but I have tried to eliminate all unnecessary calls on my energy, so that I may have strength to keep cheerful. This has meant giving up many little social pleasures, but it has been worth it to acquire poise and peace and a firm, tender grip on the lives of my loved ones. I am happy now in my home, and happy, too, in looking forward to a future of a different form of usefulness.

I think I have said enough!

Sincerely,  
Mrs. G. F.

## Block Mothers

THE Children's Year Campaign is showing America what mothers she has—what great-souled, caring, patriotic mothers. Women everywhere are giving themselves to the work of building up our Nation's health. Out in Cleveland, Ohio, a unique system of operation has been set running. That births, death, poverty, sickness, street-cleaning, impure milk, bad housing conditions and unpatriotic conditions generally may be brought to the attention of the city officials, the families in each block appoint one woman as "block mother," whose responsibility it is to look after these things. She sees that mothers have medical aid, that sewage is disposed of properly, that the streets are cleaned, that the bedrooms have sunlight, that the children have places to play, that the schools have healthy conditions, that the wee ones have plenty of air and milk—in short, she mothers a block full of people; and, if it were not joy, it would be tremendously hard work.

## Gun Fire

MADELINE DOTY was in Paris when the Germans were shooting off their big gun. She watched the brave city square its shoulders and defy the shells; she saw little children fly from the onslaught. She has returned, and before the indifference of Paris stopped the game, we persuaded her to do the story of it for us. You will find it, with all the adventure and excitement of those days crowded in, on page 12 of this issue.



# WOMEN IN A CHANGED WORLD

An Editorial by Constance D'Arcy Mackay

**T**O reveal the modern woman to the world in a new light, and the world in a new light to the modern woman, are two of the few constructive things that this vast destructive war has done. Many women are developing capabilities they did not know they had. Still others are enlarging their capabilities fourfold. In this respect, the war has been a universal bracer. It has inculcated a valiant attitude toward life in general. People who used to complain of trifling discomforts have entirely forgotten them now in the thrill of larger issues. Death itself has taken on a new guise. It has now become The Great Adventure. Since Earth is the universal mother of us all, why fear to return to her? This is the cry of the poets of to-day. Even the attitude toward human ills has changed. Pain is met valiantly; endured stoically.

"Imagine Sarah Bernhardt in an incurable ward," said a woman recently, at a Red Cross meeting. "What would she be doing? Whining? Complaining? Not a bit of it! With her last ounce of strength, she would be fighting for ideals. That great genius never forgets she has a goal, whether it be patriotism or art."

At present, this whole country is reunified and revitalized because its citizens are all working toward a common goal. Men, if they be worth their salt, have always a goal to work for; but, until recently, very few women have been conscious of any other goal than marriage, and thereby they have lost something that gives savor and solace to life. But, since the war, even the Rocking-Chair Gossips, the Bridge Fiends, and the Confirmed Shoppers have been mobilized into the Knitting Brigade, and their needles are clicking as if their lives depended on it. They are working toward a goal.

What will happen when they are de-mobilized? Will they again become time-wasters? And the answer to that is: Will life let them be? For, after the war, women will face a changed world. There will be terrific economic upheavals and readjustments in which woman will have to play her part as well as man, either through rigid economy, the enforcing of a simpler standard, or through adding a tithe to the family income.

That these adjustments will affect marriage, there can be no doubt. There will be disabled heroes to be cared for. Hundreds or even thousands of men will come back from the front with impaired earning capacity. There will be broken health and broken fortunes. A myriad new problems will rise up on every hand and woman will have to do her share toward solving them. Owing to the economic conditions, fewer women may marry; and many of those who do will marry later in life than has been the custom formerly. That is why the choosing of a career has become of more serious import to women than it ever has been before. They cannot afford to make mistakes. They must conserve time and energy. They must choose wisely and far-sightedly.

**O**F course, there will always be a certain percentage of women who merely want to make money, to "eke along," who care nothing for advancing in their chosen field of work; though it is not with these inefficients that this article has to deal; but with their struggling, self-supporting, indomitable sisters, who "look upward, not down; look forward, not back; and lend a hand."

Men, in choosing their careers, look to the future as well as to the present, and the same thing now holds good for the ambitious girl or woman. She must study herself in relation to her work. She must take account, as never before, not only of her mental but of her physical capacities. Unless she is exceedingly strong, or unless she comes of peasant stock whose vitality is unimpaired, the ambitious woman will have to remember that woman's greatest foe in the working world is Fatigue and again Fatigue. Woman has brilliant upflares of energy; but she lacks the staying power of man. This is particularly true of the American woman.

From the very outset, the self-supporting woman has more to contend with, more to overcome, than has the self-supporting man.

Some one once wrote to that wise and famous sculptor August St. Gaudens, and asked him why there were so few great women sculptors. He replied succinctly: "Because woman has not the strength for the long pull." Some five or six years ago no less judicious a person than W. H. Taft stated in a magazine article that he believed a large percentage of divorce in this country was due to the fact that

women felt they must marry while youth was still an asset and dared not face a middle age made precarious by lack of sufficient strength and sufficient earning capacity. A large percentage of women therefore endured marriage for the sake of a home. On the other hand, a growing number of women refuse marriage under such conditions, and find happiness in their careers—if not as great happiness as the happily married, at least ninety per cent. more of it than the unhappily married ever find.

The first part of the path of the self-supporting ambitious woman is bound to be steep and thorny. And the younger she is, the thornier it will appear in comparison to the path of a young man. No one cares much how a young man lives in his struggling years. He can perch in a garret and be called picturesque. He can sleep on a park bench if necessary; eat a free lunch; do all sorts of odd chores and talk laughingly at his hard luck in later years. But for a woman, young or otherwise, such a course is unthinkable. She must live in decent surroundings and appear fairly prosperous at all hazards. This is not such an easy matter as it sounds in these days.

"I wish," wailed a young woman recently, "that some one would write an article on 'How To Be Natty Though Nourished.' I have to choose between eggs for breakfast and a new hat!"

**O**VER-TIRED and under-nourished young girls who are fighting for a foothold, trying to climb up from a meager wage to a wage less meager, are an every-day sight in every large city, and a tragic enough sight if one looks below the surface.

The self-supporting woman who would succeed must do everything in her power to keep herself fit. Health she must have. Therefore she must choose a career that is compatible with her strength and that will not leave her in a constant state of fatigue; for fatigue will sooner or later destroy a woman's power to get ahead. It will also destroy her attractiveness. This is one of the bitterest things that a working woman who is young, poor and ambitious has to face. In the very years when she should be at her best and, in a measure, care-free, she is often too exhausted to "gather her roses while she may." When night comes she is fagged and listless. That is where the career of a woman—any woman—differs from the career of a man. Deep in her heart every woman, whether with or without a career, expects some day to meet with the Fairy Prince. And she finds it exceedingly difficult to keep her eye on her career and on the highway where the Prince may be passing all at the same time.

What is the ambitious working woman to do under these circumstances? One can only reiterate George Bernard Shaw's advice: "Have faith in your star." The sooner a woman arrives at a philosophy of life and sticks to it, the sooner she knows what she wants and how to attain it, the better it will be for her. An advance in a career, when it does come, means an advance in living conditions, and through these an advance in general health and spirits. For there is one thing about a wisely chosen career that must never be lost sight of—which is that a firmly fixed goal draws one toward it like a magnet.

This is an extraordinary fact but a true one. Once over the brow of the hill the thorns are fewer. As old Ben Franklin used to say, "There are no gains without pains."

Any one who desires a career must be willing to pay the price for it, and, as a rule, a career planned with foresight is such an exhilarating, heart-lifting affair that few people grumble at the cost. True, though trite, is the saying that nothing succeeds like success. The woman who is truly successful has about her an air so cheerful, so interesting, so assured that people are readily drawn to her. She is, in point of fact, far more likely to make a happy marriage than her too easily discouraged sister, who has given up hoping to reach a goal, who has sagged in spirit and appearance, and declared "It's no use."

For the ambitious, self-supporting woman who is discouraged, there should be no sight more tonic than a street, surrounding a night school, in one of our great cities, where hundreds of young and ambitious foreigners throng to pore over books and charts after days spent in office and store and factory. Bit by bit, inch by inch, with terrible toil and with indomitable fortitude, they are pulling themselves up to better things. The woman to whom the sight of these night schools is denied should read Mary Antin's book "The Promised Land," that tells glowingly and truthfully

what persistence can accomplish. This book should be in the hands of every clerk who hopes to become a buyer; every young stenographer who hopes to become a private secretary; every seamstress who hopes to become a designer; every reporter who hopes to become an author; of every groping and ambitious girl who questions: "Can I do this thing that I long to do?"

**H**ERE are many unsung Mary Antins in our midst. There was, not long ago, a young American woman who lacked both the money for a college diploma and the health to put herself through college by working night and day. She sank her real identity; took a place as a nurse girl on a country estate so far from the city that the people who owned it had difficulty in getting servants. There she had good air, good food and sleeping quarters. In her leisure hours, she studied. All her wages she saved. Later she was able to pay for board and tuition at a state university; so she eventually succeeded in getting her coveted degree in spite of the double handicap of poverty and fragility.

The achievements of this girl point a moral in more ways than one. The city wage-earner who can make up her mind to go to the country, where living is cheap, and brave loneliness for the sake of her health's upbuilding, will find recuperation that means an added nearness to her goal. Lost vitality can be regained in the peace of country places.

It is not alone the young Mary Antins who are accomplishing miracles. Middle-aged women come in for their share of glory in reaching a goal against odds. They have added a new word to the slogan Too Late, so that now it reads Never Too Late. Some four years ago, in newspapers and magazines, mention was made of the case of a woman who had always wanted a college degree and who finally went to college at fifty. She was the most popular girl in the university!

Speaking of universities, leads to the fact that in no time in the history of woman has a diploma or degree meant as much as it does now; whether that diploma be from a university, a teachers' training school, a library, secretarial, landscape gardening or trade school. A director of the Bureau for Vocational Guidance for Women lately said that in order to succeed quickly, the very best thing a woman could do was take a diploma in her chosen work. It ratifies her powers; sets a stamp upon her; gives her an actual value to the working world, as well as a sense of security for herself. It is income insurance from the start.

Meredith Nicholson, writing on the Middle West in "The Valley of Democracy," said of a charming, well-to-do young woman whom he met on the train:

"She was bound for a normal school where she was receiving instruction, not for the purpose of entering into the pedagogical life immediately, but to obtain a teacher's license against the future time when it might become necessary for her to earn a livelihood. Every girl, she believed, should fit herself for some employment."

**B**UT where shall women find their work? The cities are already overcrowded with women workers; they will be more overcrowded after the war, and, before venturing into a metropolis, the country—or small-town—girl should see what there is for her to do where she lives instead of attempting to go to the city. To exhaust the possibilities of the place you live in, before starting for another and a larger place, is the safest kind of advice. A star at New York's Metropolitan Opera House tells how she gave music lessons and sang in church choirs in her native western town before venturing as far as Chicago.

The breadth of view that comes from being a worker among other workers is teaching women that a very large percentage of wage-earners labor under a handicap. That handicap may be the fact that duty compels them to stay in some little town instead of migrating to a large city where imagined opportunity seems to beckon. Or it may be poverty, or lack of robustness, or lack of vision. But that such handicaps can be conquered and are being conquered, and that conquering them can become a joy or zest—an absorbing pursuit—is part of the growing, enlightening knowledge of women.

The very fact that more women will probably be working after the war than ever before should urge on every woman personal as well as national preparedness in these days before war ends.



Mary Pickford  
Art Panel  
with samples 10¢

# Pompeian Beauty Powder

Adds a pearly clearness  
Stays on unusually long

## Instant Beauty in Summer

How can I become more attractive—now—today? The answer is Pompeian. A touch of Pompeian DAY Cream protects the skin from the sun and also serves as a Powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance that captivates the senses. Face shine disappears.

**Pompeian DAY Cream**—A vanishing and greaseless cream that protects the skin from the sun. It also keeps the skin smooth and velvety. An ideal cream before applying a face powder. It has an exquisite, dainty perfume. 50c jars at the stores.

**Pompeian BEAUTY Powder** adds a pearly clearness to the skin. It stays on unusually long and has a refined, delighting fragrance. Cools and freshens the skin. It is pure and harmless. Shades, white, brunette, and flesh (the most popular). 50c at the stores.

Above products are guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian NIGHT Cream, Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

### Mary Pickford Art Panel

The world's most beloved little woman has honored the makers of Pompeian by posing exclusively for the 1918 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel. Size 28x7¼ inches and in beautiful colors. Sent for 10c—together with samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and DAY Cream. Clip the coupon below.



(Stamps accepted, coins preferred)  
The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2009 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and DAY Cream.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



THERE is a sweetness about clothes washed with Ivory Soap that reminds one of the fragrance of a clover field. This is because—

Ivory's rich, copious, bubbling, lively lather cleans them thoroughly.

It rinses so easily that not a particle of the suds remains in the fabric.

And, most important, it has the pleasant, unobtrusive, *clean* odor of the highest grade materials of which soap can be made.

Not even Nature's own purifiers—sun, air and water—can counterfeit the distinctive freshness which makes the Ivory washed garment such a satisfaction.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .



IT FLOATS

. . . . . 99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % PURE





Happy with her cooky, this little every-day baby sits on a New York roof and thinks!



## DEMOCRACY FOR BABIES

by Clara Savage



The little granddaughter of the great Edison, whose heritage is genius.

**T**HE other morning, as I was riding along on an elevated train, I looked straight into the window of an apartment house, and there I saw the sweetest little roly-poly baby you can imagine. He was sitting in a high-chair brandishing a spoon in air. His round little face was all puckered with chuckles, and a ray of sunlight had found his fuzz of soft hair.

By a grim coincidence, as I turned back to my newspaper, my eyes lighted on these words: "300,000 American children under five and 15,000 mothers died last year from causes that were preventable." In the light of a baby's smile, those figures seem incredible. But they are vouched for by the Federal Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C. The realization that must come home to every one of us as we read them is that we are somewhat responsible. We have all been so concerned with our own affairs—the safety of our immediate family, our troubles, our small worries—that we have forgotten those whose problems have been greater than ours, perhaps, and who should not have been left to meet them alone. But we have a chance to redeem ourselves, to resolve that never again shall any one be able to point to such a record and say that America is careless of the lives of her women and children. For this year is "Children's Year," and every one in the country—especially the women—is called upon to help save the lives of our American babies and children.

We are all thinking and talking a good deal about democracy nowadays. Over in Europe our men are dying for it. And those of us who are left behind have a chance to share in one of the biggest campaigns for democracy that has ever been attempted—a campaign to give every baby born in this country an equal chance of being a physically well human being. Behind this Children's Year campaign is the belief that a baby's life is inestimably precious, so precious that the mother should have the very best attention before the baby is born, and that the baby should be very tenderly taken care of from the time when he is a little mite of a thing wrapped up in a blanket until—well, until he is grown-up. This means every baby—the poorest little baby and the richest little baby and all the babies in between. Democracy for babies! That is the ideal behind this Children's Year. It has come about because some very far-seeing persons, such as Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the Federal Children's Bureau, realize that without democracy for babies—a belief that every baby has just as much right to the best of care as any other baby—there can be no real democracy for them when they are grown-up.

What are you going to do in this campaign for democracy right here at home? Your help is needed. Find your part and get to work. To many persons, the words, "Save the Babies," conjure up a picture of the crowded slums in large cities. But careful investigation shows that these are not the only places where babies and older children are suffering from want of proper care. There isn't a small city or a town or a district in the country where conditions are so perfect that there is no need of child welfare work.

And this is work for women. It is war work, one of the most important and far-reaching kinds of war work. Strangely enough, it is in times like these when men are dying by the thousands on the battlefields of France that a poignant realization of the sacredness of human life comes home to us.

2,554,543 American babies under one year have died in the last ten years. What do these figures mean? It is as if Chicago were to be wiped out every ten years.

Not only babies, but mothers of babies are dying from lack of care. More women 15 to 45 years of age die from preventable conditions of childbirth than from any disease except tuberculosis. Last year 15,000 of them died who might have been saved. Go to work!

Democracy for babies, means democracy for all babies—and here they are, pleading their own cause. Among them are: in the first circle, left, the adopted baby of Vice-President Marshall; in the large circle, below, Speaker Clark's daughter with her baby; across from her, Mrs. Sayre (President's daughter) with her little girl; in small circle, left, little Ellen McAdoo; and in the last large circle, right, the beautiful daughter of Alma Gluck

Children have never seemed more precious than now. It is for the children of to-day who will be the men and women of to-morrow that this war is being fought. To make these children strong, healthy men and women, well fitted to carry out the ideals for which men are laying down their lives to-day, is the wonderful work entrusted to American women.

If you are a mother, let your motherhood reach beyond the bounds of your own family circle to other mothers and children who need your help. If you have no children, find those who need your love as you need theirs. If your boy has gone "Over There," find some little chap who needs care, and, for love of your son, give this other boy the blessing of a happy, well-cared for childhood.

How can you do this? You can begin to-day, right in your small corner of these United States. Do you know what the women's organizations, or other relief organizations of your community, are doing this year to safeguard children? That is the first thing to find out. And when you have found out what they have already done, offer your services for the work they hope to do. If the well-thought-out program of the Children's Bureau has been closely followed, every child in your community has, by this time, been tested for age, height, and weight. The results have been entered on the card sent for this purpose by the Children's Bureau, and returned to the Bureau. But if you find that this work has not yet been completed, offer to help in bringing it up to date. For this is the first and most fundamental step in the program of "Children's Year." This card is to be filled out by the parents of the child, a nurse or a physician. The parents should keep a copy, since it offers, in convenient form, a valuable table of comparative heights, weights, and ages.

From all over the country these cards are pouring into the office of the Federal Children's Bureau. When the records are complete, they will constitute a new census of the United States—a census of its children expressed in terms of health. With this data on hand, the Bureau will have a key to the work that should be done for the children of America.

"These vital statistics are of course important," says some one, "but I don't believe we have need of very intensive child welfare work in my community. Things seem to be all right. The charities and the churches are looking after the poor, and I never see any sign of suffering among babies."

If you feel this way, the question to ask yourself is whether your opinion is founded on a thorough knowledge of facts or whether you are a born optimist. Remember, too, that these are war times and that they bring their own acute problems. To mention just one, there is the problem of supplying children with the milk they ought to have when the price of milk has become prohibitive for many families. And yet, there is no more vital need than that our children should have the milk they need. It contains all the essential elements for normal growth and development, and, without it, children are sure to be under-nourished. Authorities say that every child from eighteen months to twelve years of age is better for having one and a half pints of milk in its daily diet.

What special measures have been taken to insure the children of your community an abundant

[Continued on page 20]



# The Paisley Shawl

## AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE- TALE—Part 1

By William Dudley Pelley

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY LANE McMILLAN

**W**E have three cobbler shops in our Vermont town of Paris—from which statement you may gain some idea of the size of our community and the lack of homogeneity among our townspeople, incident to all thriving New England communities with a "Boost" committee active on their Boards of Trade.

The largest is located on the corner of Main and Pleasant streets and is owned by Ned Houston, who employs two men to do his work and pays thirty dollars rent. There are easy chairs in which to wait while the new soles are going onto your boots. Ned is patronized by the drummers and the summer people and our more prosperous Parisians.

But if you are neither a traveling salesman nor well-to-do in the goods of this world, you can go down Cross street and into Depot and patronize the little shop next to the Chinese laundry. It is run by Marcus Sevinsky, our town's only Russian Jew. Marcus will put you on a pair of taps for fifty cents—and be glad to get the money.

But midway between these two extremes is another shop—a humble little place in the front basement of the old Academy Hall building—a few steps from Main Street on Pine. It is neither very pretentious nor very dingy. Though chips of leather are sometimes scattered about, for the most part the shop is orderly and honest. Over the door, a few feet back from the lowest steps in order that the light may reach the basement windows, there is a sign which reads:

SETH PEGGINGTON  
"He Saves Your Sole"

The slogan is the only thing incongruous about the little cellar shop. When you go down the twelve broken brown steps and enter the little place, unroll your poor abused footgear from last night's newspaper and say: "How much?"—you feel that the dignified, grave-faced, oaken man who looks the work over and gives you a slow and conscientious estimate, would not originate anything so modern as a catchphrase like that sign outside. As a matter of fact, the sign was suggested by a fly-by-night painter who received permission to make it and put it up. Then he came in asking for eleven dollars, whereas, beforehand, he had distinctly quoted seven. But rather than have a scene, Seth paid the difference. And as the man shook the dust of our village from his feet, he remarked to some one that we were "easy."

For years out of count, Seth Peggington has kept his little place. For a while, the territory was his alone. When our present thriving town was little more than a cross-roads village, the cobbler shop was an institution and the cobbler a very necessary and important village dignitary. Houses have burned down, old landmarks have gone, modern business blocks have been erected, streets have been paved, the youngsters for whom he made the first copper-toed boots are now tired men and women scattered to and fro over a very wide nation or are sleeping peacefully in Mount Adnah Cemetery on the hill overlooking the river. But Seth and his shop have not changed. Day after day through the years he has opened his little shop at six-thirty in the morning and spent the long hours cobbling the village sole. Sometimes when our young folks are going home from the town dances very, very late, they see his little light burning beneath the street level and his rugged face bent over his last. They toss a joke about him and then go on with their love-making. In summer and in winter, in times of prosperity and times of depression, year after year, Seth Peggington has worked away, giving "a good job" in return for the half dollars and dimes that have dribbled over his battered little counter. And we of the "Paris Telegraph" office—who, through the years, have been publishing our little local paper and acquiring all sorts of queer information about

Hungrily his eyes followed her; every move she made, every smile or flashing bit of repartee she gave



"And if the time ever comes when you're in trouble, Drusillie—remember what the shawl stands for and don't be afraid to ask for help, Drusillie."

our town and its common folks—we know something about Seth's early life, and we do not laugh when we see his white burner going late in the night. Often as we wend our tired way homeward through the streets lined on either side by the sleeping households of common, two-legged, hopeful, struggling, curious, disappointed, successful men and women, we remember something about our early days in Paris, and the men and women who were with us then, whose familiar faces have gone from among us. And we think sadly of the grave-faced cobbler and ponder many things existing in this addled world to which there will probably be no answer until the day comes when our little local paper will print our own obituaries and the boys in the back room will go home early in order to dress for the funeral. And by the time we have reached our own front walk and tossed the remnant of our cigar toward the gutter, where it hits the hitching-post and makes a shower of glowing sparks over the walk, "way down in our soul, we wish that we had more of the strength and patience and the fortitude and the character of the cobbler.

When we first came to Paris and before we had been Parisian long enough to become acquainted with all of our

townspeople, we were sitting out on the walk in front of the office one summer's evening when down Main street strolled two young men with a girl between them.

Uncle Joe Fodder, who has conducted the livery stable behind the Whitney House for many, many years, was sitting in one of the "cool off" chairs with us, his vest unbuttoned, his hat shoved back and his puffy hands manipulating lazily a palm-leaf fan.

We watched the couple approach, one of the boys on either side of the girl. The former were dressed in the baggy trousers, the frock-coats, the gates-ajar collars

and the fearful and wonderful tonsorial exhibits of the time, and the girl in the center wore the wide, generous overskirts, the tiny hat with the waving plumes, fastened by the huge buckles that may still be seen in looking over the daguerreotypes in your Aunt Jane's little basket on the center-table in her front parlor.

She was a girl small in stature, with coal-black eyes and a sweet kissable mouth, and as she walked between them, it was plain to us that she was trying to put both men at their ease, doing the utmost to give them both the same attention and yet encourage them on. Her coquetry and her merry laugh floated back to us long after other folks had come between and we could no longer see them down the village street.

**T**HAT'S Drusilla Butterworth," volunteered Uncle Joe. "Biggest flirt in state o' Vermont. Don't mean to be wicked nor immoral nor nuthin'. Just knows she's pretty and that the boys all got their hearts on their sleeves over her, and means to lead 'em a merry chase while she has the chance. She's just a mite spoiled, and probably'll die an old maid."

"And who are the two with her?"

"One on the outside was Seth Peggington. Nice young feller. His dad run a shoe shop over to Cobb City for a spell. Drank too much hard cider and had to give it up—the shoe business. Seth learned to cobble; met Drusillie at a singin' school; an' decided the soles o' Paris needed savin'. He's opened a little place down under the Hall block and they do say he's doin' right well."

"And the other?"

"The other's Judge Wright's boy Phil. He's been goin' with Drusillie for quite a spell—even before Seth met her. But he drinks a wee mite too much and certainly does like his cards. Not a bad boy; just loose and easy-goin'; knows his daddy's made his modest little pile at the law business and that he ain't got to worry none where his bread an' butter's comin' from. Probably'll end up in Washington or on the gallows."

"So they're both courting Drusilla? Which boy have you got your money on, Uncle Joe?"

"Well, Seth's the honestest, but Phil's got his dad's brains when he's a-mind to use 'em. I'd like to see Seth get her but it'll probably be Phil. She's used to pretty things, Drusillie is. She ain't the follow-over-the-world-and-live-in-a-hovel kind—at least not for the sake o' love. She'll probably decide on Phil's money—if at all. But Seth loves her best and would be squarest with her."

We continued to publish our little paper successfully in Paris. We grew to know the town and its people; their likes and their dislikes; their joys and their sorrows; their failures and achievements; their little thumb-nail hero worship and their tiny jelly-bean scandals.

As we frequently wore out many soles going to and fro in the place trying to fulfil our function of social clearing house for the community, we came to know Seth well. For a time he ran a little ad in our paper. One afternoon when we had known him long enough to warrant the intimacy, we said: "I suppose you're goin' to the Baptist lawn party to-night, Seth. Of course!—Drusilla Butterworth's got the fixin's in charge."

A flush of scarlet passed over his features. But he said: "Yes; I reckon I'll be there."

From which we inferred that all was not going well with Seth's love-affair.

[Continued on page 24]



**And Doubt  
Is seeing the broken fragments of life  
And not knowing why they were broken.  
Or how to put them together again.**

Life that penitent comes to bless  
With its old calm friendliness.

*With August days I have you back again.  
It needs must be, we loved them so, we two,  
And in your coming Dear I drown my pain.  
Your look, your voice, your touch,  
are mine again,  
Crowning the Harvest with the peace of you.*

# MY VICTORY

## The Confession of a Wife Who Does Not Love Her Husband

MY only justification for this intimate personal revelation is the

belief that naked hearts, nailed to guideposts along Life's emotional thoroughfares, make the most arresting and trustworthy guides for perplexed travelers passing along the same road.

For twenty years I have been married to a man I do not love. For twenty years, I have lived in the closest human relationship with this man, whom, now, at the age of thirty-eight, I would not choose even for an acquaintance.

Not once during this period has my husband suspected that I was not as fond of him as I was when I married him on my eighteenth birthday. The reason he has not suspected is because I have deliberately deceived him in regard to my own attitude toward our marriage. And the reason I have felt justified in deceiving him is because, while he is fundamentally incapable of giving me the things I need to make my life the complete thing marriage was meant to make it, he has given me his best. And since he has done this, he is blameless. His failure to measure up to my standards in the big moments of life has not been because he has failed me in love or loyalty or honor. No man can do more than give a woman all he has to give. And, in giving all, he challenges her, for very decency and justice, to make a similar return, regardless of the discrepancy in measure or cost. Then, too, aside from the unfairness of hurting one who is blameless, divorce

or separation—or even the truth—would have been purchasing my happiness at the expense of my daughter, who is now eighteen and almost ready to enter college. And so, to me, it has seemed the part of wisdom and justice to cover the grave at my feet with deception rather than allow three people to gaze, for the remainder of their lives, into an ugly secret chamber which might remain forever invisible except to myself.

During these years, the one great source of satisfaction has been the knowledge that I married my husband in good faith, believing I loved him. The light of experience has shown me, however, that, so far as I was concerned, our marriage, which we entered into with so much sincerity, was merely one of those diabolically cruel plans of Mother Nature, who chooses the young and temperamental, waves a passion wand before their credulous eyes, weaves a wedding veil of kisses and rosy mists and passes on, chuckling, before her golden spell is broken.

I am sure the tragedy of my life had its beginning in the temperament of my mother, who died when I was fourteen. Mother was an artist. She was one of those ardent women as sensitive as a wind harp, with an infinite capacity for loving. She lived all of her emotions in italics. People used to tell me that I was going to be just like her. Possibly this is true, because, when nobody else could understand me, Mother could. My happiest days were spent in her little studio sitting upon my low stool beside her pedestal, while she modeled lovely things in clay.

When Mother died, the best part of Father seemed to die, too. He withdrew into himself and allowed me to grow into young womanhood practically unguided. I was red-blooded, restless, ignorant of the world outside our little town, thirsty for life and adventure, and yearning for affection. Brother married, and with just Father in the house there seemed no flavor to existence.

It was then that I met Walter. The inevitable happened. Those little straying tendrils of my affection fastened blindly upon the first object that came within their reach. Walter was ten years older than I. He lived in a middle western city and visited friends in our town. This fact alone clothed him in romance, since I gazed at him through the imaginative

eyes of youth. He seemed to be the complete answer to all the questions my unfolding womanhood were asking of life. Nobody else had attempted to answer these questions; nobody had seen the necessity of providing standards by which I could measure and compare the few men I met. I was not analytical or worldly wise enough to realize that much of Walter's gentleness, which appealed to me so strongly, was lack of force of personality, or that his tenderness and affection were of too effeminate a quality to provide a safe anchorage for a turbulent nature like mine. Mother could have told me that he was not the mate for me—but Mother's voice was stilled.

So we were married and the dawning of my disillusionment came the evening of our wedding day. Our brief honeymoon was to be spent in a large hotel in the city in which we were to live. Since Walter was earning only a small salary as a clerk in a hardware store, he had engaged a room in the hotel and we were to take our meals at less expensive restaurants. To my unaccustomed eyes, the hotel seemed very grand. I remember my thrill of ecstacy as we entered the luxurious elevator and mingled with well-dressed, cultured men and women of the type I had always been eager to know. I was so happy! The world was unbelievably lovely and, for a few heavenly days, at least, part of its loveliness would be mine!

As the elevator sped upward, one person after another left, until Walter and I and the porter with our bags were the only remaining passengers. I noticed, with a little quiver of the heart, that, with each succeeding floor, the carpets became a trifle more shabby, the people a little more ordinary and the porter and elevator man a trifle less obsequious. And, in comparison to the other men I had noticed, even my new husband seemed not quite the marvelous being he had appeared when he had placed the ring upon my finger a few hours previous.

We were conducted to a room upon an upper floor. It was a small, dark room opening upon a rear court. Upon the floor was a carpet, the design of which had been trampled into oblivion by many feet. The room was over full of ugly, misfit furniture. Walter walked about with an air of proprietorship. He seemed perfectly satisfied. Finally, he said complacently, "This is good enough for the money; we can be comfortable here."

For a moment, I felt weak and ill. "Yes, we can be comfortable here," I echoed obediently, forcing a desperate smile.

But the next instant I was weeping with my face buried in the pillow. It was not because the room was cheap and sordid. Even then I was too good a sport for that. I wept because I realized, suddenly, that my husband didn't mind cheapness and sordidness, that he didn't see ugliness and, apparently, was not ambitious for better things. There was an indefinable something about his attitude that made me realize, with a sinking of the heart, that he accepted these things unchallenged, as though they had been decreed as our inheritance.

SOON our baby came. She was a great comfort to me and I fought desperately against admitting the unhappiness that had increased day by day. I resolutely closed my eyes upon those comforts of life other men provided for their wives and children. I told myself that love and loyalty compensated for any lack of material possessions. I chided myself for being ambitious, for wishing to rise to levels plainly above my husband's head. But, deep in my heart, I knew that all the material things in the world could never compensate me for my husband's lack of moral sinew and force of personality. He was like pure gold, which, without alloy, is worthless in the wear and tear of existence.

One night, in handing me his salary, Walter made a remark which epitomized the whole situation, material and

spiritual. "Lord knows I'd give you more if I had it," he had said. And I knew he would! That was precisely the point. He was giving

me all he had and all he could ever hope to have, of body, mind and soul—and it wasn't enough!

Although I hated myself for a traitor, I felt myself swinging into a broader orbit where, I knew, my husband could not follow me. I was consumed by a famishment for the big, intangible things of life to which my husband was simply not attuned. Being a God-fearing, meat-and-potato-souled creature who did his work, took his pay, and asked nothing more of life, he was fundamentally incapable of supplying those finer things which I needed as much as I needed food, and raiment, and shelter.

Try as I would, I could not stimulate his mentality above the newspaper limit. Of the growing potentialities within me, he did not dream. Not being subtle, he failed to notice that we were not speaking the same language and that I was giving him only a part of myself. His slow discernment never once penetrated behind my smiling lips to discover a soul in upheaval. Since these very incapacities were his justification, it was plainly my duty to adjust his limitations and my potentialities in such a way that he would not suffer.

Fortunately for me, Walter made no great demands upon my affection. He was satisfied with crumbs—and counterfeited crumbs at that. He took what I gave, humbly and gratefully. The only honest thing about my giving was the sincerity of my effort to repay him. Then, too, my young daughter was looking on, and I had determined never to shrink from any suffering that would cheat her of her birthright. And any woman who lives with a man she does not love, suffers.

But aside from the cruelty of the act, there was a reason why I could never bring myself to tell Walter the truth about my feelings. I knew that I could not endure the spectacle of his collapsed manhood. Then, again, confession would presuppose divorce or at least separation, and either, simply for incompatibility, seemed to me to be the white flag of the white-blooded coward. Moreover, there was the child, always looking on while her father and mother created her future standards for family life.

ABOUT this time, through no fault of his, Walter lost his position. Since we had been living practically from hand to mouth, this was a calamity. It was necessary for us to have money immediately, so I took boarders and made the living while my husband sought another position. I shall have to confess to doing this without grace. I simply gritted my teeth and plunged ahead like a Spartan. My hard work, together with the insomnia which had developed as a result of my mental anxiety, finally began to grind like brakes against my nerves. I developed a blind, seething rage against the injustice of life. I became horribly afraid of a crazy impulse to shriek into Walter's unsuspecting ears all the bitterness and disappointment that was corroding my heart. During these tempests, my greatest safety lay in cuddling down beside my sleeping child. The peace of her relaxed little form would relieve my tenseness and calm my turbulent spirit. I would get up, whispering to myself, "Not to-night! To-morrow, perhaps, if I must—but not to-night!"

One night, during this period of acute nervousness, a couple visited us. The wife, always irritable, was unusually edgy. After they had gone, Walter remarked complaisantly, "Gee whiz, if I had to live with her, I'd go crazy!"

Some imp of curiosity prompted me to ask: "Walter, suppose you had made a hideous mistake in marrying me—what would you do?"

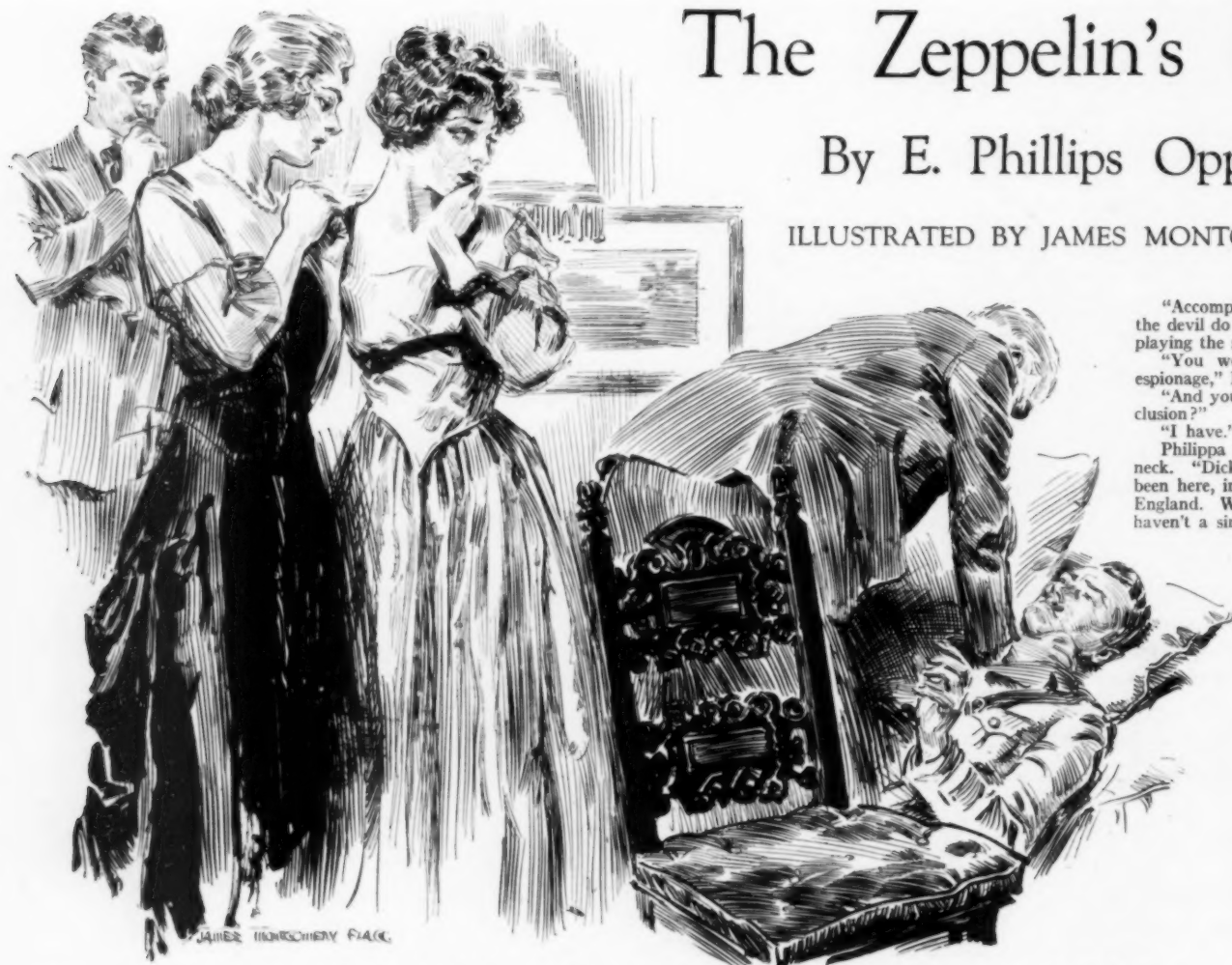
[Continued on page 32]



# The Zeppelin's Passenger

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Sir Henry, with a shout of fury, took Griffiths by the throat and threw him on the sofa. "His Majesty's service has no use for madmen," he thundered. "You know that I possess superior authority here."

For Synopsis, see page 22

## CHAPTER XX

**P**HILIPPA entered the library in a state of agitation for which she was glad to have some reasonable excuse. She held out both her hands to Lessingham.

"Dick is back—just arrived!" she exclaimed. "I can't tell you how happy we are, and how grateful!"

"I am glad," he said. "Do you mean that he is in the house, here, now?"

"He is in the dining-room with Helen."

Lessingham was unmoved. "I had to come back," she suggested, "that it would be better to keep us apart. Have you told him about my bringing the letters?"

She shook her head. "We nearly did. Then I stopped."

"You were wise," he said.

"Are you wise?" she asked him quickly. "Captain Griffiths knows everything," she reminded him. "He is simply furious because your arrest was interfered with. I really believe that he is dangerous."

Lessingham was unmoved. "I had to come back."

Philippa was curiously afraid. She looked toward the door as though with some vague hope of escape. She realized that the necessity for decision had arrived.

"Philippa," he went on, "do you see what this is?"

He handed her two folded slips of paper. She started. At the top of one she recognized a small photograph of herself.

"What are they?" she asked. "What does it mean?"

"They are passports for America," he told her.

"For—for me?" she faltered.

"For you and me."

They slipped from her fingers. He picked them up from the carpet. Her face was hidden for a moment in her hands.

"I know so well how you are feeling," he said humbly. "I know how terrible a shock this must seem to you when it comes so near."

She lifted her head. There was still something of the look of a scared child in her face.

"Don't imagine me better than I am," she begged. "Only it is the first time this sort of thing has ever come into my life."

"I know \* \* \* You see," he went on, a little wistfully, "you have not taken me, as yet, very far into your confidence, Philippa. You know that I love you as a man loves only once."

He came a little nearer. His hands rested upon her shoulders very lightly. More than ever in those few moments she realized the spiritual qualities of his face. His eyes were aglow. His voice, a little broken with emotion, was wonderfully tender.

"I am rich," he said, "and there are few parts of the world where we could not live. There are corners where the sordid crime of this ghastly butchery has scarcely been heard of, where the horrors and the taint of it are as though they never existed, where the sun and moon are still unshamed, and the gray monsters ride nowhere upon the sapphire seas."

She stood perfectly still. "You must have my answer now, at this moment?" she asked.

"There are yet some hours," he told her. "I have a very powerful automobile here, and to-night there is a full moon. If we leave here at ten o'clock, we can catch the steamer to-morrow afternoon. Everything has been made very easy for me. And fortune, too, is with us—your vindictive commandant, Captain Griffiths, is in London \* \* \* You see, you have the whole afternoon for thought. At ten o'clock I shall come here. If you are coming with me, you must be ready then. You understand?"

"I understand," she assented, under her breath. "And now, somehow, I think that you were right. It would be better for you and Dick not to meet."

"I am sure of it," he agreed. "I shall come for my answer at ten o'clock. I wonder \* \* \* " He left his sentence uncompleted and turned toward the door. Suddenly, she called him back. She held up her finger. Her whole expression had changed. She was alarmed.

"Wait!" she begged. "I can hear Dick's voice. Wait till he has crossed the hall."

They both stood, for a moment, quite silent. Then they heard a little protesting cry from Helen, and a good-humored laugh from Richard. The door was thrown open.

"You don't mind our coming through to the gun-room, Phil?" her brother asked. "We're not—My God!"

There was a queer silence, broken by Helen, who stood on the threshold, the picture of distress.

"I tried to get him to go the other way, Philippa."

Richard took a quick step forward. His hands were outstretched.

"Bertram!" he exclaimed. "Is this a miracle? You here with my sister?"

Lessingham held out his hand. Suddenly Richard dropped his. His expression had become sterner.

"I don't understand!" he said simply.

For a few brief seconds no one could speak. Richard's amazement increased upon reflection.

"Von Kunisloch!" he exclaimed. "Bertram! What in the name of all that's diabolical are you doing here?"

"I am just a derelict," Lessingham explained, with a faint smile. "Glad to see you, Richard. You are a day earlier than I expected."

"You knew that I was coming, then?" Richard demanded.

"Naturally," Lessingham replied. "I had the great pleasure of arranging for your release."

"Look here," Richard went on, "I'm groping about a bit. I don't understand. Forgive me if I run off the track. I am not forgetting our friendship, Von Kunisloch, or what I owe to you since you came and found me at Wittenberg. But, for all that, you are a German and an enemy, and I want to know what you are doing here, in England, in my brother-in-law's house."

"No particular harm, Richard, I promise you," Lessingham replied mildly.

"You are here under a false name!"

"Hamar Lessingham, if you do not mind," the other assented. "I prefer my own name, but I do not fancy that the use of it would insure me a very warm welcome over here just now. Besides," he added, with a glance at Philippa, "I have to consider the friends whose hospitality I have enjoyed."

In a shadowy sort of way, the truth began to dawn upon Richard. His tone became grimmer and his manner more menacing.

"Von Kunisloch," he said, "we met last under different circumstances. I will admit that I cut a poor figure, but mine was at least an honorable imprisonment. I am not so sure that yours is an honorable freedom."

Philippa laid her hand upon her brother's arm.

"Dick, dear, do remember that they were starving you to death!" she begged.

"You would never have lived through it," Helen echoed.

"You are talking to Mr. Lessingham," Philippa protested, "as though he were an enemy, instead of the best friend you ever had in your life."

Richard waved them away. "You must leave this to us," he insisted. "Von Kunisloch and I will be able to understand one another, at any rate. What are you doing in this house? \* \* \* in England? What is your mission here?"

"Whatever it may have been, it is accomplished," Lessingham said gravely. "At the present moment, my plans are to leave your country to-night."

"Accomplished?" Richard repeated. "What the devil do you mean? Accomplished? Are you playing the spy in this country?"

"You would probably consider my mission espionage," Lessingham admitted.

"And you have brought it to a successful conclusion?"

"I have."

Philippa threw her arms around her brother's neck. "Dick, please listen. Mr. Lessingham has been here, in this district, ever since he landed in England. What possible harm could he do? We haven't a single secret to be learned. Everybody

knows where our few guns are. Everybody knows where our soldiers are quartered. We haven't a harbor or any secret fortifications. Mr. Lessingham has spent his time among trifles here. Take Helen away somewhere and forget that you have seen him in the house. Remember that he has saved your life. He has saved Henry's also."

"I invite no consideration on that account," Lessingham declared. "All that I did for you in Germany, I did, or should have attempted to do, for my old friend. Your release was different. I am forced to admit that it was the price paid for my sojourn here. I will only ask you to remember that the bargain was made without your knowledge, and that you are in no way responsible for it."

"A price," Richard pronounced fiercely, "which I refuse to pay!"

Lessingham shrugged his shoulders. "The alternative," he confessed, "is in your hands."

Richard moved toward the telephone. "I am sorry, Von Kunisloch," he said, "but my duty is clear. Who is Commandant here, Philippa?"

"Richard," she exclaimed, "you shall not do this from my house! I forbid you! Do you know what it would mean if they believed you?"

"Death," he answered. "Von Kunisloch knew the risk he ran when he came to this country under a false name."

"But I won't have it!" Philippa protested. "He has become our friend. Day by day we have grown to like him better and better. He has saved your life, Dick. He has brought you back to us. Think what it is that you propose!"

"It is what every soldier has to face," Richard declared.

"You men drive me crazy with your foolish ideas!" Philippa cried desperately. "The war is in your brains, I think. You would carry it from the battlefields into your daily life. Because countries are at war, is everything to go? All the finer, sweeter, feelings of life? If you two met on the battlefield, it would be different. Here in my drawing-room, I will not have this black demon of the war dragged in as an excuse for murder! Take Dick away, Helen!" she begged. "Mr. Lessingham is leaving to-night. I will pledge my word that, until then, he remains a harmless citizen."

"Women don't understand these things, Philippa," Richard began—

"Thank heaven, we understand them better than you!" Philippa interrupted fiercely. "You have but one idea—to strike—the narrow idea of men that breeds warfare. We women see further, we know more. I swear to you, Richard, that if you interfere, I will never forgive you as long as I live!"

Richard stared at his sister in amazement. There seemed to be some new spirit born within her. Throughout all their days, he had never known her so much in earnest, so passionately insistent. He looked from her to the man whom she sought to protect, and who answered, unasked, the thoughts that were in his mind.

"Whatever harm I may have been able to do," Lessingham announced, "is finished. I leave this place to-night, probably forever. As for the Commandant," he went on with a faint smile, "he is already upon my track. There is nothing you can tell him about me which he does not know. It is just a matter of hours, the toss of a coin, whether I get away or not."

"They've found you out, then?" Richard exclaimed.

"Only a miracle saved me from arrest a week ago," Lessingham acknowledged. "Your Commandant here is at the present moment in London for the sole purpose of denouncing me."

"And yet you remain here, paying afternoon calls?" Richard observed incredulously. "I'm hanged if I can see through this!"

"You see," Lessingham explained gently, "I am a fatalist!"

It was Helen who finally led her lover from the room.

"You are more wonderful than ever," Lessingham began, turning to Philippa. "You say so little and you live so near the truth. It is those of us who feel as you do—who understand—to whom this war is so terrible."

"I want to ask you one question before I send you away," she told him. "This journey to America?"

"It is a mission on behalf of Germany," he explained, "but it is, after all, an open one. I have friends—highly placed friends—in my own country, who in their hearts feel as I do about the war. It is through them that I am able to turn my back upon Europe. I have done my share of fighting," he went on sadly, "and the horror of it will never quite leave me. I think that no one has ever charged me with shirking my duty, and yet the sheer, black ugliness of this ghastly struggle, its criminal inutility, have got into my



blood so that I think I would rather pass out of the world in some simple way than find myself back again in that debauch of blood. Is this cowardice, Philippa?"

She looked at him with shining eyes. "There isn't any one in the world," she said, "who could call you a coward. Whatever I may decide, whatever I may feel toward you, that, at least, I know."

"At ten o'clock," he began—"But listen," she interrupted. "Apart from anything which Dick might do, you are in terrible danger here, all the more if you really have accomplished something. Why not go now, at this moment? Why wait? These few hours may make all the difference."

"They may, indeed, make all the difference to my life," he answered. "That is for you to decide."

Then he went out of the room. Philippa moved to the window and watched him until he had disappeared. Very slowly she left the room, made her way to her own little suite of apartments, and locked the door.

## CHAPTER XXII

IT was a happy, if a trifle hysterical little dinner-party that evening at Mainsail Haul. Philippa was unusually silent, but Helen had expanded in the joy of her great happiness. Richard, shaved, and with his hair cut, attired once more in the garb of civilization, seemed a different person. Even in these few hours the lines about his mouth seemed less pronounced. He glanced good-humoredly at Philippa.

"You haven't killed the fatted calf for me in the shape of clothes, Philippa," he observed. "One would think that you were going on a journey."

She glanced down at her high-necked gown and avoided Helen's anxious eyes. "I may go for a walk," she said, "and leave you two young people to talk secrets. I am rather fond of the garden these moonlight nights."

"When is Henry coming back?" her brother inquired.

Philippa's manner was quiet but ominous. "I have no idea," she confessed. "He comes and goes as the whim seizes him, and I seldom know where he is. One week it is whitening and another codding. Lately he seems to have shown some partiality for London life."

"You mean to say that he is still not doing anything?"

"Nothing whatever."

"But what excuse does he give?" Richard persisted.

"He says he is too old for a ship and he won't work in an office," Philippa replied. "His point of view is so impossible that I cannot even discuss it with him."

"It's the rummest go I ever came across," Richard remarked reminiscently. "I should have said that old Henry would have been up and at 'em at the Admiralty before the first gun was fired."

"On the contrary," Philippa rejoined, "he took advantage of the war to hire a Scotch moor at half-price, about a week after hostilities had commenced."

"It's a rum go," Richard repeated. "I can't fancy Henry as a skulker. Forgive me, Philippa. He comes of such fine fighting stock. I suppose his health is all right?"

"His health," Philippa declared, "is marvellous. I should think he is one of the strongest men I know."

Her brother patted her hand. "You've been making rather a trouble of it, old girl," he said affectionately. "It's no good doing that, you know. You wait and let me have a talk with Henry."

"I think," she replied, "that nearly everything possible has already been said to him. Please let us talk about something else."

They gossiped over acquaintances and made their plans for the week—Richard must report at the War Office at once. Philippa grew more and more silent as the meal drew to a close. It was at Helen's initiative that they left Richard alone for a moment over his dinner. She kept her arm through Philippa's as they crossed the hall into the drawing-room, and closed the door behind them. Philippa stood upon the hearth-rug. Already her mouth had come together in a straight line. Her eyes met Helen's defiantly.

"I know exactly what you are going to say, Helen," she began, "and I warn you that it will be of no use."

Helen drew up a small chair and seated herself before the fire.

"Are you going away with Mr. Lessingham, Philippa?" she asked.

"I am. We are leaving to-night. It's unbearable here."

Helen stretched out one foot to the blaze. "Motoring?" she inquired.

"Naturally," Philippa replied. "You know there are no trains leaving here to-night."

"You'll have a cold ride. Take your heavy fur coat."

"You don't seem much upset, Helen!"

"I think," Helen declared, looking up, "that nothing that has ever happened in my life has made me more unhappy, but I can see that you have reasoned it all out, and there is not a single argument I could use which you haven't already discounted. It is your life, Philippa, not mine. I would not do what you are doing."

Philippa laughed hardily. "What should you do," Philippa demanded, "if Richard failed you in some great thing?"

"I might suffer," Helen confessed, "but my love would be there. Perhaps, for that reason, I should suffer the more."

Philippa's eyes suddenly flashed. "Helen," she said, "you are not such a fool as you try to make me think. Can't you see what is really at the back of it all in my mind? Can't you realize that, whatever punishment it may bring me, it will punish Henry more?"

"I see," Helen observed. "You are running away with Bertram von Kunisloch to annoy Henry?"

"Oh, he'll be more than annoyed!" Philippa laughed sardonically. "He has terrible ideas about the sanctity of things that belong to him. He'll be remarkably sheepish for some time to come. He may even feel a few little stabs. It won't please him!"

"Where are you—and Mr. Lessingham going to live?" Helen inquired.

"In America to start with. I've always longed to go to the States."

"Well, it all seems very simple," Helen admitted. "I think Mr. Lessingham is a perfectly delightful person, and I shouldn't wonder if you didn't now and then almost imagine that you were happy."

"You believe in Mr. Lessingham, don't you?" Philippa asked.

"I do, indeed," Helen replied. "I am not quite sure, though, that I believe in you, that when the moment has really come, and your head is upturned and your arms outstretched, and your feet have left this world in which you are now, I am not quite sure that you will find all that you seek."

"You think he doesn't love me?"

"I am not convinced," Helen replied calmly, "that you love him."

"Why, you idiot," Philippa declared feverishly, "of course I love him. I think he is one of the sweetest, most lovable persons I ever knew, and as to his being German, I shouldn't care whether he were a Fiji Islander or a Chinese."

"I agree with you," Helen said, "but listen. You know that I haven't uttered a single word to dissuade you. Well, then, grant me just one thing. Before you start off this evening, tell Mr. Lessingham the truth, whatever it may be, the truth which you haven't told me. It very likely won't make any difference. Still tell him."

Philippa made no reply. Richard opened the door and lingered upon the threshold. Helen rose to her feet.

"I am coming, Dick," she called out cheerfully. "There's a gorgeous fire in the gun-room, and two big easy chairs there, and we'll have just the time I have been looking forward to all day. You'll tell me things, won't you?"

She looked very sweet as she came toward him, her eyes raised to him, her face full of the one happiness. He passed his arm around her waist.

"I'll try, dear," he said. "You won't be lonely, Philippa?"

"I'll come and disturb you when I am," she promised.

The door closed. She stood gazing down into the fire, listening to their footsteps as they crossed the hall.

## CHAPTER XXII

JUST before Lessingham reached the front of Mainsail Haul, the postern gate in the wall on his left-hand side opened, and Philippa stood there, muffled up in her fur coat, framed in the faint and shadowy moonlight against the background of seabounded space. He moved eagerly toward her. It was from Philippa's lips that he would hear his real sentence; it was her answer which would fill him once more with the lust for life; or send him on in his rush through the night for safety, callous, almost indifferent to its results.

"I have come for my answer."

Philippa showed him her small bag, "Here I am. I am ready now to go with you."

His face was transformed. She was afraid of her words. She found herself struggling in his arms.

"Not yet," she begged. "Please remember where we are."

He released her reluctantly. A few yards away, they could hear the purring of the six-cylinder engine, in exorable reminder of the passing moments. He caught her hand.

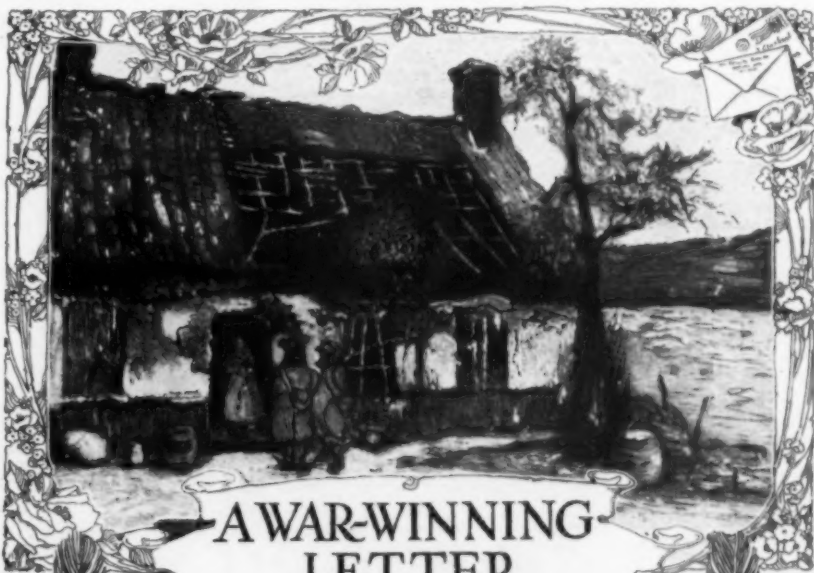
"Philippa," he began, "you know what you are doing? We can escape, I believe. My flight is all wonderfully arranged. But there will be no coming back. It will be all over when our car passes over the hills there. You will not regret? You care enough even for this supreme sacrifice?"

"I shall never reproach you as long as I live," she promised. "I have made up my mind to come."

"But it is because you care in the only way?" he pleaded anxiously.

She hesitated. He saw her frame shiver beneath its weight of furs.

"Don't ask me quite that," she pleaded breathlessly. "Be content to know that I have counted the cost and that I am willing to come."



## A WAR-WINNING LETTER

DEAR EDITOR.—Although I know there are many women who have and are going through experiences like mine, I yet feel that I want to tell my own little story to somebody.

All of one day I had gone about my work anticipating to the fullest the glory in store for me that night when Jim should know my news. As I folded the newspapers that had been scattered about the house over Sunday, war news glared at me from every page; war pictures filled the supplement; pictures of shattered homes and shattered men—women who had heard the shriek of shells, and the more poignant cries of each other when the enemy ravaged lawlessly. All these I folded precisely as I put my little house in order. What pity I felt was a comfortable sort that did not distract my thoughts from my own joy.

Jim brought Ted Martin home to dinner. His shoulders held at a new angle, discipline had already placed its indefinable stamp upon Ted. From his crisp brown puttees to his clear, unafraid eyes, he looked a soldier. Three months before, he was merely one of Jim's friends; now a youth who was turning his eyes from the pleasurable things of youth, because he believed the life of a principle to be greater than his own. But he had no wife, no children, I reminded him quite without reason, and he agreed so cheerfully, my argument sailed by as if not worthy of bagging.

When the door closed and he went down the steps in unregretful haste, Jim turned to me and said, half sadly: "When the war is over there will be just two classes of men—those who went and those who didn't!"

And while I was forcing my mind back to normal, after his explosive statement, Jim settled down in our big wing rocker, filled his pipe and looked grimly into its bowl, musing. The hour I had chosen to consecrate had come, but, over it, a shadow, olive drab, spread menacingly.

"This has aged Mr. Martin considerably," he went on. "War hits pretty hard at fathers and mothers, doesn't it?"

"Jim," I called to him from the incensed heights where I stood, alone, feeling a bit unsteady. "How do you think you would feel if you were one—I mean—"

(Continued on page 17)



"You think, then," Philippa persisted, "that I ought still remain Henry's loving and affectionate wife, ready to take my place among the pastimes of his life?"

"I don't think that I should do that," Helen admitted quietly, "but I am certain that I shouldn't run away with another man. I should be punishing myself too much. You will be punishing yourself, Philippa."

"But it is because you care in the only way?" he pleaded anxiously.

She hesitated. He saw her frame shiver beneath its weight of furs.

"Don't ask me quite that," she pleaded breathlessly. "Be content to know that I have counted the cost and that I am willing to come."



He felt the chill of impending disaster. He closed the little gate through which they had been about to pass, and stood with his back to it. In that faint light which seemed to creep over the world before the moon itself was revealed, she seemed to him at that moment the fairest, the most desirable thing on earth. Her face was upturned toward his, half pathetic, half protesting against the revelation which he was forcing from her.

"Listen, Philippa," he said. "I must ask you a question. You have some other motive for choosing to come away with me? It is not only because you love me better than any one else in the world, as I do you, and therefore we belong to one another and it is right and good that we should spend our lives in one another's company? There is something else, at the root of your determination? \* \* \*

It was a strange moment for Philippa. Nothing had altered within her, and yet a wonderful pity was glowing in her heart, tearing at her emotions, bringing a sob into her throat.

"You mean Henry?" she faltered.

"I mean your husband," he assented. "You see," he went on, his own voice a little unsteady, "this is one of those moments in both our lives when anything except the exact truth would mean shipwreck. You still love your husband?"

"I am such a fool!" she sobbed, clutching his arm.

"You were willing to go away with me," he continued mercilessly, "partly because of the anger you felt toward him, and partly out of revenge, and just a little because you liked me. Is that not so?"

Her head was pressed upon his arm. She nodded. It was just that convulsive movement of her head, with its wealth of wonderful hair and its plain black motoring hat, which dealt the death blow to his hopes. She was just a child once more—and she trusted him.

"Very well, then," he said, "just let me think—for a moment."

She understood enough not to raise her head.

"We have very nearly been foolish," he told her, with grave kindness. "It is well, perhaps, that we were in time. Those windows which lead into your library—through which I first came to you, by-the-by," he added, with a strange reminiscent sigh—"are they open?"

"Yes!" she whispered.

"Come, then. Before I leave, there is something I want to make clear to you."

THEY made their way rather like two conspirators along the little terraced walk. Philippa opened the window and closed it again behind them. The room was empty. Lessingham, watching her closely, almost groaned as he saw the wonderful relief in her face. She turned and looked at him very pathetically.

"You have, perhaps, a morning paper here?" he inquired.

"A newspaper? Why, yes, the 'Times,'" she answered, a little surprised.

He took it from the table toward which she pointed, and held it under the lamplight. Presently, he called her. His forefinger rested upon a column on the first page.

"Read this," he directed.

"What does it mean?" she asked feverishly. "Henry? A D. S. O. for Henry?"

"It means," he told her with a forced smile, "that your husband is, as you put it in your expressive language, a fraud."

For a moment, Philippa was unsteady upon her feet. Lessingham led her to a chair. From outside came the low, cautious hooting of the motor-horn, while, tenderly and frankly, Lessingham explained her husband's work and his own mission in Dreymarsh.

"I cannot, of course, explain everything to you," he began, in a tone of unusual restraint, "but I do know that, for the last two years, your husband has been responsible to the Admiralty for most of the mine-fields around your east coast. To begin with, his stay in Scotland was a sham. He was most of the time with the fleet 'round the coasts. His fishing excursions from here have been of the same order, only more so. All the places of importance, from here to the mouth of the Thames, have been mined, or rather the approaches to them have been mined, under his instructions. My mission in this country, here at Dreymarsh—do not shrink from me if you can help it—was to obtain a copy of his mine protection scheme of a certain town on the east coast."

"This is all too wonderful!"

Philippa murmured. "What a little beast Henry must think me!" she added, with truly feminine and marvelously selfish irrelevance.

"Now you understand my presence here."

"It makes no difference," Philippa protested tearfully.

"I am not a clever person at my work," Lessingham went on sadly, "but fortune favored me the night your husband was shipwrecked. I succeeded in stealing from him, on board that wrecked trawler, the plan of the mine-field which I was sent over to procure."

"Of course you had to do it if you could," Philippa sobbed. "I think it was very clever of you."

He smiled. "There are others who might look at the matter differently," he said. "I am going to ask you a question which I know is unnecessary, but I must have your answer to take away with me. If you had known all the time that your husband, instead of being a skulker, as you thought him, was really doing splendid work for his country, you would not have listened to me for one moment would you? You would not have let me grow to love you?"

She clutched his hands. "You are the dearest man in the world," she exclaimed, her lips still quivering. "But you know the answer. I was always in love with Henry. It was because I loved him that I was so furious. I liked you so much that it was mean of me ever to think of—of what so nearly happened."

"So nearly happened!" he repeated, with a sudden access of bitter self-pity. \* \* \*

Once more the low, warning hoot of the motor-horn, this time a little more impatient, broke the silence. Philippa was filled with an unreasoning terror.

"You must go!" she implored. "You must go this minute! If they were to take you, I couldn't bear it. And that man Griffiths—he has sworn that if he can get the Government authority, he will shoot you!"

"Griffiths has gone to London," he reminded her.

"Yes, but he may be back by this train," she cried, glancing at the clock, "and I have a strange sort of fancy—I have had it all day—that Henry might come, too. It is overdue now. Any one might arrive here. Oh, please, for my sake, hurry away!" she begged, the tears streaming from her eyes. "If anything should happen, I could never forgive myself. It is because you have been so dear, so true and so honorable, that all this time has been wasted. If it were to cost you your life!"

She was seized by a fit of nervous anxiety which almost became a paroxysm. She buttoned his coat for him and almost dragged him to the door. And then she stopped for a moment to listen. Her lips were parted.

"It is too late! I can hear Henry's voice! Quick! Come to the window. You must get out that way and through the postern gate."

"Your husband will undoubtedly have seen the car," he protested. "And besides, there is your dressing bag and your traveling coat."



She felt an arm around her waist and her husband's whisper in her ear. "I haven't let you wander too far, have I, Phil?"

She turned quickly toward him. "You know," she murmured.

"I shall tell him everything," she declared wildly. "Nothing matters except that you escape. Oh, hurry! I can hear Henry's talking to Jimmy Dumble \* \* \* For God's sake \* \* \*

The words died away upon her lips. The door had been opened and closed again immediately. There was the quick turn of the lock, sounding like the click of fate. Sir Henry, well inside the room, nodded to them both affably.

"Well, Philippa? You weren't expecting me, eh? Hullo, Lessingham! Not gone yet? Running it a trifle fine, aren't you?"

"Perhaps," he admitted, "a trifle too fine."

Sir Henry was suddenly taken by storm. Philippa had thrown herself into his arms. Her fingers were locked around his neck. Her lips, her eyes, were pleading with him.

"Henry! \* \* \* Henry, you must forgive me! I never knew—I never dreamed what you were really doing. I shall never forgive myself, but you—you will be generous \* \* \*

"That's all right, dear," he promised, stooping down to kiss her. "Partly my fault, of course. I had to humor those old ladies down at Whitehall, who wanted me to pose as a particularly harmless idiot. You see," he went on, glancing at Lessingham, "they were always afraid that my steps might be dogged by spies, if my position were generally known."

"Henry," Philippa begged, "oh, listen to me! I have so much to confess, so much of which I am ashamed! And

yet, with it all, I want to entreat—to implore one great favor from you."

Sir Henry looked down into his wife's face.

"Is it one I can grant?" he asked gravely.

"If you want me ever to be happy again, you will," she sobbed. "For Helen's sake as well as mine, help Mr. Lessingham to escape."

Lessingham took a quick step forward. He had the air of one who had reached the limits of his endurance.

"You mean this kindly, Lady Cranston, I know," he said, "but I desire no intervention."

Sir Henry patted his wife's hand and held her a little away from him. There was a curious but unmistakable change in his deportment. His mouth had not altogether lost its humorous twist, but his jaw seemed more apparent, the light in his eyes was keener, and there was a ring of authority in his tone.

"Come," he said, "let us understand one another, Philippa, and you had better listen, too, Mr. Lessingham. I can promise that your chances of escape will not be diminished by my taking up these few minutes of your time. Philippa, you have always posed as being an exceedingly patriotic Englishwoman, yet it seems to me that you have made a bargain with this man, knowing that he was a German in the foreign service of his country, to give him shelter and hospitality here, access to my house and protection among your friends, in return for certain favors shown your brother."

Philippa was speechless. "But, Henry," she protested, "his stay here seemed so harmless. You yourself have laughed at the idea of espionage at Dreymarsh. There is nothing to discover. There is nothing going on here which the whole world might not know."

"That was never my plea," Lessingham intervened.

"Nor is it the truth," Sir Henry added sternly. "The Baron Bertram von Kunisloch was sent here, Philippa, to spy upon me; to gain access, by any means, to this house; to steal, if he could, certain plans and charts prepared by me."

Philippa began to tremble. She seemed bereft of words. "He told me this," she faltered. "He told me not half-an-hour ago."

There was a tapping at the door. Sir Henry moved toward it but did not turn the key.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Captain Griffiths is here with an escort, sir," Mills announced. "He has seized the motor-car outside and he begs to be allowed to come in."

There was an insistent summons from outside. This time it was Captain Griffiths' raucous voice.

"Sir Henry Cranston," he called out, "I am here with authority. I beg to be admitted." came from Cranston sharply.

"Where is your escort?"

"In the hall."

"If I let you come in," Sir Henry continued, "will you come alone?"

"I should prefer it," was the eager reply. "I wish to make this business as little unpleasant to—everybody as possible."

Sir Henry softly turned the key, opened the door and admitted Griffiths. The man seemed to see no one else but Lessingham. He would have hastened at once toward him but Sir Henry laid his hand upon his arm.

"You must kindly restrain your impatience for a few moments," he insisted. "This is a private conference. Your business with the Baron von Kunisloch can be adjusted later."

"It is my duty," Griffiths proclaimed impatiently, "to arrest that man as a spy. I have authority, granted me this morning in London."

"Quite so," Sir Henry observed, "but we are in the midst of a very interesting little conversation which I intend to conclude. Your turn will come later, Captain Griffiths. Please be patient."

"I can countenance no discussion with such men as that," Griffiths declared scornfully. "I am here in the execution of my duty and I resent any interference with it."

"No one wishes to interfere with you," Sir Henry assured him, "but until I say the word you will obey my orders."

"So far as I am concerned," Lessingham intervened, "I wish it to be understood that I offer no defense."

"You have no defense," Sir Henry reminded him suavely. "I gather that not only had you the effrontery to steal a chart from my pocket in the midst of a struggle for life upon the trawler, but you have capped this exploit with a deliberate attempt to abduct my wife."

Griffiths seemed for a moment almost beside himself. His eyes glowed. His long fingers twitched. He kept edging a little nearer to Lessingham.

"Both charges," the latter confessed, looking Sir Henry in the eyes, "are true."

Then Philippa found herself. She saw the sudden flash in her husband's eyes, the grim fury in Griffiths' face. She stepped once more forward.

"Henry," she insisted, "you must listen to what I have to say."

"We have had enough words," Griffiths interposed savagely. Sir Henry ignored the interruption. "I am listening, Philippa," he said calmly.

"It was my intention an hour ago to leave this place with Mr. Lessingham to-night," she told him deliberately. "The devil it was!" Sir Henry muttered.

"And I should have done it," she went on in agitation, "but for him, Henry!"

"But for him," her husband repeated curiously. "It was Mr. Lessingham," she declared, "who opened my eyes about you. It was he who refused to let me yield to that impulse of anger. Look at my coat there. My bag is on that table. I was ready to leave with him to-night. Before we went, he insisted on telling me everything about you. He could have escaped, and I was willing to go with him. Instead he spent those precious minutes telling me the truth about you. That was the end."

[Continued on page 22]







A hole dug in the streets of Paris by the big gun (at the left).

In the oval, Miss Marion Crandall, the first American woman killed in the war—killed in Paris by the long distance gun.



## Defying the Big Gun in Paris

By MADELEINE Z. DOTY



The Statue of Liberty, America's gift to France, entrenched against the bombardment.

I REACHED Paris the first of March. Snowflakes still scurried through the air. The hotel rooms were chilly. Only when the thermometer dropped to freezing was heat allowed. But midday brought the warm spring sunshine. The streets thronged with people. It was a strange Paris, or, rather, a Paris of strangers. Italians, Serbians, Moroccans and, above all, American boys in khaki crowded the cafés. Life moved hot and fast. Taxis flew hither and thither; women packed the stores, and soldiers occupied every sidewalk chair and smoked and talked. One night, as I felt my way home through the darkened streets, I heard a voice close beside me saying, "Gee: how I'd like to see Broadway—say—wouldn't the lights look good?"

In the restaurants, I continually sat next to one of our boys. He was usually struggling with the menu and I brought my French to his rescue. Then we fell into conversation. If he was just over, he was homesick. He would show me a picture of sweetheart, wife or mother and give messages for the folks at home. But Paris has a subtle charm. Few can resist it. Certainly the American boys do not. After a few weeks, loneliness vanishes. You hear a different story. Quite a typical case was that of a young lieutenant who sat next me at dinner. "Well! how are you getting on?" I asked.

"Great! Say, this is the life. But it is good to see someone from the U. S., someone you can talk to."

But Americans need to face a big fact. The intensity of life in Europe produces a psychological change. When you sit next to a man in a moving picture show while bombs drop outside, you are drawn together in a deep, real way. The stuff you are made of is laid bare. It is what you are that counts. Who your ancestors were and whether you are wearing white kid gloves is trivial and absurd. The men and women in Europe who daily face death, touch reality. We in America have got to go deep into life if we are to keep pace with them.

And this brings me to the hectic days in Paris when the whole community was swept together by the daily danger of air raids and bombardments. I had become adjusted to air raids in London. They

occur there so frequently that the population is hardened. The tubes have become camping-out grounds. After dark, mothers and babies descend into their electric-lighted depths. The cement platforms are turned into bedrooms. Blankets and rugs are spread down, babies undressed and put to bed. Back against the wall sit the long line of mothers, knitting or gossiping. The air-raid signals in London are very picturesque. First comes the boom, boom of an explosion; then a policeman on a motorcycle dashes by, blowing his whistle and calling out in solemn voice, "Take cover—take cover—take cover."

When the raid is over comes the gay note of a bugle, followed by a London bobby chanting cheerily—"All's clear—all's clear—all's clear."

When I crossed from London to Paris I hoped to escape air raids; but not so. Early in March, the big drive began and the Germans turned their attention to Paris. Every evening we waited for the air-raid signal. When I went to my room to dress for dinner I would say to the little elevator boy, "Will the Boche come this evening?" and he would smile gaily back and answer, "I think so, madam." Usually the enemy didn't get across the Paris barrage. The warning was a false alarm. But on moonlight nights, between eight and nine, the alert would come. After dinner I would go to my room and wait. I could not settle down. It was a relief when the thing began. At eight-forty the fire engine would dash past, blowing its shrill siren for all to seek cover. The subway trains would stop; the people crowd into the metro stations, and the street lights go out. In the hotel we would hurry down into the caves underground. Little children were dragged from their beds and wrapped in blankets.

The first night I found myself in a dim recess with six Moroccans, guests of the hotel. The gas had been put out to prevent explosions. The little sub-cellar room was dimly lighted by a candle. My companions had brought their bright red floor rugs. On these they sat with their bare sandaled feet curled up under them. They were dark and swarthy, almost negroes in color. They wore long flowing robes and great white turbans. It was so weird I forgot the air raid. I imagined myself a heroine imprisoned in a cellar with six ruthless Turks. Then I began to wonder what would happen if a bomb struck the hotel. My companions were nervous and excited. Somehow a sub-cellar with six Moroccans did not seem very safe. I decided to risk my life on the floor above. In the front hallway were two or three American soldiers. It was their first air raid, but they were very cheerful. We pushed open the front door. A bomb crashed to earth and there was a great flash of light. Very loud was the steady boom, boom of the cannon.

We hastily stepped back into the hall, but, after a little, our courage rose again. We peered out into the bright moonlight sky. The French airplanes came quite low. They skimmed over the top of the houses. They rose and hurled forth balls of fire. These spots of light were like shooting stars. They darted about, clearing the sky of enemy air craft.

It was between eleven and twelve that the fire engine again dashed by, sending forth the gay triumphant bugle call, the notice that all is well. With the first note of the bugle there is wild rejoicing. The world pours out from underground. Supper and drinks are ordered. We are still alive and a paean of praise goes up.

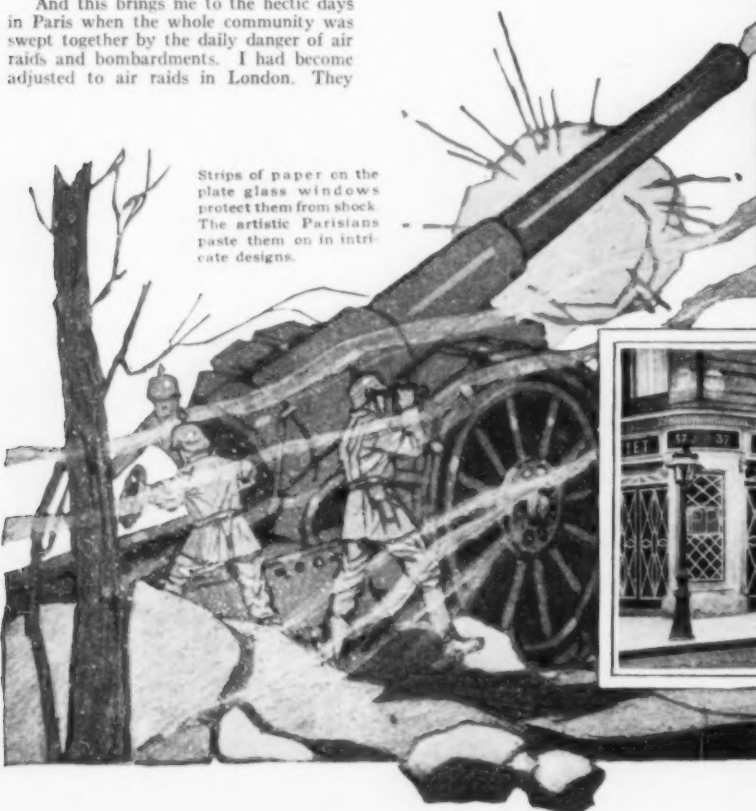
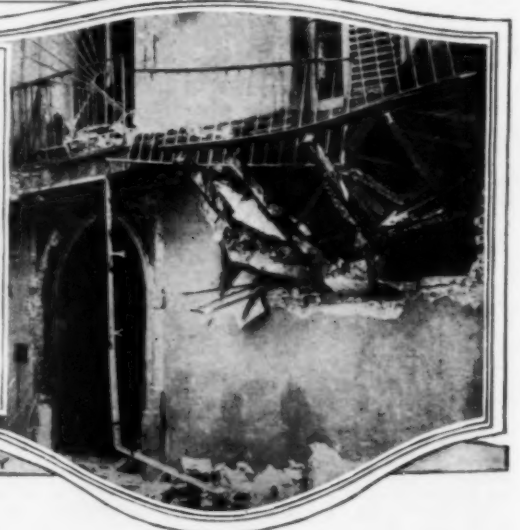
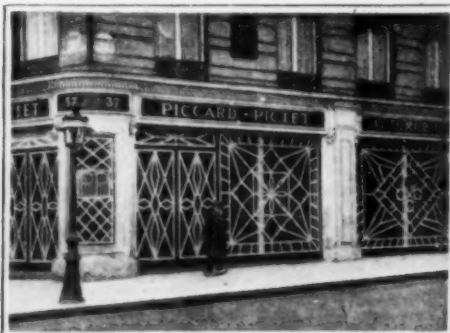
In the morning, there is a wild rush for the papers, but they give little news. They never tell where a bomb has struck. To find that out you must go on an exploring expedition.

But few bombs fall on buildings. I have been the entire length of London and Paris and seen no sign of damage. Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey

[Continued on page 18]



A hospital for women and children, destroyed by the gun.



Strips of paper on the plate glass windows protect them from shock. The artistic Parisians paste them on in intricate designs.



# THE KISS

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. J. ROSEMYER

Decoration by Herbert Williams



O H, mercy me, if this weather keeps up a day longer, some of us surely will die!

Little Miss Mary Rainsford of the Eversham "High" (Department of Math) dropped her sticky blue pencil, pushed the stewing green-shaded lamp away and ran weary fingers through her warm, chestnut-brown hair, which was really wonderful if it had half a chance.

On the table under Miss Mary's eye lay a heap of fifty-one geometry test papers, a wilted mannish linen collar torn from Mary's throat a little earlier in a moment of desperation, and a glass jug of pale yellow fluid from which Mary occasionally sipped gingerly, with a wry face.

Test papers! Test papers! That was all June meant to her—a month that meant moonlight, and roses and lovers and brides to the rest of the world. Brides! Mary pulled herself up short with a pang of shame. Twenty-four years old and a member of the Eversham Faculty and her mind philandering to such futility!

"If angle A equal angle B \* \* \* I can't do it," she gasped. "I believe my mind's going. I've got to get out."

The house in which Miss Mary lived—along with other female members of the Eversham "High" staff—had once been the residence of a wealthy manufacturer. Even now to the eye it looked like the roomy, slightly-out-of-fashion home of some retired elderly gentleman. The stone wall and the willows at the garden foot were a continuous common property to the back of wealthy Dalzell street, where all the gardens matched, with the low stone boundary of the little tinkling creek behind, and were fringed by thick, droopy old willow trees. There were no fences from garden to garden, and the old leafy wall made a spot where one might easily spend a pleasant hour.

Mary remembered it now.

"I'll run down to the old wall a minute—just for a breath," she said, and she turned down her hot lamp, and went out without a glance in the mirror.

To-night, with her ruffled head, and turned-in "neck," she was not primly tidy, but, after all, she reflected, it made scant difference. It was a black night and there never was any one down there at this hour.

It was cooler outside and down by the old mossy wall; it seemed to the girl that she could breathe for the first time that day. She tucked herself up under one of the willows, a gray-white blur against the dark, and relaxed with closed eyes. There was a damp sweetness in the air; a sort of languor made up of lapping water-sounds, and the sweetness of all the old rose-bushes flowering in the neighboring gardens. A queer ache tugged at Mary's heart; a feeling of desperate lack, of a need she didn't understand.

Through the trees she could see the big house next door, and the lighted windows along the veranda. There was a great deal of laughter coming from beyond them in wafts, and a metallic patter of sound, a gay dance-tune played on a machine.

"The Markhams are having a dancing party."

It sounded gracious and pleasant—a form of gay relaxation little Miss Rainsford knew not, and she felt a little wistful, and she was ashamed she felt such an undignified emotion.

"It would be fun to laugh and dance and play like that," she thought.

But, after all, it was best to be here, in the brooding sweetness of the willows around her, with the water making its singing noises below \* \* \* Those girls inside didn't know what they were missing \* \* \* She fell to dreaming \* \* \*

Suppose she belonged back there—and had stolen away here—to wait \* \* \* To wait? For what? For whom? Mary's own mind blushed to give an answer. There was a faint tang of tobacco somewhere near—an odor the ladies of the boarding house abhorred—but which now was strangely intriguing. Mary was not without experience of novels, and she promptly silenced her reason and let her fancy go.

"It would be a heavenly night for—for a thing like that—a tryst—all dim and sweet like this," she thought shamelessly.

She got no further, for a shape appeared suddenly on the little path that led to her willow—a tall, masculine shape. There was a single hesitant moment; it faltered, peering at Mary; when Mary—soundless—peered back. Then the cat-clysmic happened.

The tall, masculine figure came triumphantly down to her, swept her like a young hurricane out of her willow

"It was not Alice \* \* \* you know that now \* \* \* but I was there \* \* \* you k-kissed me by mistake \* \* \*"

haven and into its arms. For a breathless, heart-caught second, Mary lay close, passive in two strong, tightening arms. "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! You did come \* \* \*"

It was a kiss that crowded the words to nothingness—a strangely tingling kiss that left the breath stricken from Mary's horror-frozen body.

"Oh, sweetheart \* \* \* Oh, Alice \* \* \* you do love me!" Mary's reeling senses tried to rally.

"My name's not Alice \* \* \* You're kissing Mary—Mary," her mind tried to force the words from her lips even while speech failed utterly, and she stood dumfounded, rigid with horror, in an agony of embarrassment for herself—for this impetuous mistaken lover—her lips sealed as though they had been forever muted.

"Say you love me," the eager voice swept on. "You wouldn't say it last night, but now, Alice \* \* \* darling \* \* \* quick, those fellows'll miss me—they'll find us—say it \* \* \* say it \* \* \*"

He gave Mary a sudden roughly fond shake, "I love you" \* \* \* say it!

He caught her closer, as though to repeat his caress, and quite automatically, overborne, stiff-lipped, in a sea of strange emotion, Mary obeyed his injunction like a frightened child,

"I—love you," she gulped in a choking, soundless voice. The thing ended there.

There was a sudden clamor on the Markham veranda. A clear voice cut the air.

"Oh, Hugh, old man \* \* \* where are you?"

"To-morrow," said the eager voice in Mary's ears, and he was gone.

Mary stood a moment, a queer faintness in her limbs, a cloud over her brain.

"No, I am not mad. It really happened," she said slowly.

SHE turned and walked to the house. In her bedroom, she closed the door carefully, and leaned against it, breathless, her heart throbbing. "Well, anyhow \* \* \* I've been kissed. That's that much," she said aloud, in a queer, flat voice.

It seemed incredible, the mere statement \* \* \* It was not compatible with the prim test papers, and for that matter Mary did not even look at them. She went instead and looked into her glass. It was a wild-eyed, bright-staring vision she saw, an unfamiliar being with bare throat and blowy hair, two spots of vivid pink in her cheeks. She picked up a handkerchief carefully and dabbed her face.

"It was there—right there," she said cryptically; then she added slowly,

"So it's Alice—Alice Wells who lives on the other side of us. She was to come down to meet him. That girl has everything."

Geometry forgotten, Mary undressed for bed. She brushed and braided her thick brown hair in the usual pigtail, and presently got into her nightgown, a plain, high-necked,

long-sleeved garment of white cotton "drill" that made Mary look like some little wistful-eyed priestess of an ancient cult.

With her light out, Mary stood a moment by her open window. She heard the creek whispering under the willows, very clearly, and her cheeks flamed again in the darkness.

"It's unthinkable—unthinkable—and I let him do it. I ought to have stopped him, though how could I? And that would have been dreadful, too. Yes, it was a kindness to him not to let him know. That girl has everything," she added once more.

Hugh! It was Hugh Harding of course. Somehow, the mere name made her face grow even hotter. Of all the men in her little limited world of casual acquaintance there was no man she would rather have had kiss her by mistake than Hugh Harding, the young lawyer who had lived, since Spring, with his uncle, across the way. Mary scarcely knew Hugh Harding—at least not beyond an impersonal bow, in deference to neighborliness and the fact that his uncle was a school trustee, but there had always been something essentially splendid about him to her—a fine, masculine nobility and freedom.

"So it's Alice Wells \* \* \* well, he—he's pretty much in love," pondered Mary presently; then she turned from the window.

Sleep was not wooed easily. The tinkle of the creek reached her too clearly \* \* \* the darkness was full of soft little sounds; her face flamed against her pillow and would not cool.

Miss Mary Rainsford's world on waking was a very different place from the yesterday world. She woke first with a sense of something important having happened, then remembering suddenly, buried her head under her pillow. Yes, yesterday she had been a high-headed, clean-souled, utterly fearless little person; to-day she was a furtive, secret-keeping criminal, a person who had filched the sacred gift of another. There was a spot on Mary's face that somehow burned and stung, that seemed to her visibly to proclaim her dreadful secret.

The first person she saw when she left the house was Mr. Hugh Harding coming out of the Chesebrough house across the way. He lifted his hat and said pleasantly,

"Good morning, Miss Rainsford," and passed on to his car.

Mary stopped like a stricken doe, her face ashy pale. She pulled herself together only with considerable effort.

"Good morning," she murmured formally. Her heart fairly drowned the Harding motor with its thumping. She watched the masculine head above the wheel of the car, a long time before a little wave of bitterness surged up in her heart.

"Why, he wouldn't care if he did know. It would be just like kissing his grandma, that's all. He's lots older than I am," she thought, "but he probably thinks I'm about sixty."

Two girls passed her, chatting. They wore white sports shoes and shirts and sweaters of delicate apricot and bright green. Mary blanched again, for one of them was Alice Wells.

"She is beautiful—and oh, how he loves her \* \* \*"

thought Mary, and she trembled as she recalled the burning phrases of last night.

"She's like an oriole and I'm just a wren, but, after all, part of it may be the feathers we wear. If I had clothes like hers \* \* \*"

She had reached school before she made a discovery, ignored earlier through excitement, that turned her blood to water.

"He will find out \* \* \* Why, he'll be there to-night and when she doesn't come \* \* \* Oh, dear; oh, dear \* \* \*"

Mary's conscience troubled her, and the situation lay heavy on her heart.

The afternoon crawled away. There was a test, interminably long and stupid, and at dismissal time Mary crept back to the boarding house, fagged, heavy-hearted.

It was perhaps with some idea of regaining her poise that Mary made certain purchases at Conroy & Co.'s on Friday afternoon. But on Saturday she became involved in a fresh harrowing experience.

Coming out of the house she encountered Mr. Chesebrough and Hugh Harding. The latter lifted his hat at her bow, but Mr. Chesebrough quickened his pace and drew his nephew in beside her.

"We'll see you as far as the school, Miss Mary," he said chattily, "and how goes it these days, anyhow? Having

[Continued on page 16]

# Our Part in the War

## The Spirit That Wins

LESS than a year ago there appeared in Paris a new comic paper. Queer for a bombarded city? Yes, but the story of "La Greffe Generale" is more touching than queer. The staff of this funny paper is made up of men whose faces have been mutilated in battle and patched up by marvels of modern surgery. These Frenchmen have been through successive tortuous operations and now, in their permanent disfigurement, they are working under their self-chosen motto: "Laugh Anyway."

The editors say that they wish "to communicate to Frenchmen at home gaiety not in the least feigned, not at all facetious, in a word, real and sincere. We do not wish to excite the pity of our contemporaries, being ourselves very well satisfied with our wounds."

## American Eyes

THE large number of young men of draft age refused because of defective sight (about one-fifth in the first draft) has startled us into an examination of causes. The medical authorities have said that most of these defects could have been corrected in childhood, and so we come to ask: What of our children's eyes? Recent investigations show that about twenty per cent. of American school children have defective vision.

What can we do about it? These things: Give the child the soundest possible health at birth by the Mother's caring for her own health and diet; give every baby proper food and care in infancy and childhood so that every part of its little body, eyes and all, may grow strong; do not let the little one ever lie with the sun or any bright light shining directly into its eyes; watch the growing child so that he may not strain his eyes by reading or doing close work in a poor light; be especially careful of his eyes after an illness. At the first sign of even slight eye-strain in a child, no matter how young he be, take him to an eye specialist. Little things? Yes, but remember that it is the neglect of these little things in the care of your baby that may bring disappointment and even tragedy into his later life. Very helpful suggestions will be found in the two bulletins of the children's year, "Prenatal Care" and "Infant Care" (sent you upon request to the Chief of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.)

## Dollar Possibilities

THERE are three things you can do with a dollar: You can hoard it; you can spend it; or you can invest it. A hoarded dollar is an idle dollar; an idle dollar is a slacker. But when we spend one dollar for something that we do not actually need, we are wasting it, and now when our Government is rushing to get an enormous army with its equipment into immediate action, a wasted dollar is an enemy alien. When we invest our dollar with our Government we enlist it. It is a "minute man" ready to help send a soldier to France, procure him a gun, ammunition or food. How many War Savings Stamps or Certificates have you "in Uncle Sam's service"?

## Smiling Letters

A MAN just back from the front said, "If you want to help the boys on the other side, just write them letters that smile. Remember one of our favorite songs is 'Pack your troubles in your old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile.' Do you know," he added, "I believe we fellows worry less about our troubles than you folks at home do!" So let us smile in our letters to the boys and don't let them guess we have any home troubles. What is harder yet, don't let them suspect that we worry a minute about them. Tell them all the little things, especially the funny little things, that happen in and around home. Tell them how your town is hustling in the war work. Have the little ones write a message on the end of the letter, even if it can only be crosses for kisses.

## The War Chest Idea

ONE campaign, one appeal once a year for all war-relief funds, aside from governmental needs, has become the policy of many towns. This War Chest idea is simply the application of the budget system to war reliefs. A Relief Fund Committee made up of representatives of the business, educational, religious, and philanthropic activities of the town, decides what sum will be needed to meet the town's quotas in the Red Cross and all the other war-relief funds. Then the Committee figures the percentage of income each townsman should pay. One seven-day campaign is then conducted and the war-relief collections for the year are over.

In one town it was found that if persons dependent on weekly wage or salary would give the earnings of one hour a week, the town's war chest would never be empty; some towns find it necessary to ask for one day a month. It is maintained for the idea that it eliminates the waste inevitable in numerous drives and that it results in systematic, proportionate giving. Of course, the enthusiasm of bands and waving flags and stump speaking may be lost, but do we need that now with our hundreds of thousands in France?

## Volunteers Out of the Line

OUR leaders tell us that this is a war of peoples, that our victory is going to come through the combined efforts of our civilian as well as military forces. One example of how Americans are getting together appears in this incident in Texas: The potato crop of two counties was in danger because the farmers had not enough help for the harvest. The State Extension Director of Agriculture made the need known. Without a moment's hesitation, the business men of the towns closed their offices and stores, went to the farms and stuck to the hoe until the crops were safely in. Such cooperation all along the line is bound to down men of mere autocratic militarism.

## Did You Know?

THAT the average gain in weight throughout our Army is nine pounds per soldier? That our Government gives equal pay for equal work done by women filling the places of men in war industries?

That munition manufacturers have found women more accurate than men in the timing of fuses and in inspection where particularly keen eyesight is required?

That the first year of the Food Administration in our country reduced flour from \$16.75 a barrel wholesale (in Minneapolis) to \$9.80 per barrel?

That in May, 1917, the difference in price between the farmer's wheat and the housewife's flour was \$5.68 as compared to \$0.64 in May, 1918.

That 3,378,998 women in 25 states have registered for service under the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense?

That one banner month our beef exports were increased from the ordinary rate of one to two million pounds to 87,000,000 pounds?

## Miracles in Faces

AWAY from the boulevards of Paris is a dreamy little street of artists' studios, where arched passages lead into little green courtyards beneath windows hung with gay curtains. Even there war has pried its way, for many of the studios stand empty while brush and chisel are neglected for sterner tools; in one great sunny room hangs a red-bordered flag with two blue stars to show that two persons of that house are in American service.

One star is for Dr. Maynard Ladd, the Boston children's specialist, who is directing American Red Cross work for children in the war-torn villages behind the front; the other is for his wife, Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd, whose work in Paris is no less courageous pioneering.

Mrs. Ladd is a sculptor—and on one side of her studio are photographs of marbles and bronzes that have been exhibited in France, Italy and the United States. But it is not fountains for beautiful gardens or portrait busts of beautiful women that she is modeling now. The other side of the studio tells the tale—an exhibit from which one shrinks.

There are clay masks of faces with only a gaping hole where a nose should be—where cheekline and jawbone have been smashed in, a terrible seamed wreckage of flesh. There is a row of photographs, most of them cheap, old, and yellowed, with the pained stare of fatuous vivacity and the

men who come back with all the military honors, but no faces—only what seamed flesh has been salvaged from the havoc torn and burnt by shrapnel and gas. Often theaters and restaurants refuse to admit them; many opportunities of work are closed; even their friends and families cannot help shrinking from the terrible disfigurement.

FRENCH surgery has done and is doing wonders for these men—but there are not enough French surgeons to go around, the treatment is slow, and some men cannot wait months. An English sculptor, Captain Derwent Wood, found one way out. He began making masks of very thin copper, silvered and painted to resemble flesh, and modeled after photographs of the man's normal face. Usually the masks extend from the cheekbones down and are fastened to spectacles, the bows of which hold the masks to the face. Made by skilful sculptors, these masks so resemble a normal face that the soldier's friends have no difficulty in recognizing him, and, if he wishes the surgical restoration of tissues, that can be carried on under the mask while he goes about his normal business.

No work of this sort had been done in France until Mrs. Ladd established her studio in January under the auspices of the Bureau for the Reeducation of Mutilés of the American Red Cross. At first she was



Thanks to this American woman, this French soldier will return to his family with the face loved of old

jaunty clothes of a holiday afternoon. And further along the wall hangs a row of masks—not the grotesques of Halloween or the still white death masks, but masks with the colors, the expressions, the energy of life.

The men who limp about Paris on crutches or wooden legs strike the horror of war into the thought of passers-by, but perhaps the most tragic wrecks are those that one does not see—or sees only through a mask of white bandages. These are the

met with skepticism—it seemed impossible that a copper face could be anything but hideous—but when her first "case"—a French officer who had come back terribly mutilated to his wife and two little girls—stood ready to leave the studio with his own face again, the doubts of those who saw him vanished. And so they go forth, one after another, from this workshop of miracles, cheered with the thought that they need not be repulsive to the friends waiting at home.



## The question of the hour— War-times economy

And above all, *food* economy. If you are like most American housewives this is the hardest question you have to meet.

How to provide three appetizing and nourishing meals *every day* at a really moderate expense—this is what puzzles you. It would puzzle the cleverest manager alive.

No one need pretend to solve the problem off-hand, but one thing that will make it immensely simpler and easier, if you will only take advantage of it, is

## Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Every time you serve this wholesome soup on your table you not only enjoy a most healthful and satisfying food but you save money, labor and time.

Here you have more than a dozen delicious vegetables blended with fresh herbs, sustaining cereals and a substantial stock made from selected beef. A perfectly balanced combination, high in food value, tempting, strength-giving, extremely economical.

These choice materials are gathered in their season of abundance and perfect condition. They come to your table with all their native freshness and flavor perfectly retained.

You have the benefit of the Campbell farms and kitchens, of our wholesale and timely buying, our modern labor-saving equipment, our expert workers.

You have no labor of marketing, no materials to buy nor prepare, no cooking cost, no waste. This nutritious soup is almost a meal in itself. And it is ready for your table in three minutes without worry or fuss.

Order a dozen or more at a time and save extra deliveries and delay.

**21 kinds      12c a can**



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

# HOW I MADE MONEY AT HOME

Actual Experiences That Show How Any One Can Do It

Letter Winning First Prize of \$50.00

## Making One Acre Yield Many War Carrots

EVER since the war began, I had had it drummed into my head about raising crops. I knew the country needed vegetables and my father needed money. Six years ago my father was left with five children between the ages of nine years and four weeks, and he has been father and mother both. It kept him on the jump. Last summer I was fourteen, and says I to myself, "I am going to help this summer. I'm going to raise carrots."

So I took one acre of muck land (there is lots of it near here) on shares, and right after school went to work. Now I will tell you what working ground on shares means. The man that owns the ground buys the seed and phosphate and plows and fits the ground. Then you put in the seed and take care of the crop and market it. Then the owner and you each get half. I raked the ground nice and smooth and then I hired a man to sow the seed. It took him about four hours and I paid him one dollar.

Carrots don't need much weeding. They grow fast and shade the ground, and so check the growth of weeds. I worked through vacation off and on. When my crop was ripe I hired some boys and girls and a woman to help harvest it. The cost of getting my carrots off the ground and to the market was \$36.00. My acre gave twenty-three tons of carrots. I sold them for \$20.00 a ton to a wholesale market near here. That made my half \$230.00. So after paying \$36.00 for harvesting and hauling, \$1.00 for sowing, and \$6.00 for weeding, I cleared \$187.00 of my half of the proceeds.

I did the work in my carrot lot nights. Daytimes I worked on other land owned by the same man that owned mine and made \$1.50 a day. That brought me \$175.00; so altogether, I made \$362.00 last summer. Father says, "You're the stuff!"

Yours for work,  
LESTER HENRY.

ROSE, NEW YORK.

Second Prize; \$40.00

## When I Sold Pop-corn I Watched the Market

HOW can I make money at home? How many of us women ask that these war times! I had been advised to be outdoors and yet I felt I must earn something, so I decided to raise pop-corn.

I rented a half acre of ground and had it plowed and fitted. Then I bought five pounds of pop-corn and paid a man a dollar to plant it with a hand planter. He planted in rows three feet apart, the hills being two feet apart.

Then I waited and watched and in due season my corn came up fine. I made a bargain with my brother to cultivate it twice with a two-horse cultivator and in payment gave him the corn fodder (about a hundred bundles worth four cents a bundle). Then I hoed my field three times. I could get all through hoeing the sixty-five rows in three days, not hoeing very steady. When the corn began to ripen, I went through and picked off the ripe ears (those with dry husks) and husked them and put them up to dry thoroughly. It was easy to husk. I picked and husked about every two weeks, taking two days each time.

When frost came, I had it all gathered. I was anxious to sell it and sell. So about the first of December I tried popping some and it popped fine! So I gave the man that owns the pop-corn stand a pound to try, and then he phoned for a hundred pounds at twelve cents a pound (the price I saw in the market quotations in the paper).

In about two weeks he wanted more. But I had been watching the market reports and I told him I was going to hold mine for fifteen cents. He said it was too much. But I waited, and it wasn't many days before he wanted all I had (three hundred pounds). In all, I sold \$57.00 worth of corn and had paid out just \$7.00 in money (\$2.00 for rent, \$3.00 for plowing and fitting, \$1.00 for planting, \$1.00 for seed).

Such work doesn't hurt any one.  
ALICE HASTINGS.

LA GRANGE, OHIO.

Third Prize; \$30.00

## Plenty of Business in a Home Cannery If—

ONE morning as I was singing away, and canning can after can of fruit, an old friend of mine dropped in. She admired my fruit. "But," she said, "will it keep?" I told her I had canned all kinds of fruits and vegetables for four years and never lost a can. She said she always lost more or less of hers before opening time.

Right there I saw my chance to make money at home. So I said, "The next time you have any fruit or vegetables to can, bring them over with your jars, rubbers and sugar, and I'll can them for ten cents a quart and give you twenty-five cents for every can that spoils." That year for just that neighbor I canned 310 quarts.

I went to other ladies in our town and made them the same offer and received orders for 925 quarts of fruit and vegetables. I always had them send the berries and fruits late at night and I kept them in my cool cellar. But vegetables I insisted upon having picked early in the morning, as they mustn't stand long before canning. I am always careful to take out any fruit or vegetables that are soft or the least bit spoiled.

I use the cold-pack method and am very careful about sterilizing and blanching. I always test the rubbers (even new ones) to make sure they are good. I always turn each can upside down after it is sterilized to see if it leaks; if there is the slightest drip, that can must be done over again.

I use an oil stove and like it because the heat is steady. I use my wash-boiler for sterilizing. I have canned twelve quarts a day after my own work was done. I also make pickles, and I dry vegetables. So my neighbors can go ahead and make large war gardens and I'll help them save what they can't use right off.

It isn't hard to get business because plenty of women are glad to get their fruits and vegetables canned away from home to avoid the muss and heat.

(Name withheld by request.)

EDWARDS, ILLINOIS.

Fourth Prize; \$20.00

## How I Turned Handwork Into Liberty Bonds

LAST winter I happened to be in New York in the office of a wholesale sweater company in which was a friend of long standing.

I remarked that I would be willing to crochet enough buttons to earn a certain sweater I admired. A member of the firm laughingly remarked, "We'll have to put down the price of sweaters or put up the price of button making." Well, they have put up the price of sweaters and have left the price of buttons the same, and, nevertheless, I have my sweater, two Liberty Bonds, and a bit besides from my handwork for that same company!

In March I crocheted four gross of buttons, earning thereby \$12.00. April found no work from the factory but plenty of spring housecleaning. May brought more buttons and some knitting in angora. Machines do not do well with the popular angora trim, so my income was accordingly increased. From early in May until the end of December last, I knitted 253 sets of angora trim, receiving 20 to 50 cents for each, depending upon the style. I averaged twenty cents an hour on the work.

Altogether, I covered 210 dozen buttons. I received 20 cents a dozen for the smaller and 25 cents for the larger. I averaged 15 cents an hour on these. This work tired my eyes more so I couldn't work as long at it.

My total income for the nine months I worked last year was \$243.70. I crocheted only in the spare hours from my housework. My only expenses were twenty-seven cents for cotton used in making balls and the cost of postage. I took great care to avoid waste of wool and to keep my work up to my first high standard and to keep it uniform. I know that is the only way to satisfy a good business firm.

I hope this will solve some other woman's problem in regard to extra money.

(Name withheld by request.)

GRAVITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

## The Kiss

(Continued from page 13)

this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Good afternoon," said Mary in a small, cold voice, "I have come—" then stopped, and accepted the chair he offered.

"You must—you must understand," she went on falteringly, "how unpleasant this is to me \* \* \* and yet how—how necessary it seems to me. And of course—you—when you do understand—you will forgive my intruding in—in such a very private and p-personal matter \* \* \* though of course I have already in-t-truded, far enough, dear knows, through no—no wish of m-my own—" It was outrageous, but under young Harding's eyes, it seemed almost impossible to go on coherently.

"I don't think I understand?"

"No-no," Mary fought for poise, "I—I—you see, I've been so dreadfully troubled—I was afraid it would make some great difference—just as it has. And when I saw that—that you had quarreled—Well, I—I thought it was only right and honorable to come forward and—and let you know how—how little there was to be t-troubled about \* \* \*"

"I don't think I get it even yet," Hugh Harding looked at her, puzzled.

"The willows, I mean \* \* \* that night \* \* \* Alice Wells \* \* \* it was not Alice \* \* \* you know that, now \* \* \* but I was there \* \* \* You \* \* \* you k-kissed me by m-mistake."

Harding looked at her with a curious expression. "You are saying that I—that I mistook you for Miss Wells and dared—" "Oh, it was horrible," Mary sobbed quite wildly. "I've never been so miserable in my life. I ran down there to cool off for a minute and suddenly it happened. Somebody—you—ran down the path and did it \* \* \* and then when—when you quarreled \* \* \* it seemed to me I must do something \* \* \* I \* \* \* You can't see an affair—like that ruined—for—a foolish mistake like that. And I thought if you—if Miss Wells could know it was just me—" said Mary inelegantly.

Hugh Harding had risen and come over to her. "There are many regrets in my

life," he said, fighting his unruly twinkle, "but the greatest that has ever befallen me is, that I dare not claim the—the deed of which you accuse me."

Mary uttered a gurgling gasp.

"But—they called your name," she said faintly, "and you went—right back \* \* \*"

Harding waved his hand.

"A slight mistake. I can establish a perfect alibi, unfortunately."

"B-but \* \* \* you \* \* \* Alice Wells \* \* \* then who—" quavered Mary in a strangled voice.

He smiled.

"A gentleman named William Mapes—who incidentally would punch my head if I were inclined to such philandering with his lady, which I am not, owing to the fact that Ally and I are not what you'd call *sympatica*. Why, I have never envied my harum-scarum friend, Billy Mapes—until this minute," he added, smiling.

Mary sat wide-eyed, in a sort of pallid horror. Then she stumbled to her feet.

"I—then I've no business here—at all \* \* \* I must go. Oh, this is awful—"

"Come," he said, "don't take it so seriously \* \* \* I can get your viewpoint perfectly—though it really seemed rather a joke at the time. You see, when Billy came back, he found his Alice calmly eating ice-cream with Ted Lawrence, and he made some sort of fuss and the gist of the thing leaked out. Bill being something of a scatter-brain, and everybody laughed, Bill, too, presently, and Alice more than any one—a kiss, more or less, being a small matter in our crowd—and all the time you \* \* \*"

"All the time—I—I—worried," she said simply.

"Why, you poor child," Mr. Harding's own voice went a shade husky. "Do you know I think it was a noble thing—that you're a rare plucked 'un,' as our English friends say—to come over here and tell it all so straightforwardly." He had been pacing up and down, but now he came over beside Mary again.

"You see I know all about you. I've watched you ever since I came to Uncle's,

back there in April—but I didn't dare approach you. Probably never would have dared—I'm a dull brute at math, and you're so clever—if it weren't that you're—well, shall we say so human, to-day—" he shrugged suddenly and changed, "Don't you know," he said, with a mock severity, "that a girl—a pretty girl has a certain heritage of happiness and fun to come into? You're not taking yours. Not in Eversham, anyway. Dances for instance—"

"Dances," repeated Mary, as one who had never heard the word.

"There's a dance to-night—a little informal thing at the club. My Aunt Nell and Mrs. Mackay are chaperons. We men are each supposed to dash out there with a girl. It's the outdoorsy veranda kind of affair—sport clothes and all that—just the way you're togged now. What do you say to letting me take you out there, little Miss Mary Rain-in-the-face?"

"I'd love it," said Mary simply.

It seemed like a beautiful, incredible dream—the dance and the gay, bright crowds. Mary's days were filled with happiness until finally came baccalaureate and commencement, and Mary tore the last test papers to ribbons and flung them into her waste basket. She did it because she had found a certain note in her mail.

"This evening, at nine, under the willows," it said. And Mary Rainsford blushed and smiled happily.

I am not going to tell you how many times her heart climbed into her throat as she dressed. How many times she envisaged the past; a picture of a heated classroom with a sea of young faces watching a small, prim figure "demonstrating" at a blackboard \* \* \*

And so she came to her great moment—at nine, under the willows.

She went down alone—as had happened once before. And it was cool and black-sweet under the drooping trees, with a tinkle of creek in one's ears \* \* \*

And the thing happened.

An impetuous shape—blurs of white and a darker mass that was blue serge—ran hastily under the trees, came to her, and infolded her close,

"Mary \* \* \* sweetheart \* \* \* I love you."

And Mary only knew that this was her own episode \* \* \* her own kiss.

examinations—aren't you? Lots of papers to correct I suppose."

Papers! Examinations! That's all one associated a schoolma'am with, of course.

"Yes, a great many examinations—and a great many papers. It's hard work when it's so hot," she added. It was a very stupid, uninteresting speech, and just—just when she wanted to utter some witty sally.

But it didn't matter anyhow, for they reached Le Mar street then, and with a fine clatter of hoofs, a slender boyish feminine figure mounted on a handsome chestnut cantered by. It was Ally Wells, the morning sun catching her splendid hair.

She raised her crop to salute at Mr. Chesebrough's greeting but—Mary was watching—there was no interchange of glance or interest between the girl and Harding. His greeting was as cool as though Ally were just—a schoolma'am!

"I wonder when you and little Ally are going to patch up the score," said Mr. Chesebrough. And a great light broke on Mary's agonized mind.

They had quarreled! Loving each other as they did, they had quarreled. And—of course—because of that kiss. Incredible!

She reached the school grounds, miserably unhappy. "If I could make myself do it \* \* \* Once they discover who the interloper was—it will be quite all right again. She wouldn't be jealous of me."

Finals were drawing close now, and Mary grew irritable and nervous.

It was on a Thursday evening that she went to her room and faced the situation. "I'll do it," she promised. "I'll do it because I must. Because I want to. I do want to see him happy. So—well, I'll just tell him. Just tell him in a plain matter-of-fact way, and then if he thinks it will help \* \* \* I'll speak to her. At least I shall have done my duty."

THERE is a pergola on the Chesebrough lawn where Crimson Rambler and Dorothy Perkins roses drape their splendor almost the entire span of June. On one lazy, warm, Saturday afternoon Mr. Hugh Harding was sitting there reading when Mary Rainsford came across the grass. He got to his feet swiftly with a single appraising, approving glance at the approaching young lady, and said cordially,

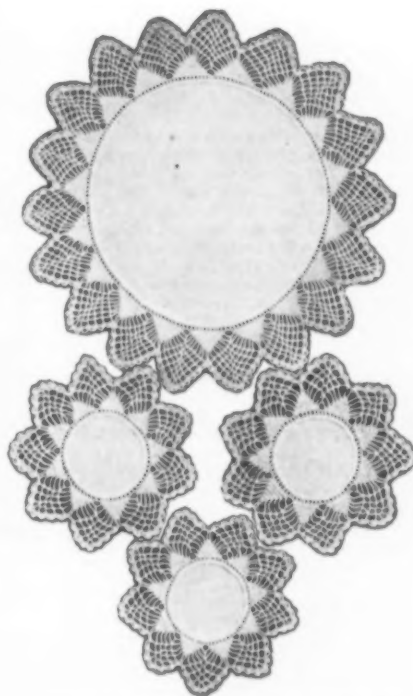
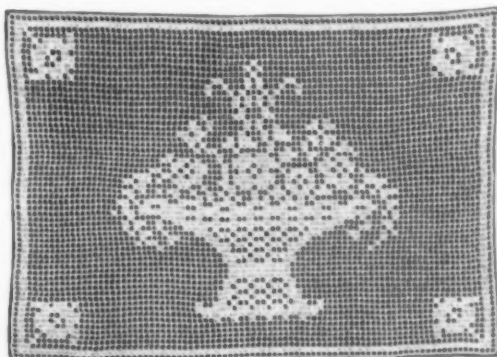
"Why, how d' you do, Miss Rainsford—"



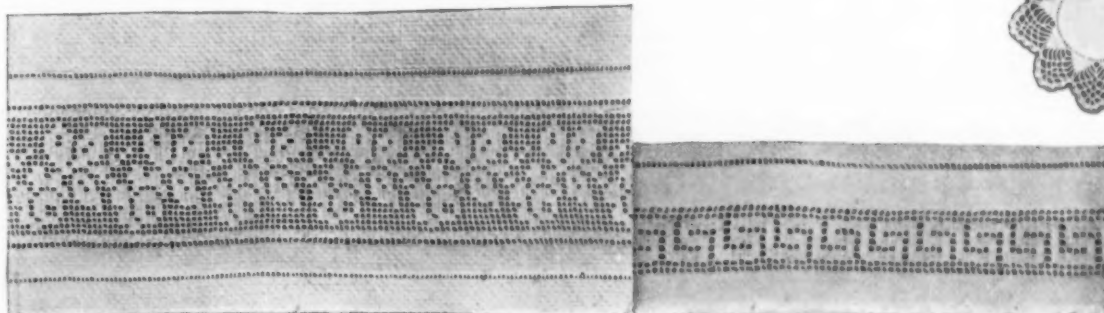
# Crocheting Beauty into Everyday Linens

By Elisabeth May Blondel

Editor's Note.—Directions and file block patterns for making all the articles on this page can be obtained as follows: For the file scarf and napkin corners Nos. FW. 71 and 72, the hot-plate mats No. FW. 73, and the towel designs Nos. FW. 74 and 75 (all printed on one leaflet), send 10 cents. For the doilies No. FW. 76, the tray cover No. FW. 77, and edgings Nos. FW. 78 and 79 (on one leaflet), send 10 cents. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Send money in stamps or money order to the McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.



The hot plate mats above (No. FW. 73) crocheted in a most interesting pattern in a heavy crochet cotton will be appreciated by the possessor of a polished dining table, who realizes the danger threatening it at every meal by the hot dishes.



Towels banded with filet are in excellent taste. The two above are both most desirable—one in a severe Greek design, the other in a dainty rose pattern (Nos. FW. 74 and 75).

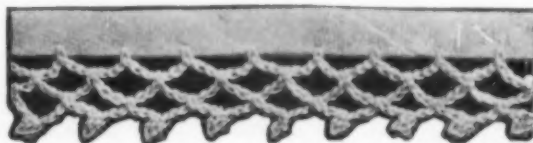
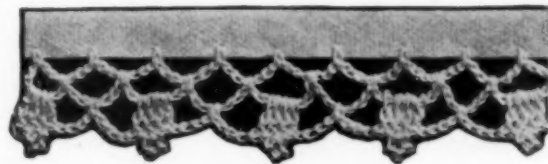
Peeking out from below the scarf to the right is a napkin corner to match (Nos. FW. 71 and 72) which shows clearly what an adorably quaint little basket forms the motif in these filet corners. With scarf, napkins and a square tea cloth, all finished with these corners, one would have a really beautiful set that will wear splendidly.



Designed by Frances W. Foulke

For tea wagon, serving tray or side table, the oblong filet cover above is very smart, indeed (No. FW. 77). It is a handsome piece in a quaint basket design, but quite simple enough for the inexperienced crocheter to make successfully.

The two crochet edgings below are shown in actual size (Nos. FW. 78 and 79). These make a dainty finish for a variety of articles such as tea napkins, scarfs, underwear, collars, etc.



Dainty table linen has always been one of the first necessities of the household, but nowadays the necessities must also be economical. The doilies shown above (No. FW. 76) answer the requirements well, as they combine daintiness with the expense merely of a few balls of cotton. Their pretty edge is a simple one to crochet.

## A War-Winning Letter

(Continued from page 9)

Though what I meant was the most exquisite thing in the world to me, I could not have wanted a greater tribute than the look which came into my husband's eyes as he fathomed what I was trying to tell him. What he said lacked elaborate phrasing; boyish ejaculations of awe, and reverence, and humor followed one another in no sequence, whatever. "Jimmy, Junior—think of it," he said; and I felt exalted and rich beyond measuring. Impatient with myself for hearing still the sinister echo of his earlier words, I determined to put it to rout as an invader of my happiness.

"If you want to go to war, Jim," I began, "this won't make any difference. I can manage, somehow."

"With what?" he smiled good-naturedly, "an anemic balance in the bank, and your last year's hat?"

"But if you want to go," I persisted, thinking to trap him into self-conviction.

"Of course, I want to go, dear," he said with quiet emphasis. "Because the war is the biggest thing that has ever happened in the world, no man wants to be out of it; but because there are plenty of Class I men and you need me, I'll stay at home."

Every woman who faces the "Good-by," knows the triumph in my heart as my husband, young, eager, unafraid of physical danger, said, "I'll stay at home." I know that I became more of a woman in that hour than I had ever been.

"I could get a job," I said. Jim did not smile. "For one who never had a job before, dear," he said, "this seems hardly the time to get one, does it?"

I shook my head, without answering; and then, because my courage was as yet untrained, because I was merely a small rookie in matters of heroism, I found myself being rocked back and forth in the big wing chair, Jim unconsciously turning our wedding ring around on my finger.

Since that night, our talk has been mostly of the children we know and how prodigiously ours will differ. We consult about everything pertaining to our heir, including rickets, colleges and dogs.

War is an excluded topic, and the reason easily discernible to me. Jim's superb strength revolts against the organic task ahead of me and he is aghast at the realization of his helplessness. So he follows the only course accessible, and spares me every mental and physical strain that he can.

But war is constantly in my thoughts, strengthening rather than frightening me. As Jim stands back of me at the piano, I see in place of the music, the arms of my daughter going up around his neck in an earnest clasp, for no matter how confidently Jim expects a son, I know the worship in store for him if Jimmy is a girl.

Nor do I try to banish the accompanying vision of children whose hands will never meet around their father's necks, since the coming of the Hun, for, after all, that is the world my baby will enter. What if I should shade my eyes to the unsoftened bleakness of charred fields and cover my

ears to the minor tones that will carry through more than one generation? Would I not be like the Levite in the parable who, though seeing his neighbor in distress, passed by?

Naturally, I fear the hour that will test my courage without mercy, but somehow I cannot feel justified in dwelling on that fear, because beside me stands a man whose courage is superlative. While other men "go over the top," experiencing the joy of strife, the ecstasy of conquest so truly their heritage, Jim stays at home to wait and know the agony of waiting when I explore the valley of the shadow.

Each day I am more determined that Jim must go to war when I am well. Women have not moved up to the front-line trench in business without a reason. And Jim must go. Because he cares more for my happiness than his own, I shall show my baby that we both care most for the happiness of the world.

Gradually I have come to believe that for a woman to realize that a man wants to go to war, is to find him, even as it involves losing him; and to discover that she wants him to go, is to find herself.

gaze as proudly up at the skies as ever. It is curious how many bombs fall in open spaces. It is houses in outlying districts that have been struck.

Underground life has become fashionable in Paris. Parisians, with their usual good humor and pluck, treat the matter gaily. The dressmakers are beginning to design models for underground wear. Even underground moving picture shows and restaurants are flourishing. One is never at a loss for conversation. The restaurants buzz with talk. Introductions are dispensed with. One talks freely to whomever one meets.

Nightly air raids give a zest to life. The methodical Germans had them timed and planned. The signal used to come regularly between eight and nine. Then some Boche got original. At one o'clock we were routed out of bed by the alert. This was disconcerting. We could no longer sleep in peace. At all sorts of unexpected hours the warning came. This got on our nerves. We grew cross from want of sleep. Then late one night when the signal came that all was clear, I stepped out into the deserted streets and walked across a bridge over the Seine. The stars were shining brightly, the moon was up. The city stretched out endlessly, peaceful and silent in the glimmering light. The serenity and beauty brought inner calm. I went back to bed. It was long after midnight. Anyway, I thought there would be peace until another night. Then boom—boom—boom, it seemed as though my eyes had hardly closed. I turned over sleepily. I was frightfully annoyed. It was only seven A. M. But the third thud stirred me to consciousness. Excited chatter rose from the street below. The fire engine went tearing by blowing its shrill siren. The Germans were flying over Paris. I sprang from my bed and stepped out onto the balcony. It was a glorious spring day. The birds had begun to sing. The sun was already warming the great boulevards. It couldn't be possible the Germans were raiding Paris in broad daylight. Then there came another thud. It was near. There was a crashing sound.

The people in the street scurried into doorways, windows were slammed to and iron shutters rolled down. In a moment Paris had sprung back into her night clothes. I dressed hastily and ran downstairs. Everywhere guests were hurrying from their rooms; women in negligees with hair twisted into hasty knots, and nurses carrying half-dressed babies. Quickly, we filed into the cellar. It was a disgruntled crowd. They were angry rather than frightened. It was an outrage to be gotten out of bed before *petit déjeuner*. The Germans were going too far. It was all very well to be raided at night, but to have to rise before breakfast was unbearable.

The cellar was damp and moldy. Moisture oozed from the walls. The babies began to cry. But the little company settled down stoically and ordered *café au lait*. I decided to risk my life in the dining-room above. Even there, it was not cheerful. The iron shutters were down and the electric light sent out a feeble radiance. The thuds came very regularly, with twenty- or thirty-minute intervals. After a while, adventurous souls emerged from the cellar. We ventured to the front door. The warm sunshine

## Defying the Big Gun in Paris

(Continued from page 12)

streamed in. It was a heavenly day. We would enjoy life in spite of those Germans. We stepped out onto the sidewalk. On the Avenue de l'Opera, people were already moving back and forth. On the street corners, little groups gathered to gaze up into the shining blue. Far above, white specks moved. We felt they must be French airmen; still, we didn't know. All that day with each thud we eagerly scanned the sky. We never dreamed a big gun was bombarding Paris.

I had a morning engagement. By ten-thirty I was dressed and walking up the Avenue de l'Opera. The stores were closed and the shutters down. Transportation had stopped. The metro trains were not running. We still believed an air raid was on. But many people were on the street. Like myself, they meant to keep their engagements. When a thud came we paused a moment and shivered and then walked quietly on. A few taxi drivers were carrying on trade as usual. I finally secured a car. We went tooting across the Place de la Concorde, over the Seine, past the Chamber of Deputies to the house where I had my appointment. When I alighted, the taxi driver stopped me for talk. "Aren't you afraid, Miss?" he asked. I shrugged my shoulders. "I suppose I am," I said. "But there isn't much use. There is still the ocean to cross. *C'est la guerre; que voulez-vous?*" He smiled appreciatively. Again the intensity of life had removed barriers.

The people I had come to see were out. The servants had fled to the cellar, and the family had taken refuge with neighbors in a first-floor apartment. But after a hunt I found them. My adventurous spirit restored their confidence. Soon the daughter of the family and I were walking back across the Seine to keep a luncheon engagement. We paused on the bridge and leaned over the balustrade to gaze at the city. Paris is so beautiful in the spring sunshine! The water danced and sparkled. The

magnificent buildings stood out proudly, and beyond and in front of us stretched the great Tuilleries Garden. Then bang—the earth shook. It was a terrific thud. We shook ourselves and straightened up. It was uncanny, unreal. It couldn't be true that under that bright blue sky, that serene and beautiful city was being attacked.

That night at dinner I sat next to an American Y. M. C. A. man. He was full of the events of the day. He had been close to the place where the shell struck. "I was standing in a doorway," he said, "and the force of the explosion sent me staggering back. Afterward, I went to see what damage had been done. There was a hole in the ground about the size of a dining-room table. A soldier was sleeping on a bench 15 feet away. The noise woke him, but he didn't get a scratch. Some dirt was thrown into the eyes of a baby in a baby carriage fifty yards distant, but not a soul was injured." It was marvelous how little damage was done.

With the setting of the sun there came a few hours of quiet. But it was not long. At nine, the alert again sounded. It was midnight before the raid ended, and with daylight the boom—boom—boom began again. But now we knew a long-range gun was shelling Paris. We did not fear the gun as we did the air raids. A bomb from an airship comes down straight. There is something uncanny about an enemy directly over your head. But the gun was impersonal. Besides, it hits sidewise. It was as likely to strike the middle as the top of a building or it might land on the sidewalk. It acted in the dark. The chance of being hit was infinitesimal. On the second day of the bombardment, Paris went about its business as usual. The stores were open, the trains ran, and the sidewalk cafés were as crowded as ever. I went to the Grand Hotel for breakfast. I had my coffee at a little table on the sidewalk, facing the Opera House. At ten o'clock, people were

streaming in and out of the metro station and taxis flew everywhere. Most of the exploding shells were far distant. But suddenly there was a bang that shook us. A shot had landed in Rue Victoire behind the Opera House. For an instant every one stood still. It was as though the world were paralyzed. But it was only for a second; then the laughter and talk spurted out as before. Not by a quiver of an eyelid did Paris care for the German big gun. The papers grew funny about the bombardment. They took to giving the Germans good advice.

The night of the second day of the bombardment we had no air raid. We enjoyed a long peaceful sleep.

But it is no joke to live always in the presence of air raids and bombardments. The tension gets on one's nerves. I wonder if Americans realize what it is like. Perhaps only the dropping of a few bombs on New York will make us understand. And it will be a wonder if some giant German submarine does not carry across the ocean an airship which will fling bombs on us. If it is done, it will be only a stunt; it will have no significance. But a great gashing hole in Madison Square Garden would open our eyes and hearts to what the rest of the world is enduring.

You need much unselfishness and courage to keep sane. The Germans, of course, count on the nervous tension to destroy the country's morale. But there they err. It does not destroy morale but it irritates. Far from making the Parisian sick of war, it enrages. It is perhaps the effective way of getting the whole population out to war. True, the people of Paris left the city in great hordes. But the mothers of babies could not see any reason for exposing their children to danger. This sudden exodus for those of us who were forced to leave the city was trying. My boat for America left from the South of France. Two days before the date of sailing, I went to the station to buy a ticket. For three blocks there was a solid mass of people. The line seemed never to diminish. Mothers with babies were sitting on trunks waiting. An hour before train time I went to the station. People were pouring down upon the platform. It looked as though

hundreds of people would have no place. But just then another gigantic line of cars, an extra train, pulled in on the opposite platform. Within five minutes of the scheduled time and within a few minutes of each other, the two great trains pulled out of the station. And as I gazed out of the window into the cars that flew past, I saw there were actually vacant seats. It is in this sort of deed that the French excel. In spite of the red tape of their Government, the people get things done. They rise to an emergency. The train service in any other country would have collapsed under such a strain. In Germany, big unexpected rushes, things unusual and out of the ordinary, are the things that people, taught not to think but only to obey, cannot handle.

Which means there is a way of smashing German militarism and oppression. That way lies through originality. When we realize the value of every bit of American and Allied originality and utilize individual initiative, encourage it by individual freedom, we can split and crumble the unthinking obedient German machine.

## Some Oilcloth and A Bit of Paint

Practical, Dainty  
Furnishings for  
the Summer Home  
or Camp

By  
Elizabeth MacKenzie Roth

Any woman handy with brush and paints can, by a little time and thought, transform the winter house into a delightful summer home. In the dining-room, for instance, what could be more attractive and refreshingly cool in appearance than this gaily-painted luncheon set? And wouldn't these rice and sugar jars, matching the shelving, make one long to "come into the kitchen" and stay there, too?

This entire set was made of a pliable white oilcloth material that had a pebbled surface. The blue, green and orange-brown oil paints, used to stencil the design, proved to be a charming color scheme. A little enamel mixed with the paint hardens it nicely so that it will not rub off, if the oilcloth is carefully wiped with a damp cloth, instead of being washed with soap in the usual way.

A two-pound coffee can covered with the decorated oilcloth makes a practical sugar jar at minimum cost, while, to hold the rice, twenty-nine cents will buy a splendid glass jar like the one pictured. Other words for tea and coffee holders are included with stencil patterns and directions No. FW. 80. (See Editor's Note below.)

You can save on the laundry bills and at the same time have your luncheon table the envy of all beholders by making one long runner of oilcloth, like this, and as many oblong place mats as you need. Then when the set needs cleaning, a damp rag settles the laundry question in no time! This is a saving that is well worth while.

Editor's Note.—Directions and stencil patterns for making the articles above (No. FW. 80) may be obtained by sending 10 cents in stamps or money-order, and a stamped envelope for reply, to The McCall Company, McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, N. Y.



# The New Way to Manicure

Don't cut the cuticle—give your nails the well-groomed loveliness you've wanted so long

Discard forever your manicure scissors! Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, softens and removes surplus cuticle without cutting—



(Photo Moffitt, Chicago)  
Mary Nash, whose superb acting has established her as one of the great emotional actresses, says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex makes my nails look so much better"

does away with tiresome soaking of the nails—takes half the time heretofore required.

Cutex is absolutely harmless. It was formulated to do away with that cutting which specialists agree is so ruinous. You will be amazed to see how easily you can give your nails a wonderful manicure with Cutex.



With Cutex, work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle—leaves a smooth, even base

become detached and form hangnails. Just as frequently hangnails come from improper or too vigorous treatment of the cuticle. To prevent hangnails your whole effort should be to keep the cuticle unbroken.



(Photo White Studio, N. Y.)  
Elsie Janis, whose vivacity and clever acting have made her a favorite in every American city, says: "I am delighted with Cutex. I have just finished my nails and find it most wonderful"

This is exactly what Cutex does—it removes the cuticle without injury. It leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, unbroken. Even people who have been most troubled with hangnails, say that with Cutex they have been entirely freed from this annoyance.

## Just how to do it

First file with steel file until your nails are the proper length. Manicurists who have the most fashionable New York clientele say that it is now considered good form to give the nail an oval shape; that is, to have it conform to the shape of the finger tip—never pointed.

Open the Cutex package. In it you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle.

Then work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find that you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

Finish with a touch of Cutex Nail White, applied directly underneath nail from tube. Spread under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. It removes any stains from underneath the nails and leaves them immaculately clean.

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails gives them a soft, shimmering polish—the most delightful you have ever seen. If you like an especially brilliant, lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then Cake Polish.

## How you can cure overgrown cuticle—prevent hideous hangnails

The most beautiful hands look hopelessly ugly if the nails are overgrown by cuticle or surrounded by hangnails or raw, mutilated cuticle.

Dr. Edmund Saalfeld, the famous specialist, in his work on the care of nails, points out that hangnails have two causes. If the cuticle is allowed to grow up onto the surface of the nail, the skin will tear,



A touch of Cutex Nail White underneath the nails leaves them immaculate—snowy white

## One application makes a decided improvement

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even one application makes, you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

After a few applications Cutex makes any nail look shapely and symmetrical. It quickly removes overgrown cuticle, does away with hangnails, dry, rough skin—all the nail troubles rapidly disappear. Try it. See for yourself. Notice how quickly it gives your nails the shapeliness that everyone admires.

## Start to have exquisite nails today

Ask for Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, wherever toilet preparations are sold. Cutex comes in 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. The 60c size is much the more economical size to buy. It will last three times as long as the 30c bottle. Cutex Nail White, which removes discolorations from underneath the nails, is only 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form, is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore tender cuticle is 30c. If your favorite store has not yet secured its Cutex stock, order direct.

## Send 15c for complete manicure set

Don't think you can get along with old-fashioned cuticle-cutting—not even for another day! Send at once for the Cutex set illustrated below and know the difference. Tear off the coupon now before you turn the page. Fill it out and send it today with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a complete manicure set, enough for at least six "manicures."

Address, **NORTHAM WARREN**  
Dept. 1008, 114 W. 17th St. New York

If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Bunn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 1008, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set, and get Canadian prices.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 15c TODAY

**NORTHAM WARREN**  
Dept. 1008, 114 W. 17th St., New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

This complete manicure set sent for 15c



supply of milk? This one question may lead to the establishment of milk stations, and the raising of a fund to supply milk at a nominal price. It should also lead to an investigation of milk sources and strict insistence upon sanitary standards, and fair profits. If the woman's club in your town will take this duty upon itself—the duty of seeing that every child has the milk it needs to drink—this will be a very practical step toward building up the health of your community. But this is only the first step. There are many questions concerning the welfare of children and their mothers that every woman ought to be able to answer for her community. Can you answer these questions with credit to your community?

How many health nurses are there who give demonstrations to mothers in their own homes about their own care during pregnancy, and about the care, feeding, clothing of their babies? How does the number of nurses compare with the number of births per year? Mother love is wonderful and precious, but it alone cannot keep a tiny baby well. Mothers must learn their jobs, and they are eager to do it.

Is there easily accessible to every mother, especially in rural communities, an infant welfare station and a prenatal clinic, where she can receive medical advice and supervision in the care of herself during pregnancy and the care of the baby?

Can every mother have proper medical care at confinement, even though she can't pay much?

What proportion of the births in your community are attended by midwives? Are they licensed? What are the standards required of them?

Are there adequate hospital facilities for confinement cases?

What child welfare work is done by the city, county, state? Is there a special state department of child welfare?

Questions such as these are bound to open up large fields of child-welfare work. No woman who has had a child can read them without imagining herself in the place of the woman who has little or no idea of how to take care of herself during pregnancy or of taking care of the baby that some well-meaning, but unskilled midwife ushers into the world.

Can there be any greater loneliness than that of a woman who is cut off either through ignorance or poverty or by distance from the medical and friendly help she should have at this time? And since the bearing of healthy children is the greatest service a woman can render her country, shouldn't the welfare of women and children be of prime importance to a city or county or state? Yet, only five states in the Union have departments of child welfare.

The need to support and increase public-health nursing, at this time, is great. In order to help, the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense is calling for "Home Health Volunteers." The women who answer the call will serve in their own communities under the direction of physicians and nurses. There are three forms of service: messenger service for young women able to do unspecialized work, which will include duties such as taking doctors and nurses from case to case in automobiles, making the necessary connections between the clinic and the homes, making beds, cleaning, and so forth; medical and social service which will be recruited from women who have had ex-

## Democracy For Babies

(Continued from page 5)

perience either in dispensaries and hospitals or in the care of children or in housekeeping or both; and trained nursing service, which will be formed of those trained nurses who have retired from active service. If you can be of use in any of these ways, address a letter to the State Chairman of Child Welfare of the Women's Committee of National Defense in your state and ask her to enroll you at once as a Home Health Volunteer. You will then receive further instructions from her office.

Some one has said that the most hazardous of all occupations is that of being a baby. But it is almost as dangerous to be just out of babyhood, and yet not of school age. The care that the baby has had is often relaxed when he is three or four. But the Children's Bureau does not mean to lose sight of this child at the betwixt-and-between age. It urges that

out what proportion of Mr. Brown's wages they can afford to pay for rent, you will understand why there is no white enamel bath tub in the Brown home. You will also see that pennies have to be stretched to buy food, and why Mrs. Brown, with all the housework to do, has gotten into the habit of giving the children "something to eat" and letting it go at that.

This is an argument for taking the personal equation into consideration when you attempt welfare work. It may be that you can help Mr. Brown to a better position where he can earn more. But, in any case, the facts ought to make you pause and consider the housing conditions in your community. What choice of dwellings are actually open to persons of low incomes? Instead of avoiding the tenement district, if you live in a city, you will wish to know "how the other half lives," and if the

doing? How many mothers are so engaged? How are their children cared for?

You will, perhaps, find that existing agencies can give you answers to these questions. If so, there is no need of duplicating effort by making another survey. With such information on hand, a woman's organization might very well inaugurate a "Know Your Own Community" program, which would be the basis for very practical community work to be done by its members.

August is the time to take up the matter of child labor and school attendance. It is a short-sighted community that allows child-labor standards to be lowered in wartime, and now is the time to make sure that the children in your town or city will be properly safeguarded. Look up the child-labor and school-attendance laws of your state and then find out what exemptions are permitted, and how the laws are enforced. Find out the number of attendance officers, and whether there is a school census. See whether attempts have been made to lower the restrictions on child-labor in wartime.

Is there need of special assistance to enable some children to stay in school?

In connection with the problems of child-labor and school-attendance there is the matter of birth registration. Many Americans, desiring to go abroad for war service, have had this subject brought home to them. No one is allowed to leave this country unless he can produce certain facts concerning his place of birth, and his parents. In foreign countries, no child's birth is allowed to go unregistered. But in America we have been lax in this respect.

And registration is needed for many things. If there were a law in every state making it necessary to send a prompt notice of every birth to the health authorities, every mother and child would be able to get help without delay from those authorities.

The Children's Bureau will be glad to give information and help to any organization or individual wishing to start a movement for compulsory birth-registration in any state which has no such law.

In this article, child-welfare work has been presented from the community angle rather than

wholly from that of the individual mother and child. Once a community is alive to the duties and problems of safeguarding its children, the individual women and children will be taken care of. The splendid thing about this Children's Year campaign is its democracy. It is for the sake of all American children, and the Children's Bureau stands ready to help any community or group to take care of its children, or to help any individual woman who needs its assistance. It is your Bureau—use it! The one message it wishes to impress upon the women of America, especially at this time when men are fighting for democracy abroad, is that women must fight for democracy here at home, a democracy of health and happiness for American children—our First Citizens. What permanent work to save children is your community undertaking for Children's Year? The Children's Bureau has a leaflet describing what can be done and how, for the Bureau considers the follow-up work the most important part of the weighing and measuring test. If you are wondering how to go about it, write to McCall's for the Children's Bureau leaflet on Follow-Up Work and we will forward your request to Washington.

## Using Business Methods in Food Work

### Big Results Are Obtained in Small Canning Plants Such as Any Town Can Have

By Mary H. Northend

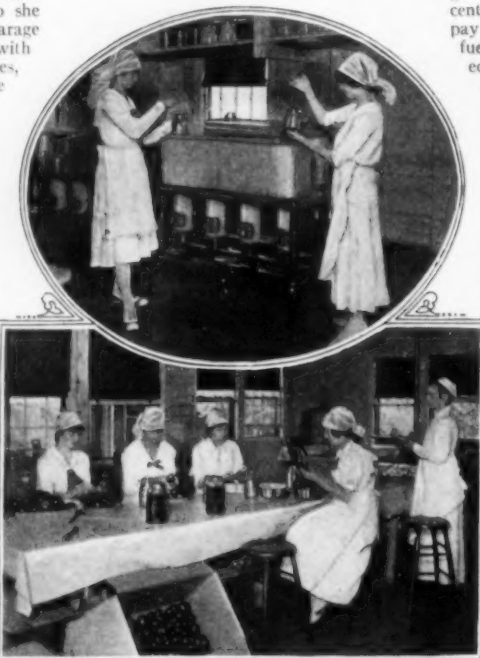
WITH loyal devotion to the cause of food conservation, the members of a famous summer colony of Massachusetts turned their attention last summer to the making of war gardens. The vegetable crops were so large that it soon became apparent that the town had considerably exceeded its capacity for immediate consumption, and that a vast quantity of valuable food was in imminent danger of going to waste.

A public-spirited resident recognized the gravity of the situation and thought something ought to be done about it. So she cleared out the upper floor of her garage and arranged it as a canning kitchen with long oilcloth covered tables on trestles, swinging shelves overhead, a double row of blue-flame oil stoves, and a number of sterilizing outfits. She engaged an expert instructor and hired at nominal wages a number of girls of the neighborhood to do the work. An announcement was then circulated through the town and surrounding farm country to the effect that the "Community Cannery" was ready to can all surplus fruits and vegetables for the actual cost of the salt, sugar, fuel, jars and labor.

A THOUSAND wide-mouthed glass jars were ordered as a starter, together with a supply of salt and sugar and the necessary utensils. By the time everything was in working order the garden stuff began to pour in. It came in expensive touring cars; in farm wagons; in wheelbarrows and in bags and baskets. The members of the canning staff soon realized that their job was far from a sinecure, but they rose to the emergency and the shining rows of filled jars multiplied almost faster than they could be handled by those who did the labeling and packing.

As soon as the routine was fully established and everything

was running smoothly, an afternoon was designated upon which women and girls might come in to be instructed in the surest methods of canning. Public lectures on



This Cannery was in a Private Garage. The Work was done under expert Supervision. The Women and Girls of any Town can open a similar Plant as War Work

food conservation also were arranged for. As a side issue, donations of fruit and vegetables were invited on behalf of the local hospital, the cannery contributing the labor, and the cost of the jars and sugar being borne by interested persons.

The valuable work which was done in this small cannery could easily be duplicated in any community, large or small. It is not necessary that the community wait for a citizen to donate the kitchen. A club, church-society, or any group can secure a vacant room that is centrally located. Many towns and cities pay the overhead expenses of equipment, fuel, etc., out of the city funds. The equipment can be donated from private kitchens or bought as club or city property.

Some towns find it more successful to have the cannery buy all staple supplies, vegetables and fruits. Then the women and girls of the town are invited to work in the cannery at fifteen cents an hour. Wage tickets are issued and punched for each hour's work. At the end of the season and during the winter the workers collect their wages in canned goods from the cannery shelves. More than one housewife earned last winter's supply of canned goods by spending her extra hours in a community cannery last summer.

Community canneries, large and small, show the value of business methods in women's war work. The many experiments of last year proved that less fuel, less labor, and less energy are used per can. Housewives who can not have gardens of their own are especially glad to avail themselves of the cannery's supplies. Some who do have their own vegetables prefer to work in the common kitchen where they have the help of the expert adviser. But the saving of the summer's surplus is the best argument for canning plants.

special care be given to his diet. Many of the men who are disqualified for military service for physical reasons have had the cause of their weakness traced to sickness or lack of proper food and care at this intermediate age of from two to five. The Children's Bureau is glad to send special instructions for the diet and care of these children.

Before you go very far in outlining a program for child welfare, you come right down to the matter of dollars and cents. And if you are of a speculative turn of mind, you may find yourself attempting to be a political economist. This is the way it happens. You find that Mrs. Brown is not giving her five children of various ages the diet recommended by the best authorities. She is apt to feed them irregularly and inadequately. Then, too, she does not give them as many baths as are recommended. If you go about your investigations with plenty of common sense, a large sympathy, and a saving sense of humor, you are pretty apt to find that Mrs. Brown is doing the best she can, considering the fact that there are few facilities for bathing or simplifying housework in her home. When you have found

tenement house laws in your state are what they should be. This will lead you to find out what regulates the disposal of sewage and garbage, and whether faultiness here is responsible for the deaths of children. This whole problem of housing is one that is being tackled in many communities with splendid results.

In connection with the wages of Mr. Brown, there comes up the matter of family incomes. Here again, wartime has brought great changes, and particular problems. Here are questions which suggest a program of helpful investigation along this line.

How do the lowest wages paid to men in your community compare with the cost of commodities necessary to maintain a fair standard of living?

What groups of men are earning wages insufficient to enable them to support their families according to a fair standard?

How are widowed mothers provided for?

Are separation allowances to soldiers' families being supplemented where insufficient?

Why are mothers engaged in gainful work and what kind of work are they





## *Take your complexion seriously*

A French orator once said, "There are no ugly women, there are only women who do not know how to look pretty." If your skin is rough and red, if the pores are clogged and irritated from excessive oil combined with dust and cosmetics, study the problem seriously, learn how to overcome the trouble and "look pretty."

Exposed as the complexion is to climatic conditions, what thoughtful woman would be willing to leave the care of her skin to nature alone? She knows it needs more than the regular cleansing with ordinary soap to combat these elements, clear away blotches and roughness, and restore the fresh, healthy glow. Yet it is unnecessary to spend hours in tedious expensive treatments.

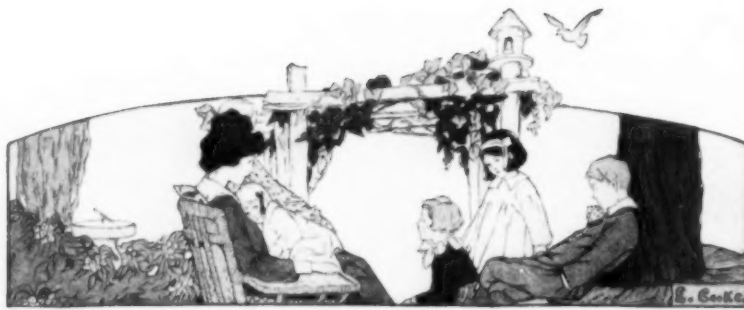
Just bathe your face twice a day with warm water and Resinol Soap, and watch your skin become clearer, fresher, more charming generally.

Resinol Soap does this not only because it is an exceptionally pure, cleansing, toilet soap, containing no free alkali, but because of the soothing, healing Resinol medication in it, which is so widely used in the treatment of skin and scalp troubles. It is also excellent for baby's tender skin.

Resinol Soap is sold by druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial-size cake, free, write to Department 8G, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

# *Resinol Soap*

## Right Ways with Children



**Editor's Foreword.**—So many mothers ask for help in teaching their children to do things for themselves, that Mrs. Gruenberg has devoted her August article to that subject. Her solution of a difficult problem is sane and usable. If you want further help in this or any other difficulty with your little ones, write Mrs. Gruenberg, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

IT is so cunning to see Harry try to feed himself," says Mrs. Person. "But I cannot let him, he makes such a mess of it. I have such a hard time feeding him, too. He always wants to take the spoon himself. He cries and grasps at it. And it's the same each meal. It's really as much trouble to do it for him as it would be to clean up after he had fed himself."

Eating a meal ought to be an occasion of good cheer, for children as well as for grown folks. But in too many households our relations with our children are like those in Mrs. Person's home. We interfere with our children's development because we think it is easier to do things ourselves than to teach the children to do them.

How will Harry learn to feed himself? There seems to be only one way, and that is, by doing it, messily and awkwardly and perhaps slowly, but doing it, nevertheless. With practice he will learn to do it less and less awkwardly and some day you will suddenly notice that he is taking care of himself at table as well as a grown-up can.

This is a lesson that parents seem to need anew every generation. Children learn to do by doing; they learn by making mistakes. Do not worry about the mess Harry makes; do not worry about the food getting cold. The possible damage is both remediable and relatively trivial. The important thing is to encourage him to try again even after he has emptied the spoon on the way to his mouth. Admire the slight successes of each attempt. You may have to expedite matters: then let Harry take one spoonful and Mother supply the next, and so on. At any rate, Harry will not learn if his Mother does all his tasks for him.

THE same principle applies, of course, to the hundreds of other things that the child will try to do. You can button the clothes much faster; but unless there is a real hurry, give the child as much time as he needs. Not only is it more interesting

for him to be doing it, but it is only through doing it that the child will master the art. More important than that, however, is the fact that only through doing for himself will he acquire feeling of power and confidence—a feeling that is perhaps worth more than any service you can perform for him. So many children are permitted to grow up without this feeling, that one may well wonder how a people's spirit of independence is to be maintained.

Doors are a source of mystification and sometimes of terror to young children. They shut us out of the places we wish to go to; they imprison us; they separate us from faces and voices that give us comfort. When a child is able to walk about, he tries to open or to shut the door; but Mother runs to his assistance. Of course he cannot turn the knob or reach the latch; but he can push or pull it on its hinges. A child should be given every opportunity to open and shut doors, so that he may feel his mastery over his source of worry as soon as possible.

It is not always our impatience or our concern for tidiness that makes us interfere with the child. Sometimes it is our extreme kindness, as when we rush to pick up the child that has stumbled and fallen. Some of us cannot bear to see a little child struggle up the stairs. Instinctively, we run to help. What we need is the realization that we can help more in many situations by merely withholding our help. Let the child pick himself up, let him finish his climb, unaided. That is better for his muscles and nerves. But most of all it is better for his independence and self-reliance.

In our solicitude about the welfare of the child, our concern lest he be overworked, or overstrained, we are likely to deprive him of tasks and responsibilities that are necessary for his development. We could frequently send young children on errands about the house, or even outside; but we are afraid that they will get things mixed, that they will forget. Of course they will forget, and they will get things mixed. But as they are not entrusted with errands of life and death importance, it may be better for them to get something wrong and thereby learn to get things right, than to miss this experience altogether. At every stage the child should have the opportunity to perform tasks and to carry responsibilities graded to his ability. If we ask too much there will be discouragement and antagonism; but if we require too little we shall get indifference and irresponsibility.

JUST as it is only through the actual use of money that the child learns to use judgment and discretion in money matters, so it is with the actual exercise of his own judgment and responsibility that he acquires a feeling of assurance in his judgment and power. This is very well shown by youthful ventures in business. It is evident that the amount of time that Bessie spent waiting for the mail and counting her earnings in advance was worth much more than she was paid for bringing the letters to neighbors in the bungalows. What does it matter if the little boy who makes fifteen to twenty cents a week selling magazines does spend nearly all of his earn-

## The Child's Independence

By

Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg

Vice-President of Federation for Child Study

ings in carrying on a correspondence in regard to his "business?"

The experience that these children gain in these little ventures is the important thing. It would be much easier to give Bessie the amount of money that she earns, and feel that she is safe about the house most of the time. But it is worth more than that to have Bessie learn to go and come safely. It is worth more to have her ready and willing to go out each day, regardless of the weather and the many temptations to delay, or to go off on a more pleasant excursion with other children. Moreover, she is acquiring a feeling of confidence and certainty of what she can really do when she tries. To try again and again until the doing becomes too easy to call for any thought or exertion is the chief interest of the young child, and remains the chief interest of all healthy and normal people. But too often children are deprived of the possible results of this interest by the overhelpfulness of the elders. It may be our concern for safety, or it may be our fear of discomfort, born of too much hardship in our own childhood. But whatever it is, we must guard against depriving the child of the experiences that make for well-founded self-reliance.

THERE is, of course, the danger of making a formal rule out of a fairly good principle, and of misapplying it. One cannot learn to swim without getting into the water; but throwing a child into the water exposes him to drowning quite as well as to swimming, and you cannot be sure which he will do. The child's desire to experiment, to venture, should be encouraged, or he may lose all interest in solving new problems, overcoming new difficulties. But we must be ready to help as help is needed, not to take the problem away, to solve it for him, to give him the results without any effort on his part. The overambitious child needs sometimes to be restrained, but he never needs to have his difficulties taken from him.

## The Zeppelin's Passenger

(Continued from page 10)

"Lady Cranston omits to add," Lessingham put in, "that before I did so she told me frankly that her feelings for me were of warm friendliness; that her love was given to her husband only."

"How long is this to go on?" Griffiths asked harshly. "These domestic explanations have nothing to do with the case."

"Excuse me," Sir Henry retorted. "They have a great deal to do with it."

"I am commandant of this place—"

"And I possess an authority which you had better not dispute. I am now going to announce to you a piece of news which is not as yet generally known. During last night, a considerable squadron of German cruisers managed to cross the North Sea and find their way to a certain port of considerable importance to us."

Lessingham started.

"Incidentally," Sir Henry continued, "three-quarters of the squadron also found their way to the bottom of the sea, and the other quarter met our own squadron, and will not return. The chart of the mine-field of which you possessed yourself, Von Kunisloch," he said, "was a chart especially prepared for you. So you see why it is that I have no grudge against you."

Lessingham's face was the face of a stricken man. "Is this the truth?"

"It is the truth," Sir Henry said gravely.

"Does this conclude the explanations?" Captain Griffiths demanded impatiently. "Your news is magnificent, Sir Henry. As regards this felon—"

Sir Henry held up his hand.

"Von Kunisloch's fate," he said, "is mine to deal with, Captain Griffiths."

Philippa was the first to grasp the intentions of the man who was standing only a few feet from her. She threw herself upon his arm and dragged down the revolver which he had raised. Sir Henry was upon them at once. He took Griffiths by the throat and threw him on the sofa.

"His Majesty's Service has no use for madmen," he thundered. "You know that I possess superior authority here."

"That man shall not escape!" Griffiths struggled for his whistle.

"Look here, Griffiths, one single move in opposition to my wishes will cost you your career. That man will not be arrested."

Griffiths staggered to his feet. He was half cowed, half furious.

"You take the responsibility for this, Sir Henry?" he demanded thickly. "The man is a proved traitor. If you assist him to escape, you are subject to penalties—"

Sir Henry threw open the door. "Captain Griffiths," he interrupted, "I am not ignorant of my position in this matter. Believe me, your last chance of retaining your position here is to remember that you have had specific orders to yield to my authority in all matters. Kindly leave this room and take your soldiers back to their quarters."

Griffiths hesitated for a single moment. He had the appearance of a man demoted by a passion which could find no outlet. Then he left the room without a glance to the right or to the left.

"Sir Henry," Lessingham reminded him, "I have not asked for your intervention."

"My dear fellow, you wouldn't," was the prompt reply. "As for the little trouble that has happened in the North Sea, don't take it too much to heart. It was entirely the fault of the people who sent you here."

"The fault of the people who sent me here? I scarcely understand."

"It's simple enough," Sir Henry continued. "You see, you are about as fit to be a spy as Philippa, my wife here. You possess the one insuperable obstacle of having the instincts of a gentleman."

"Come, come," he went on, "we have nothing more to say to one another. Open that window and take the path down to the beach. Jimmy Dumble is waiting for you at the gate. He will row you out to a Dutch trawler which is lying off the point."

Philippa moved to where Lessingham was standing. She gave him her hands. "Dear friend, don't refuse this thing."

"Be a sensible fellow, Von Kunisloch," Sir Henry said. "Remember that you can't do yourself or your country a ha'porth of good by playing the Quixote." He threw open the window and looked out.

"There's your trawler. The tide will turn soon. I don't wish to hurry you—"

Lessingham raised Philippa's hands to his lips. "I shall think of you both always. You are very wonderful people."

Philippa came a little shyly into her husband's arms, as he turned back into the room. The tenderness in his own face, however, and a little catch in his voice, broke down at once the wall of reserve which had grown up between them.

"Little sweetheart! You don't know how I've ached to explain things to you."

"Oh, dear, what an idiot I was!" Philippa exclaimed ruefully. "I imagined—all sorts of things. \* \* \* But, Henry, dear, do you know that we have a great surprise for you—here in the house?"

"No surprise, dear," he assured her, shaking his head. "I knew the very hour that Richard left Wittenberg. And here he is, by Jove!"

Richard and Helen entered together. Philippa could not wait with her news.

"Listen to me, both of you!" she cried incoherently—"you never heard anything so wonderful in your life. They weren't fishing excursions at all. Henry was laying mines all the time and he's blown up half the German Fleet! It's all in the 'Times' this morning. He's got a D. S. O.—Henry has—and he's a Rear Admiral! \* \* \*

Oh, Helen, I want to cry."

Richard wrung his brother-in-law's hand.

"Philippa isn't exactly coherent," he remarked, "but it sounds all right."

"You see," Sir Henry explained, "I've been mine-laying ever since the war started. I started with Scotland, and then they moved me down here. The Admiralty thought they'd be mighty clever, and they insisted upon my keeping my job a secret. It led to a little trouble with Philippa, but I think we are through with all that \* \* \*

I suppose you know that these two young women have been engaged in a regular conspiracy, Dick?"

"I know a little," Richard replied gravely, "and I'm sure you will believe that I wouldn't have countenanced it if I'd had any idea what they were up to."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," Sir Henry agreed. "Anyway, it led to no harm."

"Von Kunisloch, then, was over here to spy upon you?"

"That's the ticket," Sir Henry assented, "but don't you worry about that. They must have known by instinct that a chap like Von Kunisloch couldn't do any harm."

"Where is he now?" Richard asked.

Sir Henry moved his head toward the window, where Philippa, for the last few moments, had softly taken her place. Her eyes were watching a green light bobbing up and down in the distance. Suddenly she gave a little exclamation.

"It's moving!" she cried. "He's off!"

"He's safe on a Dutch trawler," Sir Henry declared.

Half concealed by the curtain, Philippa stood with her eyes turned seaward. The green light was dimmer now, and the black outline of the trawler crept slowly over the glittering track of moonlight. She gave a little start as it came into sight. There was a sob in her throat, tears were burning in her eyes. Then she felt an arm around her waist and her husband's whisper in her ear.

"I haven't let you wander too far, have I, Phil?"

She turned quickly toward him, eager for the comfort of his extended arms. Her face was buried in his shoulder.

"You know," she murmured.

[THE END]

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.—The Zeppelin's Passenger made his startling entrance into Dreyer's marsh and Mainsail Haul, the home of Sir Henry Cranston, just when Lady Cranston and Helen Fairclough, her friend, were talking quietly about the absent Dick—Major Felstead, Philippa's brother and Helen's fiancé—news of whom Philippa had just been to London to seek. The German had calmly entered through a window and, before either woman could call for help, had presented letters from the lost Dick and introduced himself as Von Kunisloch, an old college friend of his. After many assurances from Von Kunisloch—or Lessingham as he desired to be called—Philippa decided to let him keep his secret, and gave him a suit of Dick's for his muddy one. But, before he could leave, Sir Henry came in from one of his many fishing expeditions and had to be presented. Promptly as the stranger departed, Sir Henry called up the Chief of Police and reported a newcomer. As the weeks passed, Lessingham fell desperately in love with Philippa who, out of pique at her husband for not entering patriotic service, encouraged him. There followed many bitter scenes between Philippa and her husband; a storm at sea during which Lessingham rescued Sir Henry and incidentally captured the charts he had been hunting; the sudden return of Dick from the German prison camp, and, finally, Philippa's promise to leave with the German. But you shall see for yourself how it all came out. Have you hugely enjoyed this serial? The next one is better still, since it comes closer home. It is a thrilling and humorous romance by Eleanor H. Porter, of "Pollyanna" fame.



# B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape

*Strong—Rubber Coated  
Almost Waterproof*

*Sticks Instantly  
to Anything Dry  
and Stays Stuck*



## The Every Day First Aid

Every druggist sells a strong and clinging rubber-coated tape, called B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape. It sticks instantly to anything that's dry. And it forms a firm and lasting binding which is practically waterproof.



Attach It Beneath a Tear

On rubber, metal, wood, cloth, glass or anything, it becomes a part of the article itself.

Every home has uses for it. Every home without it wastes things which could easily be mended.

Get it and see how often you require it. A hundred times you'll wonder what you ever did without it.



Grips for Golf Clubs and Tennis Rackets

## Some of the Countless Uses

Mends lawn hose.  
Mends umbrellas.  
Mends broken handles.  
Makes temporary repairs to inner tubes and tires.  
Mends leaky pipes.  
Mends rubber articles of any sort.

Makes firm grips for golf clubs and tennis rackets.  
Mends torn cloth. Attach on the under side.  
Insulates electric wires.  
Seals fruit jars.  
Prevents chafing of the hands and heels.



Mends Rubber

B&B Adhesive is a strong, firm tape, with an ever-sticky rubber coating on one side. So it is always ready to apply, and it needs no wetting.

It is made by experts who have spent 25 years in perfecting Adhesive Plasters. It is made for surgeons, largely. You will find it perfect for home uses if you get the B&B.

Get it today. You can probably count a dozen needs you have for it tonight. And nearly every day brings new ones. Have an extra spool to carry when you go away from home.



Mends Wood

**Sold by Druggists  
On Spools of All Sizes  
Buy 5 Yard Spools  
for Economy**

Our Adhesive Book pictures 80 uses. Ask your druggist for it—free—when you buy B&B Adhesive.

An Economical Size



**B&B Double-Sure Products**

B & B Absorbent Cotton  
B & B Bandages and Gauze  
B & B Fumigators  
B & B First Aid Outfits

All made under ideal conditions. All put up in protective packages. For safety's sake, in all these lines, ask for B&B.

**BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc., Chicago, New York, Toronto**

Every hostess enjoys entertaining at dinner when she is sure she is serving her guests in the approved fashion. McCall's Food Bureau is our readers' authoritative source of information on everything connected with the selection, preparation and serving of food.

## Serving a Dinner With One Maid



By  
C. von Brühdehl

Edited by  
Lilian M. Gunn

If you are in doubt about what to have to eat for any occasion or about how to serve any meal or refreshments, write to Lilian M. Gunn, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

FOR the hostess with one maid, the formal dinner of many courses is absolutely out of the question. But a simple dinner can easily be carried out if it is systematically planned beforehand. Nearly any servant, however, can manage Oysters, Soup, a Roast, a Salad, and Dessert and Coffee.

A clear soup should be chosen. It is a little better to serve it direct from the kitchen. However, if the maid is at all slow or awkward it is far wiser to sacrifice style to comfort and have the soup brought to the table in a tureen and served by the hostess. Instead of oysters, caviare canapé, or almost any hors d'œuvre, may begin the dinner. If possible, a fish course should follow the soup. Plan a creamed fish to be placed in the center of a platter, covered with cracker crumbs, and baked on the same dish. Potatoes cut in tiny balls over which a little melted butter is poured and finely chopped parsley sprinkled, may be arranged around the fish. For the meat course, poultry, roast beef and lamb are equally suitable. Jelly may be served with chicken, and spiced pears are an excellent addition to roast beef. Olives, radishes, salted nuts, and celery may be served with the simplest dinners.

IN deciding on the vegetables it is always well to select those which do not require much attention at the last minute; for this reason those served with a creamed sauce are best. There are many ways of cooking potatoes also which will allow the preliminary cooking to be done in the morning so that at dinner time they need only be placed in the oven and heated. The salad course can be as simple as desired—endive, asparagus tips, grape-fruit—any except the "heavy salads." While ice-cream undoubtedly has the advantage of being a "known quantity," it is not by any means the simplest thing in the world to serve, or the quickest. There are many very

delicate desserts made with gelatine which are more convenient, as they can be arranged beforehand.

Nothing adds so much to the charm of a little dinner as an attractively spread table. The silver should be highly polished, the linen immaculate, the table cloth laid smooth and straight over the flannel or "silence cloth." The center decoration ought to be low, and should harmonize in color with the other decorations. It is very desirable to have candle light for the illumination of the table and room. The silver for every course, except the dessert, may be placed upon the table beforehand. The forks, on the left, should begin with the first one needed and end with the last one to be used nearest the plate. The knives are placed in the same manner at the right, cutting edge toward the plate, and to the right of them the spoons, and to the right of them any forks which are needed for oysters or hors d'œuvre. Glasses should be placed at the tip of the knives. As butter is never used at dinner there are no

bread and butter plates, but in the folds of the napkin may be placed either a small finger roll or two or three bread sticks or a small piece of bread. In wartime, bread should be omitted on wheatless days. At each place there may be put a service plate—any large handsome dinner plate answers this purpose. This plate may remain until

after the soup course, when it is removed just before serving the fish.

On the serving-table should be placed the finger bowls, one-third full, with a doily between each one and its plate. There should also be a pitcher of ice water, the dessert silver, and the serving forks and spoons and any extra sets of plates which do not need to be heated.

WHEN dinner is ready the maid announces "Dinner is Served." As the dinner is not very formal, the gentlemen do not take the ladies in but are preceded by them. In the dining-room the hostess indicates where she desires each to sit, the guests of honor always being placed respectively on the right of the host and

hostess. If the dinner is to begin with oysters they are already at each place; if the hors d'œuvre is caviare canapé or anchovy toast it may be placed after the guests are seated. If the soup is served in the kitchen the maid brings each plate to the table, setting it before the guest from the right side. The fish may be passed, plates having first been put before each guest. The roast should be carved on the table by the host, and the maid must be both deft and quick in order to pass the meat and the vegetables before they become chilled. The salad can either be served beforehand in the kitchen or arranged in a bowl and passed. After salad, the small dishes, nuts and any silver which has not been used should be removed. The table is then "crumbed," a small folded napkin and plate being used. After the dessert course, plates with finger-bowls set on doilies are placed before each guest. To simplify the service, if the hostess desires, the plates with the finger bowls may be brought immediately after the salad, and these plates may be used for the dessert, each guest removing the bowl and doily for himself.

AFTER each course, the maid should see that the glasses are filled. She must remember to remove and set down all plates from the right side but to pass all vegetables and platters on the left. Platters and vegetable dishes are passed on the palm of the hand with a napkin under the dish. Plates are of course never "piled" but should be taken from the table, placed on a tray and removed to the pantry or kitchen.

If the gentlemen remain in the dining-room to smoke after the ladies have withdrawn, their coffee is brought to them there. Otherwise they have it in the drawing room with the ladies, where it is served immediately, either in individual cups or in a silver coffee service on a tray, the hostess pouring it herself.

## The Paisley Shawl

[Continued from page 6]

"Why can't you, Drusillie?"  
"Because . . . because . . . I'm promised, Seth."

Like a blow in his forehead, he heard her words. He drew a sharp breath.

"Promised!" he said softly. "To—to—"

"Yes—to Phil, Seth. I promised him last week—comin' over from the dance to Cobb City—and we been keepin' it secret. Oh, Seth, I can't tell you how sorry I am for you!"

"It's . . . it's o' no especial consequence . . . I mean I ain't, I guess. I didn't know you thought as much o' Phil as that. I'll—I'll see you safe home, Drusillie," he said almost mechanically.

And with no more furor than that, Seth Peggington received the great disappointment of his life.

THE wedding of Drusilla and Phillip was but a week away when he came one evening to her house.

"I brought you a weddin' present, Drusillie," he said awkwardly. And he gave it to her—a great, bulky parcel.

"What is it, Seth?" she asked, hardly knowing what to say nor how to act.

"It's a Paisley shawl, Drusillie. They're gettin' to be all the fashion nowadays. I was down to Bosting last week and I seen this one. I simply couldn't give you somethin' to share with Phil—like spoons or pitchers or such. I wanted somethin' for you alone. So I thought how good and appropriate it'd be. And when you wear it . . . it'll sort o' remind you o' me and how it stands for somethin' sort o' protectin' you. It's a genuine one!"

"Thank you, Seth," she said simply. "I'll wear it and always think o' you, Seth, and what it stands for."

Suddenly, on the step, beneath the arbor of roses, he drew close to her in the twilight shadow. Thickly he said:

"And if the time ever comes when you're in trouble, Drusillie—real terrible where there ain't no one to see you out—remember what the shawl stands for and don't be afraid to ask him for help, Drusillie."

"I won't Seth. Thank you!" she said for the third time.

He turned and walked away, half-way down the picket fence.

And she?—She stood on the step, chaos and condemnation in her heart, wondering whether his words were prophetic

of things which might come in the years ahead because money and not love had influenced her decision.

Seth went home to his mother. The next day he admitted himself to the little shop, sat down in the shiny leather bowl and began his life work in our community.

Phillip Wright and the girl Drusilla were married. The wedding was held in the big Butterworth home on upper Main street. I believe that an account of that wedding is in our files likewise—a true account of the social glory that, for the one brief evening, descended on that house.

There was one invited guest, however, who failed to appear. Down by the edge of the fence at the corner of the front garden, in the shadow, this absent guest remained. With hat off and agony in his soul, he looked at the brilliantly lighted panes. After a while, Drusilla and Phil came merrily down the walk, and with confusion and rice and well wishes, were driven away in the old Butterworth "trap." The crowd on the walk disappeared. The father and mother entered the childless home—he to the bills; she to her tears.

When they had gone, the man put on his little round hat and shuffled away. The wrap on her arm when she entered the carriage had been the Paisley shawl!

THE years pass rapidly in the conduct of a newspaper. We are so busy recording the births and the marriages and the deaths of others, that we totally forget that we ourselves are growing old. Judge Wright failed to live up to his name in the months following his son's marriage. He lost his money and there were no more allowances for the boy, Phillip. Phillip knew no trade; he had no money to engage in business. So he did what many other worthless men in like circumstances often did. He decided to "go west." And, of course, that meant that he would take Drusillie with him.

The last night before they took train for Buffalo, Seth was wandering, heart-brokenly, about the streets of our town. And while thus wandering he met Drusilla.

"Seth!" exclaimed the girl brokenly.

"I hear you're goin' away to-morrow, Drusillie," he said. "I . . . won't . . . see you no more."

"I guess it's got to be, Seth," she replied. "I'm powerful sorry, Drusillie. There ain't no one ever goin' to know how much."

"I believe you, Seth. I'll . . . I'll always remember you, Seth. And you'll . . . you'll . . . think o' me once in a while, won't you? And when you do—promise me—that you'll think kindly of me."

"Oh, Drusillie," he choked. Then, very very softly:—"What might have been!" She turned away that he might not see what was written on her pale features.

"I'll always keep the shawl, Seth," she replied. "It will always mean a great deal to me. It'll always stand for just you. Don't make it hard for me to say good-by. I'm . . . another's wife now, Seth. I I s'pose I got to stand by him."

"I suppose so," he replied. "I'm going to stay right here in this town, Drusillie. I couldn't go away. You remember that, Drusillie. And you remember there ain't never any girl or woman ever goin' to take the place you'd ought to took. Drusillie, remember whether you're another man's woman or not, that I'll always have you in my thoughts and be lovin' you. It ain't wrong, Drusillie, though the Good Book says you shouldn't covet your neighbor's wife nor his property."

"I—I—got to go, Seth," she blurted out. "Good—Good-by."

He pressed her soft hand. Then his life knew her as a pretty girl no more.

After they left us, we heard occasionally from Phil and his wife. They had tried farming in Illinois. Then Drusilla wrote some of our daughters that they were moving west for a mining proposition.

"Tell Seth I've got his shawl," she mentioned in one of these letters. Her honor not permitting her to write direct to him.

"When you write," said Seth to the correspondent in turn, "just tell her to remember what the shawl stands for; what I told her about bein' on the other side the earth but comin' if called," said he.

But after that, the West swallowed Phil and the girl. And our town was too busy attending to those who were still with us to remember long those who had gone. And so, one by one, the years stole up from the store of eternity ahead, slipped past us, tiptoed softly away into the great infinity of all the years that have ever been.

And up from the little basement shop came the sudden fits of clank!—clank!—clanking!—after many quiet, patient hours of pegging and thumping, and saving the soles of the folks of the village.

[Concluded in the September McCall's]

Deep somewhere in the long-forgotten files of our newspaper, yellow and rusty and falling apart with age, I suspect there is a faithful account of that lawn party. It was one of those bygone New England affairs with the tables and chairs set out under the parsonage maples, with Japanese lanterns strung on wires from tree to tree; with beautiful girls in white, coquettish in manner, waiting on the guests.

Drusilla Butterworth was there. Her laughter was the gayest, her smile the sweetest, her waist and ankle the trimmest, among all of the girls.

Seth Peggington was there, too. He was awkward and a trifle frightened in the proximity to the girl that he wanted so very much for his wife. Hungrily his eyes followed her, every move she made, every smile or flashing bit of repartee she gave.

The hour was drawing late, the older people were trudging off homeward, with the wives quite independent of their husbands, when, finally, he disengaged Drusilla with thick-tongued request and asked if he could "see her safe home," and as Phil was not there, she told him that he might.

She talked to him of all manner of things but what he wished to talk about most. But he would not be turned aside nor denied. He made her stop and face him. And he told her that he loved her and wanted her for his wife.

She laughed at first—her flighty, coquettish little laugh. Then she saw that the strong man was in earnest—very much in earnest. She pushed him away, but he would not leave her.

"Drusillie," he said brokenly. "—I love you enough to wait a lifetime for you; I'd go anywhere you say; do anything; try to be anything—for your sake. Don't turn me down, Drusillie. Make me happy. Be my . . . my wife!"

"Oh, Seth!" she cried softly.

"You . . . you don't know how much I love you, Drusillie."

"I . . . I think I do, Seth. But—"

"But what, Drusillie?"

"You're only—only—a cobbler of other folks' shoes, Seth."

"I aim to be a good cobbler, Drusillie."

"Yes—but it won't make you rich."

"I don't want to be rich, Drusillie. If I just had a home in this town . . . with you . . . and made a good livin' and could go on lovin' you . . . and be happy . . . it's what I'm dreamin' about and been longin' for ever since I knew you, Drusillie. Wouldn't that satisfy you, girlie?"

"I . . . I . . . can't, Seth."



# PALMOLIVE

*Explanatory Note—At the right is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3000 years ago. The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present day knowledge of the subject. Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.*

- (1) As for her who desires beauty.
- (2) She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.
- (3) There cause to flourish these ointments—the skin.
- (4) As for oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for reviving, making sound and purifying the skin.



**The History Back of Modern Beauty**

**W**HEN the royal women of ancient Egypt learned the value of Palm and Olive oils they made a discovery to which modern users owe Palmolive.

For this famous soap contains the same rare oils, the luxury of famous queens 3000 years ago.

Its bland, fragrant lather is the final perfection of the blend which is old as history.

Palmolive Shampoo also contains the same Palm and Olive oils, keeping the hair soft and glossy with their mild yet thorough cleansing qualities.

Palmolive is sold everywhere by leading dealers—wartime price, two cakes for 25c. It is supplied in guest-cake size at those hotels most famous for de luxe service.

*Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette case, containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties attractively packed.*

**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY**  
Milwaukee, U. S. A.  
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited  
Toronto, Ontario

Bicknell set down a pan of chicken feed for the same purpose, and the hoes in the corn patch stopped chopping.

"I have had such a nice rest," Genevieve explained happily. "Mrs. Pratt is so kind. I have had a hot bath, and I feel like another person."

"Teacher's pet," observed one of the milkers to the other. Genevieve did not catch the words, but she felt sorry for them, they looked so tired and messy.

"Can't I help in some way?" she asked very sweetly.

For a moment, there was danger—actual physical danger—in the air. Then Miss Bicknell picked up her pan.

"You can leave this case to me," she said. "All go now and get your swim."

"We ought to finish the patch," said the hoeing girls, looking wearily toward the sun.

"It will be finished," Miss Bicknell promised with biting emphasis.

The sun set, and the farmerettes, refreshed from the swimming hole, lounged about the supper table, then carried their aching bones to bed. Genevieve Rutherford had appeared briefly at the table, and disappeared immediately afterward.

The moon had followed close upon the sun and the fields were silvery bright. Genevieve's hoe chopped patiently down the long rows to the very edge of the dark sumac thicket, back to the road, back again to the thicket; dust gathered on her face, her arms faltered, the new coiffure tilted dismally to one side, but still she stumbled on. Presently the moonlight showed two piteous streaks on either side of her nose. The next round trip, there were broken phrases, a sort of verbal sobbing; any one listening from the shadow might have caught—

"I am trying—I'm not a slacker \* \* \* I'm pulling my fair share \* \* \* it isn't supposed to be a picnic

\* \* \* Miss Bicknell hates me, but I can show her \* \* \* but it isn't my fault I was the youngest \* \* \* only I am t-t-tired \* \* \* but the boys are tired over in—Oh, I do want to go home!"

The last word was too much; it plunged her under the sumacs, where she lay prone. But, after one bursting sob, she was paralyzed into silence, her groping hand trying to interpret; for under her cheek was neither earth nor grass, but rough cloth. And then her hand found warm, human fingers.

"Please don't be frightened," said a languid voice just over her head. "I'm only Bobbie Pratt. You were on my coat, so I couldn't help your finding me, could I? You aren't going to scream or anything, are you?"

Genevieve, settled back on her heels, saw dimly a seated figure wearing khaki.

"No, I won't scream," she said faintly.

"Do you mean to say that the old man works you nights?" he asked in sad wonder.

"Oh, no!" Genevieve was always very particular about being fair. "He doesn't know it, even. But I barked this afternoon, so I must make it up to-night, don't you see? It is my first day—I never had any real hardship before; and so I didn't understand about being a good soldier, and pulling my end, and suffering for my country. I wasn't going to cry but a moment," she added, flushing.

"Tell me some more," said Bobbie Pratt from the shadow.

"I have always been the youngest, and it isn't good for you," she began, then remembered. "Of course, with a boy, it's different," she added hastily.

"No, it isn't," said Bobbie. "Go on."

"The girls laugh at me and call me Little Literal, but they've always been so good to me. They always did the hard things. Even when it was my dog."

"I know. They licked any fellow that teased me," said Bobbie. "And when I had a stiff job, I only needed to sigh over it. Well, but why not? Wouldn't you die for them? I would. I've got the two finest brothers in this world!"

"And you are fine, too, I'm sure," said kind little Genevieve. "Only you see, I'm not. I'm spoiled. When it seems too hard to bear, I want to give up and go home."

He shrank back from the broadening shaft of moonlight, and his fingers explored nervously in the grass. "Some things are too bad to be borne," he muttered. "A human being's got a right—God, did you ever see bayonet drill?"

She shuddered with him. "But you're brave—and I've got to learn to be. Oh, I do want to be a credit to my country! Don't you hate that Kaiser?"

"Yes," he muttered.

"And if he came over here—"

"He isn't coming over here!"

"But if he beats—"

There was a long moment of silence, in which the boy became man.

"He isn't going to beat while I live!" said Bobbie Pratt, buttoning his coat about him and rising. He held his watch to the moonlight, calculated, then put it back with a thrust. "Will you walk with me to the crossroads? I've got to catch a train."

The thicket was inky black but for the white dapples of the moonlight. Bobbie followed an unseen path, leading her by the hand as simply as Adam might have led Eve. On the edge of the darkness he stopped.

"You're the best little girl in the whole world, and the bravest," he said, a tremble in his voice. "Will you write to me?"

"Oh, yes!" said Genevieve.

## The Two Benjamins

### Story of a Farmerette Victory

(Continued from page 15)

Strength and courage and all the big, good things were theirs as naturally as breath while they stood in heavenly unconsciousness, each learning the other's face by heart in a long, fixed look.

There was only a minute for good-by, and Bobbie had something hard to say. "Nobody knows I was here," he jerked it out. "If it's found out, I'll be in hot water. I just had to—look at the old place, that's all. Of course I was going right back. You don't mind not saying anything about it, do you? Not even to my mother?"

She promised, and stood on the fence to watch him out of sight. Then she trudged back and finished the corn.

Genevieve showed a sleepy face at the early breakfast under the apple trees, but Miss Bicknell had already seen the corn field, and a pleasant approval flavored the atmosphere—when Mr. Pratt came charging down on them. His face was redder than ever, his hair blacker, and the shock of coming trouble checked them in their places.

"Look here: I don't know which of you it was, and I don't care," he flung out. "God knows, I wasn't designed to run a young ladies' seminary. But we've got the usual busy-face neighbors, and if any one of you feels she's got to have moonlight dates with young men in uniform, she can choose some other farm for her labors. I'm not going to have it on mine."

lived down her costume, but no degree of dogged faithfulness could make her even visible to her fellow workers after that revelation. For a week they talked over and past her head, their eyes refused hers, no one ever fell into step at her side. If she had shown fight, she might have fared better; but she only shrank under her shadowing hat, and grew a little smaller every day. Miss Bicknell, directing her work, sometimes drew a sharp breath, as though to speak of something else, but she always let it go again and turned her shoulder more firmly than ever. No one was funny about it. Their new standing had been assailed, and they were hotly resentful. Genevieve, the much loved and sheltered, must have given up and gone home but for Bobbie's letters. They came raining upon her, mute calls for help, and she wrote back all the brave, gay things she could think of.

And then even that ended. One morning Mr. Pratt came lowering down the rows of young corn where Genevieve was working and stopped directly in front of her. He seemed to want to look her well over before he committed words.

"May I ask," he began, "if you are an old friend of my son Robert's?"

Genevieve paled. Only her hoe made standing up possible under that hard stare. "No," she faltered.

"Had you ever met him or heard of him before you came here?" he pressed on.

She could only shake her head.

"Then I suppose you picked up his name and wrote to him, by way of adding another soldier to your collection." Suddenly he bellowed. "Did you write to him?"

"Yes," said the soundless lips.

"And, obviously, he has answered."

Mr. Pratt brought the familiar letter out of his pocket. "By a lucky mistake, this was put into my mail. He tore the envelope across, deliberately, as a man punishes. 'Now I shall return this to Robert with a few fatherly remarks, and I shall be grateful if you will leave my family alone. There is a fine old Bible term for your kind of a girl,' he observed, and left."

A flame crossed the childish face, and at last Genevieve lifted her head. It came up slowly, strongly, as though to stay.

"Yes, there is," she said deliberately, when he was out of hearing. "It's 'good and faithful servant.' And you didn't find out about Bobbie—old beast!"

In some way or other the rest knew about the letter; one could see that by the way they were talking together when Genevieve appeared for the noon meal. She came with a new bearing—bravado, it must have seemed to them. For the first time in a week, she looked straight into their faces. They watched her in outraged silence. Again there was danger in the air.

"The trouble with Genevieve Rutherford Hale," said a very distinct voice, "is that she didn't get discipline enough when she was small."

"It is perhaps not too late," said another.

Only the long table was between Genevieve and the hostile group. They had spread out into a line, their hands deep in the pockets of their ugly garments, their eyes considering her with accumulated wrath. A rough spirit was loose among them, an unrestrained born of the rude life and the rude clothes. And, perhaps, an avenging fierceness had been gathering for the one who kept the graces of which they had shorn themselves. Yesterday she would have shrunk and trembled; but to-day life had gone too far with her, and the worm had turned into a young lion. The wrath of a gentle person can be a reckless weapon.

She took up a chair with a gesture that promised bruises. "My bringing up isn't your business," she flung back.

"It is our business to see that we don't get a bad name," said one. "She likes baths; let's give her one in the brook," said another. "Me for the good old shingle," announced a third. They were moving toward the two ends of the table. Miss Bicknell, looking on over folded arms, had taken no part, but now she interposed.

"Drop it, girls," she commanded. "No one is going to be condemned without a chance to be heard. Eat your dinner now."

"Good Lord, haven't we heard enough!" they muttered, but she dominated them. Presently they sat down, leaving an empty space on either side of Genevieve. She made no pretense of eating, and her fingers stayed curled on the handle of her knife as long as they were seated. No one spoke. They did not want to change their mood. The meal was despatched at a reckless pace.

"And now," said Miss Bicknell, pushing back her chair, "perhaps Genevieve Hale can give us an explanation."

Genevieve looked straight into her eyes, looked scorn, defiance, all the hot, angry qualities, but not shame. She said nothing.

"You can't help seeing that it looks rather badly for you," Miss Bicknell

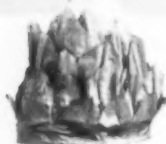
(Continued on page 29)

Although of Paper, these Vegetables can be Made to Help in War-Reliefs. Note the Soldiers and Sailors standing Guard in the Garden; they are Paper, too



## Helps for War Fêtes

Gardens of  
Gifts for Sale



Hoover Hats  
For Favors

All of Crêpe Paper



Carrot Hat



Onion Hat

CAPS are always effective at bazaars and socials. Because they are inexpensive and easily made by amateurs they are especially suitable for money-making features at war-relief entertainments. The asparagus, carrot, and onion caps shown are very pretty in their natural colors. The tomato costume was made on a muslin foundation and can be easily copied from this picture.



VEGETABLES made of crêpe paper with prizes fastened to the roots are proving to be a popular substitute for the old grab-bags at bazaars and for table centerpieces. The paper vegetables are stuck in sand, sawdust or "earth" of crêpe paper. They may be peddled in baskets or toy wheelbarrows. Full directions for making the Hoover caps, vegetables and garden will be sent free upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Address Entertainment Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.





Learn  
to Dress  
Your Hair  
Becomingly.  
Let Cluzelle Bros.  
Famous Hair Dressers  
Show You How

CLUZELLE BROTHERS, New York's most famous French hair dressers and creators of the *Bonnie-B* Coiffures, say that any woman can make herself look pretty or plain—years younger or older—simply by the way she arranges her hair.

There is a coiffure exactly suited to you—one that will make you look your loveliest always—and Cluzelle Brothers have helped us find it for you. Both these lovely French coiffures were originated for us by Cluzelle Brothers and are described—with many others—in an attractive little book, "Artistic French Coiffures," given free with a *Bonnie-B* Imported Human Hair Net.

In this booklet Cluzelle Brothers show you many beautiful ways to dress your hair—new French styles that you will want to try. And they tell you how to adjust the *Bonnie-B*. Just a deft touch or two—an invisible hair pin—and your hair is protected even on the windiest days.

Do these three things and your hair will be admired wherever you go. Brush it every night until it gleams. Arrange it artistically. Protect your coiffure with a dainty *Bonnie-B* Imported Hair Net made of real human hair. Absolutely invisible. Matches your hair perfectly. Sterilized and sanitary.

*Bonnie-B*  
IMPORTED  
HUMAN HAIR NET

Made of long strands of the finest, silkiest human hair, thoroughly sterilized and deftly woven by hand into a strong but delicate mesh. Every knot carefully tied as in the finest lace. That is why the *Bonnie-B* Hair Net is guaranteed to wear three times longer than any other hair net you can buy. Comes only in fringe or all-over style. Cap-nets do not cling to the coiffure but bulge loosely.

Cut out this Coupon—worth 12 cents!  
Get a 15 cent *Bonnie-B* Hair Net for only 3 cents!

Take this coupon to your dealer with only 3c. Select one of our regular 15c *Bonnie-B* Imported Human Hair Nets to match your hair—any color but gray or white. One to a person! Get yours at once.

SILVERBERG IMPORT CO., Inc.  
222 Fourth Avenue  
New York

Money Saving Coupon  
Worth 12 cents

Present this coupon (signed) to your dealer with only 3c. He will give you a *Bonnie-B* Imported Human Hair Net—any color except white or gray—regular price 15c. Do not send coupon to us. If your dealer cannot satisfy you send us his name and hold the coupon until he receives his supply of *Bonnie-B* Hair Nets.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

To the Dealer:  
This coupon properly filled out and signed by you is redeemable at 95c in cash. Send coupon to us.  
SILVERBERG IMPORT CO., Inc.  
222 Fourth Avenue New York

Dealer's Endorsement  
The signature below certifies that the person whose signature appears on this coupon received from me a *Bonnie-B* Imported Human Hair Net in exchange for this coupon and 3c.

Name of Store \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



# CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO. BARGAIN BOOK & STYLE GUIDE



Money Back Guarantee

Everything to Wear  
Fall and Winter  
1918-1919  
Special Economy Prices

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO.  
CHICAGO

## Real Bargains on every page of this big FREE Style Book

Send now, today, for this big FREE Catalog offered by America's Great Bargain House. You should, by all means, get this beautiful style book, filled with money-saving offerings of stylish suits and coats, smart hats, pretty waists, fashionable shoes and everything you need in the choicest wearing apparel, for ladies, misses and children and for men and boys. Do not put this off. You know how prices have been going up and how they may still go higher. If you buy early you get the advantage of our lowest prices. Even if you do not need an article now, get it for future use. Save money while you have the opportunity. Order direct from this advertisement. Every item we show is a bargain worthy of your choice. Anyway get the big, wonderful Style Book, FREE, and see its thousands of amazing bargain offers. A post card brings it to you, postage paid.

Send  
for This Book  
Today. A Postal Will Do



2FB415  
Serge  
\$4.48



\$3.98  
Ladies'  
Kid Boots

This De Luxe high-top leather boot is one of hundreds of amazing bargains in our money-saving catalog. Made of dark brown genuine kid leather, stylish long vamp, medium square toe. Leather laces held with aluminum pins. New over Napoleon pattern. Medium close edge dress sole. Black finish. Sizes 5 1/2 to 8. Widths C, D and E. State size and width desired. Order by No. 2FJ269. Price, delivered free, \$3.98.



Our big Free 260-page Bargain Book and Style Guide contains a section specially devoted to changing requirements of men and boys. Every man and woman should send for this money-saving book.

3 Piece  
Economy  
Set



Send to America's Great Mail Order Bargain House for this special three-piece economy apron set—a real lesson in thrift and economy.

Our big Bargain Book and Style Guide is filled with hundreds of other amazing bargains just like this.

Outfit consists of apron dress, bib apron and cap made of good quality gingham plaid percale trimmed with harmonizing plain percale. Sleeve ruffles, yoke effect, belt, pocket tops and band, neatly bound. The plain colored bib apron has patch pocket. Also edged with wide binding. Colors—Blue plaid with blue trimming or pink plaid with pink trimming. Sizes—Small, medium and large. Order by No. 2FE286. Price, delivered free, \$1.89.



2FB14  
Plaid  
\$2.69

2FB16  
Georgette  
Crepe  
\$2.79



We Deliver  
All Goods  
FREE  
Satisfaction  
Guaranteed  
or Money  
Back

2FE286  
Percale  
3 Piece Set  
\$1.89

These Prices  
Save You Money

Women's and Misses' Coats and Suits..... \$5.48 up to \$49.05  
Women's and Misses' Dresses..... 1.49 up to 24.05  
Women's and Misses' Skirts..... 1.98 up to 8.98  
Women's and Misses' Waists..... 99c up to 5.98  
Mistery..... 99c up to 5.98  
Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes 50c up to 7.98  
Muslin Underwear, Corsets and Petticoats..... 29c up to 4.48  
Knit Underwear and Hosiery..... 19c up to 3.19  
Sweaters and Fancy Knit Goods..... 29c up to 5.98  
Men's Dress and Work Clothing..... 2.49 up to 25.00  
Boys' Suits, Overalls, Knee Pants, etc..... 45c up to 9.98

America's Great Mail Order Bargain House offers this beautiful designed dress at \$4.48, delivered free to your home, to demonstrate how we can save you money in your wearing apparel.

This dress is made of worsted serge. Has long pointed collar and cuffs made of white silk mixed rayon, secured with silk bows of harmonizing shade. Is effectively trimmed with coordinating rayon and serge covered buttons. Has large side pockets and full of soft material. Colors—Navy Blue or Black. Women's sizes, 36 to 44 inches bust; 23 to 31 inches waist; skirt length 40 inches.

Misses' sizes, 14 to 20 years or 32 to 36 inches bust measure; 22 to 28 inches waist; skirt length 38 inches. Average sweep 72 inches. Order by No. 2FB415. Price, delivered free, \$4.48. Mention size and color.

This smart tailored skirt at \$2.69 demonstrates the money-saving possibilities offered by America's Great Mail Order Bargain House. Skirt is made of stylish plaid mixed suiting. Wide notched grille with velvet trim of shirring tissue. Full side slit pockets which with cuffs and belt are trimmed with buttons. Colors—Black, green and blue plaid as illustrated. Sizes—Waist 22 to 30 in.; Skirt length, 38 to 42 in. Order by No. 2FB14. Price, delivered free, \$2.69.

Special offer in waist of silk Georgette crepe. Full and bottom of cuffs are edged with beautiful white Venice lace. Collar is silk embroidered in dainty shades. Large lace edged collar is square in back. Fastens with silk in front with pearl buttons.

Colors—Flesh or white. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Order by No. 2FB16. Price delivered free, \$2.79.

**CHICAGO MAIL ORDER COMPANY**  
INDIANA AVE. and 26TH ST.-DEPT. 2-CHICAGO, ILL.

Send for Big Bargain  
Book and Style Guide



EACH season has its own peculiar ailments not due directly to the weather or to atmospheric conditions, but indirectly arising from them. They are largely determined by our habits during that season. Hay fever, the rose colds and diarrheal diseases of summer are followed in the autumn by the acute autumnal catarrhs (infectious colds), especially in the larger cities, and a greater prevalence of typhoid fever. Grip, bronchitis, the various forms of pneumonia and tuberculosis appear with increasing frequency as the severe cold weather of winter begins, and continue well into the spring. As the winter passes the contagious diseases of children (scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, etc.) increase progressively, usually reaching their maximum prevalence in April, and then they rapidly decline as the windows and doors are opened by the warm weather. The greater prevalence of these diseases in the winter and spring is largely due to our living indoors in overheated and poorly ventilated rooms where the contact with each other is close and disease germs are thus readily transferred from the sick to the well.

IN the case of all the diseases referred to, the relation of the season is an indirect one and their seasonal appearance should be wholly preventable. In summer, aside from the numerous cases of hay fever and rose cold (due to vegetable pollens, now usually preventable by the use of vaccines), we have the very frequent digestive disorders accompanied by diarrhea, commonly known as "summer complaints." These may be of a severe form and due to a specific infection, as in the case of epidemic dysentery, but more commonly they are caused by taking unripe or decayed fruit, or by eating or drink-

## How Can We All Keep Well?

### Defying the Ills of Summer

By Hermann M. Biggs, M.D., LL.D.

Commissioner of Health, State of New York

IT is foolish to accept the so-called summer ailments as inevitable and to suffer from illnesses that are preventable. Simple means of precaution, possible in every home, can save untold discomfort and loss of health that may be serious in duration. So we have asked Dr. Biggs to give definite directions to safeguard grown-ups and little ones from these ills that are no more necessary in the summer than in any other season.—The Editor.

ing something which has previously undergone fermentation as the result of a high temperature. Sometimes the food or liquid has been taken without cooking and has been contaminated with disease germs by careless handling or by flies, and has been taken at a time when, from fatigue or overheating, the digestion was impaired. Flies are very active agents in contaminating food in summer.

Fermentation and decomposition of food (especially milk and the animal foods) is greatly hastened by high temperatures because the germs causing these changes grow much more rapidly under such conditions, and so in summer when foods have not been carefully cooled or refrigerated they are often spoiled when eaten. Illness

may then result at once or after a few hours, accompanied by vomiting and diarrhea.

No food ferments more rapidly in warm weather than milk, and consequently young children, and especially artificially fed babies, are particularly affected. Probably not fewer than 30,000 babies die each year of diarrhea in the United States during the four summer months. Proper food would have prevented these deaths. Mother's milk is the only proper food for a baby; even the best cows' milk, pasteurized and modified, is a comparatively poor substitute. The reduction in the death rate in infants in the past few years, from the education of mothers and the improvement in the feeding of infants, has been very great, but much still remains to be done. In New

York City, from 1913 to 1917, the reduction in the death rate in infants amounts to more than 35 per cent. But the Federal

Children's Bureau asks us this year to save the lives of 8,000 more children in New York State alone, and 100,000 in the United States. This great task will require the earnest efforts of the whole population.

THE most important rule for keeping well in summer is not to overtax the digestion and not to eat fermented foods. Cooking destroys most of the germs in food and prevents fermentation.

Special care should be taken:

First. To avoid overeating and to eliminate foods that have undergone decomposition.

Second. To screen the house carefully and to keep flies from access to all foods. Every effort should be made to abolish the breeding places of flies in the immediate neighborhood of the house.

Third. To eat meat sparingly, and cooked fruits, vegetables and cereals freely.

Fourth. To avoid alcoholic liquors and to be sure the bowels are kept open. The alcoholic is the first to succumb.

FIFTH. To be absolutely sure that the water and milk you drink are free from contamination. The diarrheas, dysenteries and typhoid fever of summer and autumn are largely the result of bad water and bad milk.

Sixth. To avoid all food, or to eat sparingly, when overtired or overheated. Overheating and fatigue lower the power of the body to digest food which it could thrive on in winter.

Seventh. To take water freely between meals. Have it cool but not too cold and not iced, especially when you are overheated or in the midst of violent exercise.

### Health Questions Answered

If you want personal advice concerning hay fever, the "summer complaints" or any of the summer diseases of yourself or children, write to Dr. Arthur R. Guerard, 236-250 West 37th St., New York City. Dr. Guerard will answer personally through the mail these or any other health questions, provided a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.—The Editor.

**NEURITIS**  
M. F., New York.—Have painful neuritis of the back and head, which is worse at night and am at times almost crippled by it. Is electricity a good treatment?

Your pain is probably due to neuralgia and not neuritis. The treatment of neuritis depends upon the cause. If the cause is known, it should be removed, as in alcoholic neuritis, by giving up drinking alcoholic liquors. Rest in bed is essential during attacks. Gentle friction of the muscles, and later, when the pain subsides sufficiently, massage and electricity are good methods of treatment. But you should consult a specialist in nervous diseases.

**ULCER OF THE STOMACH**  
J. D. D., Montana.—Some months ago, I had a hemorrhage from the stomach, which the attending physician said was due to gastric ulcer and advised an operation. Since that time, I have been on a strict diet, but have not greatly improved. Is there any cure for it besides an operation?

The general treatment of gastric ulcer is rest in bed, preferably in a hospital with a careful and systematically regulated diet. Many ulcers of the stomach then heal completely without operation, but the process is often slow and tedious. Medicinal

remedies are of little or no value. A surgical operation may remove the trouble entirely, but is often unsatisfactory.

**DIABETES IN PREGNANCY**  
W. J. C., Massachusetts.—What would be the best treatment for a woman who is pregnant and has diabetes? Is there any danger of not going through delivery in this condition? No sugar was found in the urine until the fourth month.

Sugar often appears in the urine of pregnant women, and in some cases only at that time. This does not constitute diabetes and disappears after childbirth. Personal hygiene and diet in a diabetic patient are of the utmost importance. All kinds of worry should be avoided. As a rule, the patient should eat animal foods such as veal, mutton, and the like, and abstain from everything containing sugar and fruit and foods containing much starch. You should have medical supervision. If properly cared for, there is no reason why

you should not pass through your confinement successfully.

**HEADACHES**  
A. L., Massachusetts.—I am often troubled with painful headaches which incapacitate me for work. What relief can you suggest?

The cause of headaches should be discovered and removed, if possible, to effect anything like a cure. They may be due to partly inherited nervous defects like "migraine," or to eye-strain, or nose and throat affections, infected tonsils, constipation, overeating or improper eating, so-called bilious headaches, flat foot, tight shoes, tight corsets, excessive gum-chewing, kidney trouble, etc. In acute headaches or those which persistently recur, a physician's advice should be sought. In headaches due to eye-strain or other physical defects such as enlarged or infected tonsils or nasal or ear conditions, a specialist should be consulted. In no case must "headache pow-

ders," the coal-tar products (antipyrin, phenacetin, etc.) be taken. For nervous headaches, rest in a darkened room; for the congestive throbbing form of headache, a hot foot-bath, and ice-bag to the head are useful remedies. If the stomach or bowels are at fault, these should be emptied and trained by proper diet and exercise to do their work properly. If the headache is due to organic disease of the heart or kidneys, a physician's advice must be sought.

**ALL RUN DOWN**  
C. B., Ohio.—Am 19 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 110 lbs. I am very nervous and have given up drinking coffee. Have taken patent medicines and doctor's medicines, but can see no change for the better. Until lately I had a good appetite but now cannot eat much. I work in a shoe factory and stand up nine hours a day.

You evidently need more rest and fresh air. If coffee disagrees with you it may be wise to give it up. But neither this nor taking all the drugs in the world can help you, if your work is too long and hard and confining. If you cannot take a rest, at least get all the fresh air possible by sleeping with open windows and go out regularly every day in the open air. Avoid patent medicines.

## The Two Benjamins

(Continued from page 26)

urged reasonably. "If you can clear it up for us, you ought to. We have heard—"

"Have you girls finished your dinner?" broke in a kind voice. Mrs. Pratt brought them suddenly up against the civilized world. They turned, uneasily, resenting the reminder. "All my rose bushes have got to be sprayed, and Mr. Pratt says I may have one of you to help me," she was explaining. "So, if Genevieve Hale can be spared—"

There was an ominous pause; then Genevieve's clear little pipe answered:

"I think I am wanted here, Mrs. Pratt." That was courage. Their frowns admitted it, and the primitive thing they had been holding on to so tightly began to slip. "No; you might as well go," said Miss Bicknell shortly. "I think we can settle this matter among ourselves."

The others muttered to one another, and Genevieve waited, giving them their chance. Then she went off beside her rescuer, lifting a smile of fixed politeness to the gentle patter of her conversation.

The roses were by themselves, pleasantly shut in by a hedge. All the afternoon, while they worked together, Mrs. Pratt mothered and petted her, and told her tales of the boys when they were little, and especially of Bobbie. When supper time came, Mrs. Pratt, with her eyes, brought her out a delightful surprise in a tray.

"I declare, you've most killed you," she said, removing the roses from the rosy face, and understood.

"You know I was in trouble," she said. "M. Pratt if you wrote to my Bobbie, I know it was just because he's homesick and you're a kind little soul," was the warm answer. "Any one with half an eye

could see what a nice girl you are—I don't care what you did. Don't you let them call you names!"

"I won't," Genevieve promised with a fresh surge of the steadiest wrath.

No one noticed her that night; the matter might have been dropped. But in the morning Miss Bicknell appeared by her bunk, a bundle in her arms. Genevieve had awakened late, and the others had left.

"You won't explain, and we've got to take some action," she said crossly. "We've decided that if you stay here, you've got to dress like the rest of us. We won't have any more of this picture-poster business. It hurts our standing. If you are really in earnest about wanting to serve your country, you can do it without looking like a soubrette. It's wear these or get out." And she dumped down her bundle and left.

A faded male shirt, huge overalls, voluminous in the wrong places, and a dragged sunbonnet; prison stripes could not have looked more offensive to Genevieve. And to put them on would be an acknowledgment of guilt. She jumped up and went defiantly to the curtained shelf where her clean suits usually lay, but found it emptied. Then she remembered her bag, under the bunk, and in it the special Sunday suit that she had never ventured to bring out—a creamy white smock worked in rose and blue and bronze, autumn-leaf brown for the delightful trousers, with brown shoes and silk stockings to match.

She put it on in white determination, doubled its sash gallantly about her hips, did up her hair into shining waves, and went forth feeling as she had the day the bull got out.

"They can't be any worse than the Germans," she said as she lifted the tent flap.

The farmerettes, still at the breakfast table, set down cups and knives, slowly, disbelieving their eyes. A dense silence fell as Genevieve approached.

"I am not going home," she announced. "I enlisted for the summer, and I'll stick it out. And I won't wear those nasty old duds. I haven't done one thing I'm ashamed of—I won't act as if I had. And if you don't put back my clothes, I'll telephone for the sheriff." Her voice rose to new heights of defiance. "And I'd rather die than go around looking the way you all do! You don't serve your country one bit better by being so homely. I hate to have any one see you! And Mr. Pratt is bringing company this very minute. You laugh at me, but every one that comes here roars at you! So now!" And Genevieve fell into a chair, her eyes glaring.

They had started up, but, angry as they were, they faltered before the attack. The thing they had so bravely put away, with their girl life, for the moment took on an appalling importance. They glanced at each other and down at themselves with the sick, awakening eyes of those who find themselves traversing bad dreams in utter

undress. And beside Mr. Pratt, under the trees, was coming a young god of war.

He saw them, too, and, for just a half second, he stopped, staring. Then he saw Genevieve in all her Sunday glory, and the ancient reward that has kept finery on earth leaped from his lighted eyes. Furtively, one by one, all the other farmerettes except Miss Bicknell backed and sidled away, unnoticed.

Mr. Pratt, too, was looking only at Genevieve. He came straight to her while his son waited at one side.

"Miss Hale, I'm sorry."

The amazing words brought her eyes to his face. It looked broken, shocked; his very hair seemed to droop.

"I made a bad mistake," he went on, jerkily. "My son has told me what you did for him. If an apology can set it right—" He offered his hand, hesitatingly, and kind little Genevieve, finding her knees again, rose to give him both hers.

"It did look like that," she said.

"Well, I don't understand girls; never did. But I take off my hat to you. You've done something to Bob in one evening that I haven't been able to accomplish in twenty years. He can only stay two hours," he added. "I'll go find his mother." And he went off, slowly, in the wrong direction. Miss Bicknell followed, smiling for the first time that week.

Genevieve's soldier stood awaiting her look. The soft edges, the boy beauty, were gone; but what had come was so much more beautiful that she gasped before it, then lifted her hand in salute. His hand made sharp, trained answer; and then the khaki coat and the white smock came together, quaintly silhouetted against the morning glow.



After your bath,  
shake Mennen's  
all over you.



## The First Mennen Baby is 39 Years Old—and still using it

Think of the billions of fat little legs and tummies that Mennen's Talcum Powder has kept smooth and free from irritations.

When does a baby outgrow Talcum?

Adult skin enjoys the comfort of silky Talcum protection just as much as baby skin does. That's what Mennen's Talcum is—a protecting film of powder which prevents friction and chafing.

Your clothing will feel cool and loose after a Talcum bath and won't irritate you when you perspire. Shake Mennen's into your shoes. Wherever and whenever you feel uncomfortable—apply Mennen's Borated Talcum.

Dust Mennen's Talcum between the sheets on a hot night. They will feel like sheerest silk.

There's a big difference in Talcums. Some are good and some are inferior. Mennen's was the first Borated Talcum and it is our belief that nothing better is made. It is safer to buy Mennen's.

Mennen's Talcums—all with the original borated formula which has never been bettered—include a variety to satisfy every need: Borated; Violet; also Flesh Tint and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed; and the new Talcum for Men, which is neutral in tint and delightful after shaving. Send 5 cents for a trial can of any one brand, or 25 cents for any five.

# MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDERS

NOW IN THE NEW LARGE-SIZE, ECONOMICAL CAN

For more serious skin abrasions, severe chafing and painful sunburn, Mennen's Kora-Konia has somewhat the same soothing and healing action as talcum, but contains in addition, several ingredients of recognized medicinal value.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.

Laboratories:

42 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey

Canadian Factory: Montreal, Quebec

Sales Agents in Canada:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario



## Happy-Hour Contests

Ways for  
Boys and  
Girls to  
Earn Thrift  
Stamps



DEAR CHILDREN.—So many of your letters have come in telling me what fun you had doing Miss Ella Phant and Cock-a-Doodle-Do last month that I'm going to give you a new poem about the beautiful Red Admiral butterfly. Do just what each line says and draw your butterfly. Then, too, you're going to use your paints this time, you see. You must send me your drawing so I will get it on or before August 15. You may draw in pencil. Ink is so hard, don't you think so? Write your name and address and age clearly on the paper. If you are more than 12 you can't try! I can't send back

any drawings because there are so many, you know. To the boy making the best drawing I will send \$1.00 and four thrift stamps, and to the girl making the best drawing I will send \$1.00 and four thrift stamps. Now hurry! Address me care McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. In the September magazine I am going to tell what boys and girls got the July prizes. So many entered I couldn't read them in time to put them in here. Now get out your paper and pencil and paints and go to work.

Yours for lots of fun,

DAVID M. CORY.

## The Red Admiral

DEAR Children, here's an easy way  
To make a butterfly.

First simply make an X like this—  
(Don't ask the reason Y!)

Then draw a line clear through the X,  
Inside a little bit,  
Then half a circle on the ends—  
Be sure you make them fit.

The wings, you see, are now complete.  
What next I hear you say,  
Why, draw a body for his wings  
So he can fly away.

Upon his head two feelers put,  
They call them Antennae,  
Come, hurry up and put them on  
Before he tries to fly.

Now get your paint box, Children dear,  
A deep black paint each wing;  
Across both have a scarlet band,  
For he's a gorgeous thing.

Then on the edges paint blue marks,  
Half-circles, if you please;  
And when he's dry he'll fly away  
Upon the summer breeze.

## Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

Facts He Gathers For You

### Summer Care of Infants

ARE you sure you know the best way to feed your baby, to care for its milk, to dress it, etc.? Do you know that nearly one-fifth of the babies born in the United States die in the first year of life? Most of these deaths occur in the summer and could be prevented by proper care. Send for the United States Public Health Service's booklet, "The Summer Care of Infants;" it gives authoritative directions.

### Salting and Fermenting Vegetables

SALTING and fermenting vegetables offers at least one distinct advantage over canning, since kegs, tubs and crocks may be utilized for this process. A leaflet from the Department of Agriculture bearing the above title treats the methods used for salting, fermenting, and storing the various vegetables, and gives unusual recipes.

### The House Fly

THE "House Fly" is the title of a booklet issued by the Federal Bureau of Entomology. The booklet describes the habits and breeding places of flies and gives many methods for controlling them. Directions for a home-made fly trap and its operation will be very valuable to housekeepers who may have trouble with flies.

### Unfermented Grape Juice

THE Government pamphlet on the manufacture and use of unfermented grape juice will prove very valuable to persons having a supply of grapes this fall. Don't let your grapes go to waste; send for this booklet and turn them into this refreshing drink for next winter and spring.

### Home Storage of Vegetables

THERE is a greater need this year than ever before for proper storage of excess garden products. The booklet, "Home Storage of Vegetables," illustrates methods of cellar, pit, mound and other kinds of storage. Let this booklet show you how to keep each vegetable securely.

### Destroy the Rat

RATS waste appalling quantities of food each year—in the United States, alone, enough to feed Belgium. For your own sake and for the sake of food conservation, send for the United States Public Health Service booklet, "Destroy the Rat." It contains directions (with illustrations) for trapping and destroying the pest and for building new and remodeling old buildings to make them rat proof. Don't let the rats get your food supply—you need it, we need it, our allies need it.

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, any of these booklets. Always enclose a three-cent stamp with your request to cover part of the bureau's expenses.



# Cinderella's Confession

The story of how a shabby little stranger became the best dressed girl in our town

By KATHRYN HOLMES

HER real name was Enid, and I'll never forget how she looked that first morning! When she came in the door the whole office stopped and stared and—I'm ashamed to say it—we grinned. That dress—I suppose it had been stylish once, about five years before! Its tired out bronze color made her face look even paler than it was and it fitted her as if it had been made for a big sister. A faded old-rose toque sat dejectedly upon her mass of unruly yellow hair. She was a picture—so shabby and forlorn that I pitied her!

We all thought she'd gotten into the wrong place by mistake. But she hung up her hat and made herself at home at Sara Long's old desk. And there she quietly did her work for months—always the office mystery and always an object of pity among the rest of the girls at Warner's. Hartley, the office manager, told us all he knew about her—an orphan from a little town in Iowa—that was her story in a nutshell. She roomed alone, and in the office and out she kept to herself. The truth was you just couldn't invite her out—in those clothes. And so we simply came to regard her as an office fixture that nobody quite understood.

Then one morning, early in the fall, Enid gave the office its second shock—a more surprising one, if possible, than the first. Everybody was on time that morning—except Enid. We spent the first few minutes after the bell rang wondering where she could be. But by nine o'clock we had all nicely settled down to work and the typewriters were clicking like mad when the door opened and in walked a wonderfully radiant creature in the neatest, prettiest, most becoming dress you ever saw and a charming hat that you just knew had been made for that little blonde head!

Every typewriter stopped as if by magic, and two dozen audible murmurs of admiration registered the effect on that office full of girls. Hartley looked up from a sheet of figures with a frown, then smoothed down what hair he had with one hand, yanked off his spectacles with the other, and rose to learn the caller's business. He was halfway between his desk and the door before the young lady who had caused all the commotion smilingly removed her hat, and we realized for the first time that it was Enid!

No one in the office could keep her mind on her work the rest of that morning. After months of the shabby bronze dress, the old-rose toque, this was too much! And no one ever realized before how pretty Enid really was. But in her new attire she was simply a new creature. The transformation was so complete that even the old name didn't fit, and it just seemed natural that from that day we should call her "Cinderella."

NEXT morning, Cinderella was dressed just as tastefully in another charming dress. She had evidently worn the old outfit until she was ready to give us a steady surprise, because after that her dresses, waists, skirts and hats were always becoming and stylish to the last degree.

I never saw such a complete and sudden change in the attitude of a lot of girls. Cinderella, instead of being ignored, became the pet of the whole office. The girls consulted her about their clothes, beaux, and other things. She was deluged with invitations. Her costumes were admired in and out of the office and she was the envy of every girl in the place.

Gradually she became popular in the social life of the town. She was in constant demand at parties and dances. Cinderella, the little stranger, had taken the town by storm and all because of her magic transformation from shabby attire to radiant, becoming clothes.

One Saturday in December, as we were all leaving the office, Cinderella called us together.

"Girls!" she said, "I've a secret to tell you. This is my last day at the office. I'm going to marry Tom Warner next Monday!"

Tom Warner! Cinderella was certainly living up to her reputation for surprises. Tom was the oldest son of the boss and one of the most promising young men in town. We could hardly believe our ears, but a moment later she stepped into Tom Warner's big gray limousine and was whisked out of sight.

None of us dreamed how much Cinderella would be missed in that office.

We would gather into little clusters after lunch and recall her coming to the place and what a wonderful change had come over her and all the rest of us when she blossomed out in distinctive clothes that made her attractive, beautiful and lovable.

Then one morning Dan Hartley found in his mail a dainty scented envelope bearing a gold monogram. He opened it, called us all around him and read:

"Dear Girls and Boys: I'm coming home tomorrow and I miss you all so much that you're to be the very first guests at our new home. I want you all to come out to 301 Arlington Avenue next Wednesday evening. Come right up from the office and don't bother about Sunday togs. I'm going to make my confession and I don't want any of you to miss it. With love, Cinderella."

Never will I forget that Wednesday evening. It was the most wonderful of our lives! We had never seen our Cinderella looking quite so sweet, so beautiful. And such a dinner as she gave us! After dinner she took us all through her new home and then, gathering us before a great log fire in the living room, she told us her story:

"Of course you all know what a wretched, forlorn creature I was when I first came to the office," she began. "That is all past now and I have blotted out of my memory the heartaches of those first cruel weeks when my shabby attire made me a fit subject for ridicule."

"I had never known what it meant to have stylish, becoming clothes. My home was in a little cross-roads town in Iowa. My mother died when I was a mere child and my father brought me up in a good, substantial home, but with never an opportunity to get out and see how other girls lived. I had no chance to learn the things about clothes that would have been familiar to most girls of my age."

"Two years ago father died, and when his affairs had been straightened out there was only a few hundred dollars left. So I went to Benton City and took stenography at the business school there. As soon as I had finished my course I came here, and within two days had secured a position at Warner's."

"And now for my confession. At the office for the first time in my life I realized how different I was from other girls. I saw that I was not one of you. I did not know how to make myself attractive. And I felt it. At first I was tempted to give up and go back to the little country town I had left. But one night at the boarding house a young woman whom I had secretly admired, but never spoken to, slipped her arm through mine after dinner and said, 'Come up to my room, child. I want to talk to you.'"

"Once in her room she looked down at me with the kindest smile, and said, 'I'm Louise Stewart. I have the little dressmaking shop on Wilcox Square that you pass on your way to the office. Two years ago I couldn't sew a stitch. Today folks say I'm the best designer and dressmaker in this city. And I learned all about planning and making fashionable clothes—right in my own room evenings.'"

"I HAVE seen you going to your room every night," she continued. "How would you like to use some of your evenings learning to make stylish, charming dresses for yourself, garments that will be a delight to wear, wonderful dresses, waists and suits that will surprise your friends?"

"Oh, tell me how!" I fairly gasped. "Sit right down now," she said, "and write a little note to the Woman's Institute and simply tell them you would like to learn to make your own clothes."

"She gave me the address and told me this great institute had developed a wonderful plan by which any woman or girl, wherever she might live, could learn right in her home or boarding place, in spare time, to make all her own clothes and hats."

"You may doubt your ability to do it," she said. "Never fear. So did I. But come into my shop some day and see the dresses I make!"

"I hurried to my room, wrote the letter, and mailed it at the corner twenty minutes later. And that night I dreamed I was making and wearing more beautiful clothes than I had ever seen on living people, and that everyone liked me!"

"In a few days an attractive, illustrated booklet came, telling me all about the Woman's Institute and its 12,000 members. The booklet contained many won-



"We had all nicely settled down to work and typewriters were clicking like mad, when the door opened and in walked a wonderfully radiant creature..."

derful letters from these members praising the work of the Institute and telling how easily they had learned at home to make their own clothes. There were letters from housewives, business women, girls at home or in school, girls in stores, shops and offices. And there were, oh, so many letters from mothers who poured out their thanks because the Institute had taught them how to have dainty clothes for themselves and their little ones at a mere fraction of what they had cost before!

"Many others wrote that the Institute had made it possible for them to take up dressmaking and millinery as a business. Some now have important positions in big, fashionable city shops; others, like Louise Stewart, are making money in cosy, exclusive shops of their own. Still others have secured good-paying positions as teachers of sewing and dressmaking."

"The Institute's members, I found, are of all ages. There are girls of fifteen or sixteen and women of fifty or sixty. The majority live in the United States, but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dressmaking or millinery at home just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom!"

"Well, when I read all those letters and then read in detail about the plan by which the Institute teaches, I knew that, what all these other thousands of women and girls could do, I could do."

"SO, without telling anyone, I joined the Institute and took up dressmaking. I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came. And when at last I found it on the table in the hall one night, I carried it upstairs to my room and opened it as if it were a love letter! Turning the pages, I looked at the wonderful pictures! There are nearly 2000 in the dressmaking course alone and they illustrate perfectly just exactly what to do."

"And the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments. Why, that little blue organdie waist you admired so much I made from my third lesson! The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour a day. I found I couldn't help learning rapidly! The textbooks seem to foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you."

"And what was most important to me, I learned not only how to make every kind of garment, but I learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming to the wearer. My course opened up a whole new world to me. When, after just a few lessons, I finished my first dress and stood before the mirror, I hardly recognized myself. I was tempted to wear it the next morning to the office, but I determined to keep my skill a secret until I had enough new things made so that I would never need to wear the old ones again."

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon working on difficult dresses and suits. Gradually, I learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that

the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could develop were perfectly easy for me!

"LUCKILY, I began my studies in the summer time and by fall I had more and prettier clothes than I had ever seen before in my life, and they cost me only one-fourth of what ordinary clothes would have cost ready made. I couldn't possibly have had them any other way."

"A little while after starting the dressmaking I had taken up millinery, too, and soon I was making and trimming hats such as I have been wearing lately. And so, just a few months from the eventful night when Louise Stewart told me about the Institute, I walked in on you that morning—in the results of my evenings of delightful secret study."

"My wedding clothes! You girls saw them before dinner—did you ever see any more beautiful? Well, I made every stitch myself—a whole section of my course was devoted to complete directions for planning and making a bride's entire outfit. I didn't have the least bit of trouble—even with my wedding dress."

"So that's my confession. The rest of my story you know—what a wonderful change this made in my life—how friends and happiness seemed to follow close upon the change in my appearance that led you all to call me 'Cinderella.' I adore that name! The whole thing is like a fairy story! But of one thing I am sure—I owe it all to the Woman's Institute."

"And what I did—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could possibly have had any other way and attracting friends and happiness with them—any woman or girl can do!"

CINDERELLA was right! More than 12,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success as a dressmaker or milliner. And now you can also learn every phase of Foods and Cookery—the purchase, preparation and serving of healthful, appetizing food at a saving of one-third in grocery, meat and fuel bills.

It will cost you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and just what it can do for you. Simply send a letter, postal or the coupon below and you will receive, without obligation, by return mail, the full story of this great school which has proven such a wonderful blessing to women the world over. Please say which subject interests you most.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE  
Dept. 3H, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

Home Dressmaking      Cooking  
Professional Dressmaking      Millinery  
Teaching Sewing

Name .....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....  
Adv.



## "Mrs. Aladdin's" magic spoonful

**T**HAT'S "just enough" to make her wish come true. In a twinkling, Gold Dust dissolves the grease, banishes dirt and grime, and puts sanitary cleanliness in every nook and corner.

Here is the safe home rule:

"Use GOLD DUST for all dirt you can't dust off or sweep up."

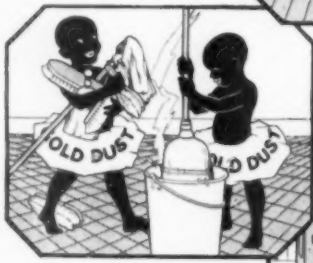
But for real Gold Dust results, be sure it is really Gold Dust you buy.



Next, a cheerfully-clean bathroom



Goodbye, fingermarks



Now for grease-free maps and brushes



Then, an extra-sweet refrigerator

# GOLD DUST

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

## My Victory

[Continued from page 7]

"But I didn't," he answered with finality.

"But, assuming that you had—that you didn't love me—what would you do?"

"I wouldn't stand it. I'd get out."

"But what about me and the baby?"

"Oh, hang it!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

"I suppose, when it came right down to brass tacks, I'd stick around—until she was old enough to understand, anyway. That is," he amended, "if I could stand it."

A thousand incandescent lights seemed to flash in my head. "So that is what he would do for you!" a voice seemed to scream into my ears. I can still remember the way I laughed and the way I wept and the dazed and vacant stare of Walter's eyes. My taut nerves had snapped.

For weeks I lay balanced between life and death, sanity and insanity. Many times I opened my puzzled eyes to find my kindly old physician beside me whispering, "Out with it, my dear—out with it!" But I never told. To this day, Walter attributes my illness to the summer heat and the labor of keeping boarders.

During those dark weeks, strange voices reached me in my delirium. Once more, Mother and I were together in the little studio. She worked joyously upon a superb winged figure which she called Life, while I struggled awkwardly with my hand full of clay trying to shape it into a facsimile of the beautiful figure she had modeled. Finally, in despair, I asked Mother what was the matter with my poor figure of Life. She smiled sadly at me and said: "The beauty of it hasn't gotten into your heart."

Slowly life and reason returned to me. Lingered with me was the memory of those happy hours with Mother. Never again, I resolved, should I feel sorry for myself! Something of the glory of being entrusted with the happiness of two people got into my veins. My spirit was fired with determination to do the thing superlatively. This meant that I must stop going through life oozing woe! At last, the beauty of it all had gotten into my heart!

Having definitely renounced my own happiness with the solemnity of a vow, I became as one transfigured. And I discovered for myself that great and eternal truth—"He who loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it."

During my convalescence, my latent talent for drawing throbbed into vigorous life. I was amazed at my own ability and continued to work, after my recovery. A new hope was singing in my heart. Was it possible that, for me, somewhere in the dim future was awaiting a career which would go far toward filling the emptiness of my life, and make possible advantages for my daughter which, otherwise, would be impossible? Since it was necessary for me to earn the money for instruction, I took boarders again. And this time it was fun!

There followed toil-filled years, each day of which brought me nearer the goal I glimpsed in the distance. I found work to be a wonderful anesthetic. The more I suffered, the harder I worked, and the harder I worked, the more I achieved.

Each year, while I worked and studied and found a new life among congenial people, my daughter became more charming and companionable. But with every upward step, the gulf between my husband and myself widened until only our fingers touched. However, Walter never realized this. He was tremendously proud of my achievement as an illustrator and quite content to remain upon the outer edge of the circle of new and beautiful friendships I formed with men and women.

**A**ND then, as though the past had been merely a lightly strummed prelude to the real crisis of my life, there came crashing upon me the thing I had always feared; the temptation from which I had prayed to be delivered. I met the man I love.

In comparison to this grand passion of a mature woman, the feeble affection I had once felt for Walter was as the flame of a candle to the blaze of tropical sun.

At first, this overwhelming emotion frightened me by its terrible force. It threatened, for a time, to wrench me from the moorings I had worked so hard to strengthen. Because I dared not get close enough to look it squarely in the face, it was all the more terrifying. Waking or sleeping, the consciousness of it never left me. It was not the passive affection of a weak-willed woman. In fact, that very strength of soul became chains forged for my own undoing.

One day, when I was pushed to the wall, I resolved to face the issue squarely

and think the problem through to a solution. I could not, by any power of will or imagination, force myself to stop loving the man. Upon analysis, I had to admit that most of my unhappiness was the result of wanting to love and not daring to love. My emotions were dammed to the bursting point by sandbags of duty and conventionality and self-repression. And the thing I needed most in all the world was self-expression. To secure this outlet, I knew I must find a legitimate channel through which my affections might flow. So far as I could see, this could only be accomplished by diverting my affection from the material to the spiritual and from the particular to the general—that is from loving a person to loving love and life and beauty and happiness for others. And so I set about deliberately to exercise my spiritual nature until it obeyed my conscience like trained muscles obey the will.

Since I had myself well in hand and was no longer afraid to let the love in my heart overflow its narrow confines, I was amazed to find it pouring itself out lavishly over all my little world, only to surge back to me in fuller measure. Suffering and struggle had made me akin to every creature. Sorrow had been a locksmith who had forged of my own happiness a master key that would unlock any heart in trouble. Men and women in distress began to seek me instinctively. This consciousness of superior strength, which I felt the world beginning to draw upon, was compensation enough for having groped on through darkness. I was a thrill with the joy of thus becoming a lighted torch. My own disappointments seemed very small.

One does not live through such experiences without meeting many subtle temptations. One of the most dangerous ones I have encountered is the temptation to defend my mature taste and judgment against the criticism or questioning of the world. It has seemed so bitterly unfair that loyalty decreed silence which allowed the world to believe my husband to be my ideal of manhood. It is very much like an artist being compelled to go through life wearing an ugly garment which is an unjust libel upon his own good taste. What wouldn't I give to be able to point out to my daughter the man I wish might have been her father!

Most insidious of all, however, is the never-ceasing urge of selfishness, which is always tempting me to forget my mission of renunciation and magnify the importance of my own happiness rather than that of others. Since this trait in the human heart is next of kin to the universal law of self-preservation, it is the most stubborn of all to combat. Day after day, I must continue to beat into my mind the fact that my happiness does not count. Because it doesn't! There is only one thing in the world that really counts, for me, and that is self-sacrifice, which is not sacrifice at all, since big investments bring great returns.

Rousseau says: "The dead take to their graves, in their clutched fingers, only that which they have given away."

And so it is, sometimes, with the living. What we give to others, we still have for ourselves. Because I have given everything I have to give, I am sure that I am a bigger and a better and a happier woman now than I should have been had circumstances permitted me to live the average life of the average contented woman. My soul has been sharpened against God's whetstone.

What have I lost? Nothing which really counts in the last analysis.

Before tears had washed my vision clear, I believed that I had lost the greatest thing in the world—the opportunity of living out my life normally and completely with the man I love. To-day I know that I have gained a far greater thing—the power to live out my life, even more completely—without the man I love.

There is a tremendous thrill in being able to stand unflinchingly before life, eager to beat it at its own game and ready to take whatever it offers, smilingly, and hand it back again beautified. And when duty and tears and heartache may be exchanged for peace, and courage and healing for the wounds of humanity, it seems to me that only a dwarfed soul can doubt that if we make wise investments, the debit and credit pages of life's ledger can always be made to balance. Personally, the incalculable satisfaction I derive from knowing that I have kept faith with one man, whose happiness has rested safely in my hands, and one child, whom I have led unsmirched and unembittered to the threshold of womanhood, is quite sufficient compensation for the supreme renunciation.

### BEAUTY FOR SALE!

**E**VEN if Annette Beacon doesn't come to McCall's regularly from now on with articles, do not forget she is still with us—concentrating all her energy on your individual beauty problems. By the way, do you know about the new McCall "Book of Beauty"? It contains full beauty directions, formulas for creams, lotions, bleaches, color charts, etc., and it's selling fast. Send ten cents to-day to Annette Beacon, care The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, and the prize booklet will come flying to you.





# Don't Have Gray Hair

When You Can Restore the Original Color  
in From 4 to 8 Days

**H**ERE is a scientific method of restoring gray hair which every woman can use without fear or criticism. For it isn't a dye, but a real restorer, which brings back the original color in from four to eight days. This pure colorless liquid, clean and clear as water, is the daintiest of all preparations—one that fastidious women delight to use.

It is simply applied by combing through the hair, which it leaves soft and fluffy, ready to curl and dress. It doesn't interfere with washing. It positively will not wash off.

We invite every gray haired person to prove the truth of these statements absolutely without expense. So we make the following offer.

We will give a *trial size bottle free*, with a special comb to make application easy, to every one who fills out and mails us this coupon. Test it

on a lock of hair and you will never be satisfied with cheap imitations.

Be sure to mark on the coupon the exact color of your hair—whether the natural color is black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown.

Better still, enclose a lock in your letter. We will send the trial bottle and comb by return mail.

You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's or direct from us if you prefer.

*Mary T. Goldman's  
Hair Color Restorer*

*Trial Bottle and Comb Free*

Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for trial bottle *today*.

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**

Established 50 Years

790 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minnesota

## SEND FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
790 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is  
black ☐ medium brown ☐ dark brown ☐ light brown ☐

Name

Street

Town

County  State

# THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

*What to have to eat and how to cook it*

## Fruit Butters Are Conservers

**F**RUIT butters may be made of the bruised as well as the perfect fruits. Making butters of fruits is an especially good food-conservation method because in them can be used pulp which is left from many jellies. The sound portions of inferior fruits may be used. The fruits must be cooked, using as little water as possible until they are soft, and then the pulp must be put through a strainer fine enough to keep back the seeds and skins, but coarse enough to let the pulp through. Not more than one-half as much sugar as pulp should be used, and less than one-half does very well. If the pulp is very watery, it should be cooked down before adding the sugar. Spices may be used if desired.

All fruit butters should be cooked slowly and watched very carefully that they do not burn, as they are apt to spatter as they boil. Cook until the butter is like very thick apple sauce. Pack while hot into hot sterilized jars, adjust the rubbers and bail as in the cold-pack canning method, and put into the sterilizer you use for your canning. Time schedule for sterilizing is as follows: 5 minutes for the quart or smaller jars; 10 minutes for the one-half gallon size; 15 minutes for the gallon size. After sterilizing, snap the spring as in the other canning. It is true that butters will keep without the sterilizing, but it is safer to give them the time in the sterilizer.

Fruit butters will be found useful next winter as "spreads" for bread and hot breads and will help save butter.

### APPLE BUTTER WITH LEMONS

Slice 4 lemons, cover with water, and let stand over night. Add 8 pounds of apples. Cook until the apples are soft, and put through a sieve. Add 3 pounds of sugar and cook slowly 1½ hours or until very thick; stir very often. Pack in hot sterilized jars and sterilize 5 minutes or longer, according to size of jar. This recipe is one given by the Department of Agriculture.

## Cornmeal Saves Wheat

**T**HE following recipes using cornmeal are especially advocated as wheat-savers by the United States Food Administration. They are wheatless.

### POTATO CORN BREAD

1½ cupfuls mashed potatoes (put through potato ricer, measure lightly, do not pack)  
1 cupful cornmeal  
1 teaspoonful salt  
1 cupful sweet milk

1 tablespoonful syrup or honey  
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder  
1 egg  
1 tablespoonful shortening melted

Beat egg slightly. Add milk, mashed potatoes and syrup. Sift together the baking-powder, cornmeal and salt. Add liquids gradually to dry ingredients. Add melted shortening. Bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes.

### CORNMEAL ROLLS

¾ cupful cornmeal  
1¼ cupfuls barley flour  
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder

1 egg  
⅓ cupful milk  
1 teaspoonful salt  
2 tablespoonfuls fat

Sift together dry ingredients and cut in fat. Beat egg and add to it milk. Combine liquid with dry ingredients. Shape into rolls and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

### CORN SHORTCAKE

Use recipe for cornmeal rolls, adding 3 tablespoonfuls sugar. To 2 cupfuls strawberries (or any suitable fruit), add about ¼ cupful sugar, depending on the sweetness of the berries. Set aside for ½ hour. Mash slightly. Split shortcake, spread with butter, fill center with strawberry mixture, cover top with berries.

### RICHMOND CORN MUFFINS

¾ cupful canned corn  
½ cupful milk  
1 tablespoonful corn syrup

2 eggs  
1 cupful cornmeal  
1½ tablespoonfuls baking powder

Sift together the corn-meal, baking-powder and salt. To corn, add milk, syrup and beaten egg. Add liquid gradually to dry ingredients. Mix quickly; bake in greased muffin pans for about 25 minutes.

**E**VERY available container should be filled with fruits or vegetables preserved for next winter. After the cans are filled, dry some vegetables and fill jars with salted or fermented vegetables. When you are preserving fruits, make what is left over into shrubs. When you are making jelly, convert the left-over pulp into a fruit butter. Remember any waste is traitorous now, for America fights with food just as truly as she fights with guns. If you don't know what to do with any fruit or vegetable, write me whether you want to can, dry, salt, or ferment it, and let me help you. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

—LILIAN M. GUNN.

## When Cans Give Out, Try This

**T**HERE are many other ways of preserving fruits and vegetables besides canning and drying them. Salting is one of the oldest processes; fermentation in brine and vinegar are also good methods for certain vegetables (see below). Some vegetables are especially adapted to pickling and the making of vinegars and catsups.

In salting, the work is quickly done, and containers which could not be used for canning may be filled with these products which will make good fall and winter stores. Stone crocks and wide-mouthed jars, and jars lacking covers, if perfectly clean, may be used.

For salting, one needs a heavy glazed plate or a piece of wood which will set into the top of the container to be filled, some cheesecloth or muslin, and salt. If you plan to use a piece of wood, do not have it yellow pine or pitch pine, for those woods give the food a queer taste. Use about one-fourth as much fine salt

as vegetable by weight. Put a layer of the vegetable about an inch thick in the container, then cover with a layer of salt. Proceed this way until the container is nearly filled; cover the vegetable with a cloth. Put the plate or piece of wood (which must fit down into the container) on top and weight it down.

The following day, look at the contents and see if enough water has come from the vegetable to cover the top layer; if not, pour on enough strong brine to cover the jar's contents. Bubbles will rise for a few days; when this stops, the container should be put in a cool place where it will not be disturbed until it is to be used, and the top covered with very hot paraffin. The vegetables best suited for salting are cabbage, string beans and greens. Salted vegetables should be soaked in clear cold water for a few hours before cooking; then if they taste very salty, the water may be changed once during the cooking.

## Fermented and Pickled Vegetables

**F**OR cucumbers, green tomatoes, corn, peas and also string beans, the fermentation process may be successfully used. Wash the vegetables very clean. Remove the strings from the beans. Beets may be packed whole.

Pack the vegetable tightly in a crock or other container, leaving about two inches of room at the top, and pour over them a brine made of 4 quarts of water, ½ pint vinegar, ¾ cupful salt. Cover with the cloth and place the plate or board on top as for salting, and use the weight to press the vegetable under the brine. Watch for bubbles as in salted vegetables. After the bubbles have stopped coming to the top, remove any scum which may have formed, pour hot paraffin over the top and keep in a cool place. You can tell when bubbles have entirely stopped rising by gently tapping the side of the container; if none rise at that time, the contents may be covered.

The fermentation process takes about ten days in summer weather, but longer if the days are cool.

Before cooking, fermented corn must be soaked several hours and the water changed during the soaking. This corn can be used in pudding, chowders, scallops, etc. String beans may be cooked without soaking.

Pickled vegetables have little food value, but they give a variety and flavor to a meal. Do not use alum in pickling

as it is not good for the human body. Use only enamel, agate or porcelain-lined utensils on account of the vinegar which must be used. Tie the spices in a cheese-cloth bag so that they will not give a dark color to the pickle.

### SPICED TOMATOES

For every 5 pounds of ripe tomatoes use: 2 teaspoonfuls each of cloves, salt, and cinnamon; 1 pint vinegar; and 2 pounds brown sugar. Peel and cut up the tomatoes, add the other ingredients and cook slowly 3 hours.

### PRESERVED PUMPKIN RIND

Remove the inside, and peel; cut in 1-inch pieces. Cover with vinegar and let stand over night. Remove pumpkin from the vinegar and add ¾ pound brown sugar to every pint of vinegar. Put in a bag: 1 teaspoonful cloves, 3 two-inch sticks of cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful allspice. Cook vinegar, sugar, and spices slowly 15 minutes; add the pumpkin and cook until the pumpkin is clear.

### NASTURTIUM VINEGAR

This tasty, piquant vinegar is delicious with egg salads. Gather enough perfect nasturtium pods to fill a quart jar. Cover with hot cider vinegar. Add a few peppercorns, and let stand three weeks. The blossoms may be used in the same way. A little garlic or onion may be added.

## Helps on War-Food Problems

**A**MONG the many excellent helps offered to housekeepers by our Government are these: "Home Canning by the One-Period Cold-Pack Method," "Drying Fruits and Vegetables," "Home-made Fruit Butters," "Preservation of Vegetables by Salting and Fermenting," and "Home Storage of Vegetables." These booklets are all excellent and really indispensable to the woman planning to do her utmost in the food war. See page 30 for directions how to get them quickly.

Among the best all-around helpful booklets we have seen is the "Official Recipe Book" which is issued by the Illinois State Council of Defense, 110 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, and can be purchased from them for 10 cents per copy (orders of 50 or more sent express, collect, at 5 cents per copy). This book-

let contains 362 recipes, all consistent with the Food Administration policies.

The Home Economics Bureau of the Food Administration (Washington, D. C.) issues a free pamphlet whose title "Wheatless Recipes" explains the character of its contents. It includes directions for bread, cakes, and pastries that are entirely wheatless. This bureau also sends free upon request leaflets (each giving recipes) on these subjects: "Use More Fish," "Rice," "Hominy."

The National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C., combines in one illustrated booklet (sent free upon request) these subjects of interest to patriotic housewives: Home Canning and Drying of Vegetables and Fruits, Jelly Making, Fruit Butters, Salting, Fermentation, and Packing.

## Fruit Juices and Shrubs

**G**RAPES, raspberries, elderberries, loganberries, blackberries, etc., make delicious juices and shrubs for summer beverages or for any season of the year. Only one tablespoonful of raspberry shrub need be used to a cup of cold water, and grape juice may be used full strength or diluted one-half according to taste. Wild grapes have a particularly fine flavor; use only sound, ripe, but not overripe, ones.

### GRAPE JUICE

Crush the grapes in a clean kettle with a wooden spoon and put them in a cloth sack or jelly-bag. Twist the sack or press it until the juice has all come out. Put over hot water in a double boiler until it steams. If a kettle is used, great care must be taken that the juice does not boil. Let the juice stand in an enamel kettle for 24 hours to settle. Run it through a flannel jelly-bag, and put into clean bottles. Leave space in bottle for the liquid to expand. Put the bottle in a sterilizer, and fill the sterilizer with cold water until within an inch of the top of the bottles. Heat the water slowly until it is nearly simmering, take the bottles out and insert clean corks, and, as a final precaution, dip the top of the cork in sealing wax or paraffin.

This makes a light-colored juice. For a red juice, the grapes may be heated until just before the boiling point as in the first part of the process. It is not necessary to allow the juice to settle, but it is much clearer if you do.

### RASPBERRY SHRUB

Put the raspberries in a porcelain utensil and crush with a wooden spoon. Cover with cider vinegar and let stand overnight. Strain the juice through a jelly-bag in the morning, add three-fourths of a pound of sugar for every pint of juice. Heat slowly to the boiling point, skim. Let boil 5 minutes and then bottle while hot. Seal the corks with paraffin or sealing wax.

## Honey Saves Sugar

**A**LTHOUGH the sugar market is in somewhat better condition, we should use sugar sparingly, especially just now when we need it for canning and preserving. It is no hardship to substitute the delicious honey dishes for the old ones using sugar.

### HONEY LEMON PIE

3 eggs  
1 lemon, grated rind and juice  
1½ cupfuls boiling water

¼ teaspoonful salt  
½ cupful honey (strained)  
1 teaspoonful melted butter  
2 tablespoonfuls flour

Put lemon and water in a double boiler, thickening with the flour. Mix the yolks of eggs with the honey. Add to the mixture. Cook until thickened. Add the butter and remove from the fire. Turn into a rich crust, previously baked. Put in the oven to set. Remove and cover the top with a meringue of the whites beaten with three tablespoonfuls of honey and a very little lemon juice. Brown lightly.

### HONEY MOUSSE

¾ cupful strained honey  
4 eggs  
1¼ cupfuls whipping cream

A pinch of salt  
½ teaspoonful vanilla

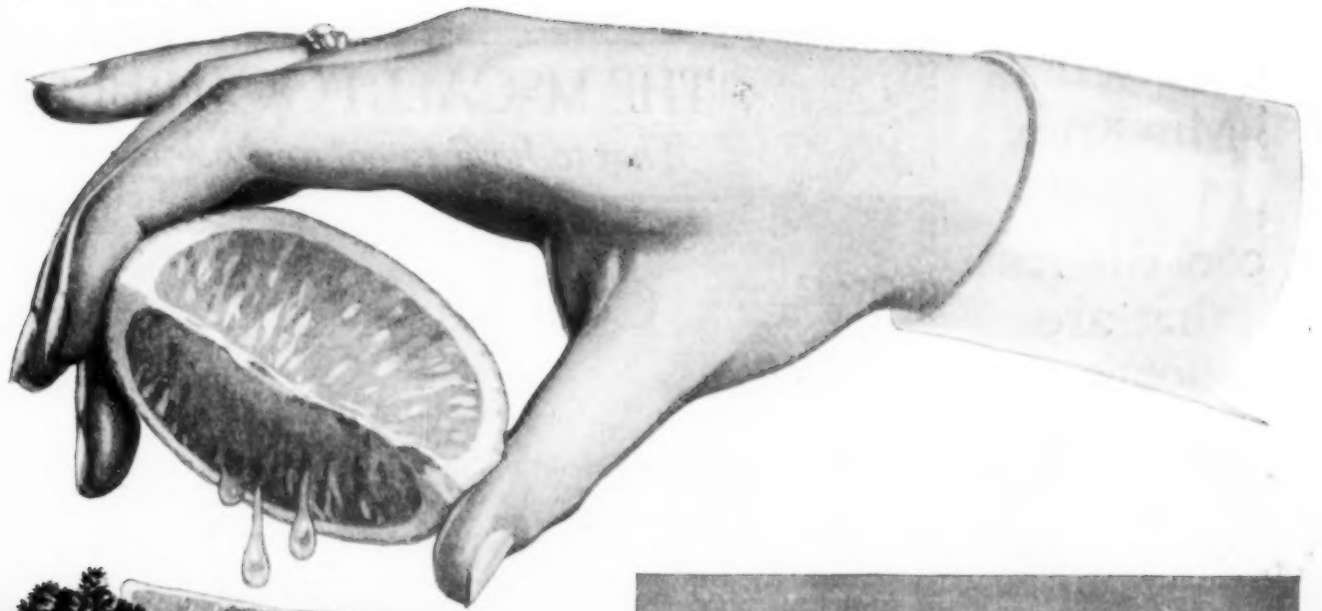
Beat the eggs separately, add the honey to the yolks, stirring in gradually. Heat slowly in a double boiler, stirring until thickened. Remove from the fire and cool. Add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and the cream whipped stiff. Blend together, pack in ice and salt, and let stand 4 to 5 hours.

### HONEY ICING

1½ cupfuls granulated sugar  
½ cupful honey  
2 egg whites

Boil sugar and water together until it will thread. Add the honey slowly, and remove from the fire. Have the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Pour over them slowly, the syrup, beating continuously, until it holds its shape. Heap over the cake, drawing in a whirl with a fork.





On Fish



In Salad Dressing



On Spinach



In Hot Tea

#### 126 Recipes

Write us for 126 recipes for the use of lemons, tested and proved by Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass. We'll send the book containing these and other valuable recipes to any woman who answers this advertisement. Address Dept. E-24.

## "The Witching Drop of Lemon Juice"

*Use It as Chefs Do*

FAMOUS chefs now seldom serve fish without lemons. They serve it garnished with California lemons — sliced or quartered. Lemons are often *baked in* with the fish.

Noted cooks get incomparable flavors by substituting lemon juice for vinegar on vegetables and in their salad dressings.

They urge the use of lemon juice instead of cream in tea.

Do likewise in your home. For there's more than tempting flavor to be gained. Chefs are concerned as you are, with *food values* as well as palates.

Lemon juice is a *rare appetizer*—a valuable digestive aid—due to the salts and acids it contains.

It furnishes the vitamins also, which are necessary for *balance* in the diet.

Serve lemons for these reasons. Let lemons help you make many war-dishes more attractive. The lemon is too important as a *dietary aid* to be omitted from your meals.

## Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

Ask for California Lemons. All first-class dealers sell them, and they cost the same as other kinds. They are clean and bright, juicy, tart and practically seedless. Delivered to you, if you request it, in the crisp, sanitary tissue wrappers in which they are placed when packed in California.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,000 Growers  
Dept. E-24, Los Angeles, California

—for hot days  
Mrs. Knox  
suggests  
cool dishes  
that are  
economical, too



#### Jellied Vegetable Salad

Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water ten minutes. Add one-half cup vinegar, two cups boiling water, one-half cup sugar and one teaspoonful salt. Strain, and when mixture begins to thicken, add any left-over vegetables on hand, such as string beans, peas, heels, chopped cabbage, a few stalks of celery, a little cucumber or cucumber. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. May be served with or without mayonnaise and lettuce.

THOSE delicious cool, summer dishes that you so love to order at the high-class hotels—jellied consommés—dainty aspics—appetizing salads—can be served on your home table—easily and at very little expense if you know the many delightful uses of Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

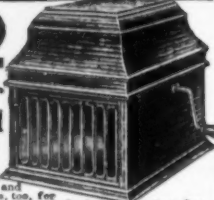
Mrs. Knox's "Food Economy" book contains numerous recipes for delicious and inexpensive wartime dishes—many made from left-overs of meat, fish, vegetables and fruit. Send for a copy. It will be sent free for your dealer's name and address.

The Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.  
8 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.

**KNOX**  
SPARKLING  
GELATINE

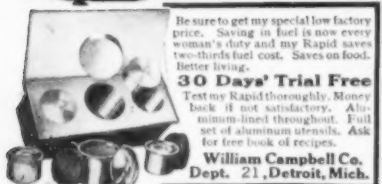
**Mr. Edison's** Wonderful  
Amberola

Only  
**\$1.00**  
After  
Free Trial



Yes, you may keep this New Edison Amberola—Edison's great phonograph with the diamond stylus—and your choice of records, too, for 30 days. Pay the balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Try the New Amberola in your own home before you decide to buy. Send no money down. Then return if you wish. Write Today for Our New Edison Book. Send your name and address for our new book and pictures of the New Edison Amberola. No obligation. F. R. BASSON, Edison Phonograph Distributor, C-206 Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois.

**BIG SAVING ON FUEL WITH MY**  
**Rapid Fireless Cooker**



Be sure to get my special low factory price. Saving in fuel is now every woman's duty and my Rapid saves two-thirds fuel cost. Saves on food. Better living.  
**30 Days' Trial Free**  
Test my Rapid thoroughly. Money back if not satisfactory. Aluminum-lined throughout. Full set of aluminum utensils. Ask for free book of recipes.  
William Campbell Co., Dept. 21, Detroit, Mich.

**For Your Ice Box or Refrigerator**

Ice boxes and refrigerators need frequent cleansing—need to be kept always in a sweet, sanitary condition. Gold Dust does this to the very best advantage, because it so thoroughly dissolves the grease. One housekeeper says she always uses Gold Dust for this purpose, because Gold Dust so completely cleanses, rinses so easily—no danger of "soap left behind" in nooks and corners.

**\$25 to \$40 a Week**

Hundreds earn it. You can too. Typewrite 80 to 100 accurate words a minute. Double or triple your salary!

**NEW WAY IN TYPEWRITING**

Totally New System. Based on **Gymnastic Finger Training**. Only 10 easy lessons. Learn while working. Results from first day. Write for full particulars illustrating and explaining all, showing letters from hundreds earning **BIG MONEY**. Write postal **NOW!**

THE TULLOCH SCHOOL, 12248 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

**YOU CAN MAKE MONEY**

OTHER WOMEN DO—YOU CAN

Selling our exclusive Dress Goods, Suitings, Waistings, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Silks, etc. part or whole time. No money or experience necessary—we teach you—distinctive designs. Samples FREE. Write to-day.

Mitchell & Church Co., 431 Water St., Birmingham, N. Y.

Invitations, Announcements, Etc.

**Wedding**

100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$2.75. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, The

C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1043 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

### What to have to eat and how to cook it

## Cool Menus for August

By Lilian M. Gunn

Approved by the United States Food Administration

**Editor's Foreword.**—Write Mrs. Gunn for any of these recipes: Jellied Chicken Soup, Oatmeal Rolls, Rice Biscuits, Raisin Cookies, Fish Timbales, Fruit Sherbet, or any recipes mentioned in the magazine. Mrs. Gunn will gladly help you in any cooking problem. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply, and address in care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Administration's Experimental Kitchen.

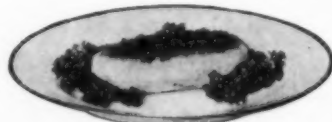
**STRAWBERRY MOLD**  
2 tablespoonfuls gelatine  
1/2 cupful water (cold)  
1/2 cupfuls strawberry juice and pulp  
1 1/2 cupfuls boiling water  
1/2 cupful sugar  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice  
Whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff

Soak the gelatine in the cold water; add the boiling water to dissolve it. Add the sugar and the fruit juices and let mixture stand until it is like thick cream. Then beat the whites of the eggs and add to the jelly. Line a mold with stale sponge cake or lady fingers and pour the mixture into the mold. Serve with berries on the top and around it. The cake may be omitted; any kind of fruit may be used.

#### SPANISH CREAM

1 1/2 tablespoonfuls gelatine  
4 tablespoonfuls cold water  
1/2 cupful boiling water  
3 egg yolks  
1/4 cupful sugar  
1/16 teaspoonful salt  
2 cupfuls milk  
Whites of three eggs  
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak the gelatine in the cold water; dissolve it in the boiling water. Make a custard of the other ingredients, except the whites of the eggs, and pour it on the gelatine mixture. Beat the white of the eggs



Baked Stuffed Cucumber

and fold them in. Put into a large mold or into individual glasses. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with fruit.

#### PINEAPPLE BRACTS

Select a ripe pineapple and cut off the top. Cut the hard core out for about two inches. With a sharp knife cut around each bract, slanting the knife toward the center so as to make a point. Arrange on a serving dish with powdered sugar in the center. They are eaten like unhulled strawberries.

#### BAR-LE-DUC PRESERVES

Take large-sized red or white currants; carefully make a quarter-inch incision in the skin of each with tiny scissors. Through the slit remove the seeds with a sharp needle, preserving the shape of the fruit. Take the weight of the currants in honey; heat this; add the currants. Let simmer for two minutes, and seal as for jelly.

#### BARLEY SHORTCAKE

2 cupfuls barley flour  
5 teaspoonfuls baking powder  
1/2 teaspoonful salt  
1/3 cupful fat  
1 egg  
2/3 cupful milk

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in fat. Beat egg well, add to first mixture. Add milk; if necessary, add to amount given so as to make a soft dough. Roll on a floured board, and use with berries or other fruit like other shortcakes.

#### DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS

Jellied Chicken Soup  
Stuffed Airplane Tomatoes  
Cornmeal Bread Cream Cheese  
Strawberry Mold

Oatmeal Rolls Filled with Chicken Salad  
Iced Tea  
Floating Island  
Raisin Cookies

Stuffed Baked Cucumbers  
Cold Sliced Meat  
Brown Bread Sandwiches  
Chocolate Ice Cream  
Spiced Barley Cake

Cold Tuna Fish Timbales  
Corn and Oat Bread  
Pineapple Bracts  
Cream Dressing  
Potato Chips (cold)  
Cocoanut Cake  
Ginger Ale

Baked Ham  
Sliced Beets in Vinegar  
Cheese Straws  
Potato Salad  
Dressed Shrimps  
Strawberry Ice Cream

Meat Loaf  
Rice Biscuits  
Orange Tapioca  
Buttered Peas  
Iced Cocoa  
Nut Cookies

Cold Tomato Bouillon  
Green Corn Puffs  
Molded Rice (cooked in milk)  
Asparagus Salad  
Spanish Cream

Chilled Fruit Cocktail  
Cold Roast Beef  
New Potatoes (creamed)  
Iced Coffee  
Oatmeal Bread  
Fruit Sherbet

Barley Bread  
Lobster Salad  
Cantaloup  
Coffee

Chilled Watermelon  
Cold Chicken  
Boiled Corn  
Peach Shortcake (barley)  
Iced or Hot Coffee

Cold Boiled Salmon  
Cucumbers  
Half Cantaloups filled with Ice Cream  
Grape Juice

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

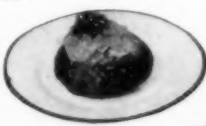
Oatmeal Roll with  
Sisal (right)  
Spanish Cream  
(left)



Jellied Chicken Soup



Airplane Tomatoes



Strawberry Mold



be used. Cold chicken was used for those in the illustration.

#### BAKED STUFFED CUCUMBERS

Peel small cucumbers; cut a slice from the top and scoop out the inside. Fill with chopped meat or fish mixed with cooked rice and seasoned well. Sprinkle the top with buttered crumbs of stale bread. Bake until the cucumber is soft and the crumbs brown. Be sure to grease the baking-dish before putting the cucumber on to bake. Serve with a drawn-butter sauce flavored with lemon or tartare sauce. This makes an inexpensive and attractive luncheon dish.

#### SPICED BARLEY CAKE

1/2 cupful fat  
2/3 cupful sugar  
1 cupful syrup  
3 eggs  
1/4 cupful milk  
1 teaspoonful vanilla  
3/4 cupfuls barley flour  
1 cupful raisins

1/2 teaspoonful ginger  
6 teaspoonfuls baking powder  
1/4 teaspoonful salt  
1 teaspoonful cinnamon  
1/2 teaspoonful clove  
1 teaspoonful allspice

Cream the fat; add the sugar and egg yolks. Add the syrup. Alternate the liquid and the dry ingredients sifted together. Add the flavor and fold in the beaten whites. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Increase the heat after the first 20 minutes. This recipe was prepared in the Food

#### GREEN CORN PUFFS

2 eggs beaten stiff  
1 cupful milk  
1 pint grated corn  
Grated cheese  
1/4 teaspoonful paprika  
1/2 teaspoonful salt  
Few grains cayenne

Beat two eggs until light. Add one cupful sweet milk, one pint grated corn, add salt and pepper. Grease well six custard cups. Fill them half full of the mixture and place in a large cooking utensil which has been filled with hot water. Add one tablespoonful grated cheese to each cup. Bake in a moderate oven until firm. These puffs are much improved if served with tomato sauce.



# NEW PERFECTION

KEROSENE WATER HEATERS

OIL COOK STOVES



## Are You Exempt From Kitchen Drudgery?

**P**ATRIOTIC housewives who are taking their place in the "front line" of war-relief work are finding it necessary to shorten their kitchen hours. The New Perfection Oil Cook Stove and Kerosene Water Heater will lighten your kitchen duties—exempt you from coal and wood stove drudgery. In addition they give you gas stove comfort and cleanliness.

Your kitchen will be comfortable for cooking in scorching weather—and the New Perfection Kerosene Water Heater will give you plenty of steaming hot water for kitchen, laundry and bath.

The Long Blue Chimney Burner used on both the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove and Water Heater is the cleanest and fastest-cooking oil burner made. It lights and heats instantly—like gas. Every drop of oil is turned into clean, intense heat without odor or soot. The flame at high, medium or low point, always stays just where you set it.



All the burners are made of brass, insuring long service. The chimneys are just the right length. They are no longer nor shorter than they should be—scientifically they are correct.

New Perfection Ovens bake to a turn because of correct heat circulation. Fit any stove. Have glass doors through which the baking is easily watched. Three point door lock on two burner sizes prevents waste of heat.

Buy your New Perfection Oil Cook Stove, Oven and Water Heater at any good hardware or housefurnishing store, or write us for New Perfection booklet.

**THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY**  
7323 Platt Avenue

Cleveland, Ohio

*Made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.*

# SAVE THE NATION'S COAL

# -Preferred

For Every  
Milk Use



**CARNATION MILK** is preferred by thousands of housewives because they know it is real milk—just pure cows' milk and nothing else. It is evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to keep it pure and wholesome.

It is convenient, safe and economical. There is no waste in Carnation—it "stays sweet" several days after opening. Try it. Order several cans from your grocer and try it in cooking. Write us for our book of practical recipes. Carnation Milk Products Co., 853 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.



## Here is YOUR Chance to Help WIN THE WAR

Nearly 500 McCall readers have already joined McCall's War Savings Stamp Club, and each member has received from one to sixty War Savings Stamps by getting their friends to subscribe for McCALL'S MAGAZINE. Many will earn a Baby Bond.

### WHY You Should Join

THE UNITED STATES is fighting the greatest war ever waged for the greatest cause in the world. Already it has called over a million men to arms. Millions of other men have subscribed to the Liberty Loans. Now it is calling upon you—on the women and young people of America to help in the big War Savings Stamp Campaign. You must help if you expect your country to win the war. You must earn and save War Savings Stamps.

### HOW You Can Join

McCALL'S will give you one 25-cent War Savings Stamp for every yearly subscription (other than your own) you get for McCALL'S MAGAZINE at 75c, or two years at \$1.25. In addition, McCALL'S will give you an extra 25-cent stamp as soon as you have sent four subscriptions (a total of five 25-cent War Savings Stamps for every four subscriptions), and when you have secured a total of twelve subscriptions and thus have earned fifteen 25-cent stamps, McCALL'S will exchange the fifteen stamps for a \$5.00 War Savings Certificate.

## Join McCall's War Savings Club NOW

McCALL'S MAGAZINE,  
250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.  
I want to join McCALL'S WAR SAVINGS CLUB.  
My first subscriptions are attached.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Local Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office and State \_\_\_\_\_

Just as soon as you send your first order we will tell you just what to do—so don't bother now with all the details, but get your first subscriptions right away, and send them in. 25c extra postage for each yearly subscription to Canada.

**War Savings Stamps**

Use This Coupon

## THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

### Salads for All Times

By Maude W. Smith

Approved by the United States Food Administration

ALL the ingredients for a salad should be very cold. Lettuce and other greens may be kept crisp by wrapping them in a cheese-cloth or a clean towel and putting them on the ice. If your greens have become wilted, you can freshen them by putting them in a covered tin pail and setting the pail near the ice.

The luncheon salad may be served as the main course or it may be used as one of the two principal dishes of the meal. The function of the dinner salad, on the other hand, is to give variety to the meal and furnish some of the raw food which is necessary to the body; so it should be lighter than luncheon salad. At dinner the salad may be planned in place of one of the vegetables to simplify the service.

The manner of serving a salad will depend on the servant help and the individual taste of the housekeeper. The salad may be arranged in a bowl or on a chop plate and passed by the waitress; it should be arranged so that each guest can help himself easily. The salad may be set before the hostess and served by her or it may be served in individual portions direct from the kitchen. Salad plates should be large enough so that the leaves do not extend beyond the edge. If there is a design on the plates be careful that the colors in the salad do not clash with those in the design. In choosing the ingredients of a salad, try to get color combinations that are pleasing. Salad should stand up well and look fresh and crisp.

#### A RED AND GREEN SALAD

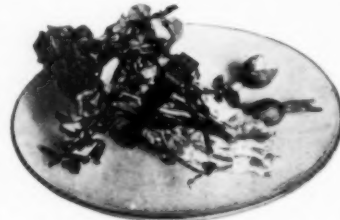
Peel and cut cucumbers in halves crosswise, then lengthwise. Wash and slice radishes thin. Cut slits 1/4-inch deep in each section of cucumber and slip the radish slices into these slits. Serve two sections on lettuce with French or any other salad dressing.

#### ALL-GREEN SALAD

Remove the seeds from a medium sized green pepper and cut pepper in rings. Arrange a bouquet with first one or two romaine leaves, on top of these a lettuce leaf, and if obtainable, a couple of chicory leaves, then watercress or parsley. Carefully slip these into the pepper rings. Serve with French dressing or any of the salad dressings. A couple of radishes may be cut down on the sides like an open flower and served beside this salad.

#### A NEW FRUIT COMBINATION

Cut cantaloup in eighths or smaller. Wash some deep red cherries and some light red and yellow cherries, leaving the stems on. Arrange three or four slices of cantaloup on lettuce leaves and strew cherries over them. A large red plum or fresh apricot may be added. Serve with



All Green Salad

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

French dressing or orange juice or mixed fruit juices seasoned with salt and paprika.

#### GREEN PEPPER AND CHEESE SALAD

Wash a green pepper and remove seeds from stem end. Stuff the pepper with cream cheese or cottage cheese. Set on ice to cool;

then cut in quarters, lengthwise. Arrange two sections on lettuce and serve with French dressing or any other salad dressing.

#### CELERY, APPLES, AND PEANUT BUTTER DRESSING

Cut celery in inch pieces; cut red apples in eighths, lengthwise. Mix 2 tablespoonfuls of peanut butter with 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or vinegar; if not thin enough, add a little water or olive oil. Mix with the apple and celery and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

#### COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

Moisten cottage cheese with milk, cream or any salad dressing. Add chopped onion and crisp cucumber cut in small cubes. Serve a tablespoonful of this mixture in a nest of lettuce leaves or shape it into balls and roll in chopped parsley or hard-cooked egg yolk which has been mashed through a strainer. Serve with any salad dressing.

#### A WHITE FRUIT SALAD

Cut fresh pineapple in uniform pieces. Cut white or green grapes in halves and remove seeds. Blanch almonds and cut in halves, lengthwise. Cut celery and pears in uniform pieces. Mix with a little French dressing and serve with mayonnaise or cooked dressing. This salad is especially appropriate for wedding suppers.

#### WATERMELON SALAD

Cut watermelon in inch cubes or in small balls. Arrange on lettuce and serve with French dressing. Mint leaves may be used as a garnish.

#### TOMATO, CUCUMBER, PEPPER, CHEESE

Wash and remove seeds from a green pepper. Pack the pepper solid with cottage cheese and set on the ice to cool. Peel and slice tomato in quarter-inch slices. Spread each slice of tomato with mayonnaise or cooked dressing. Cut a slice of cucumber about one-eighth inch thick; cut this slice in quarters and put it on top of the dressing. Cut a slice of the stuffed pepper and arrange on top of the cucumber. Serve with two leaves of crisp lettuce.



Green Pepper and Cheese (above)  
Watermelon Salad (below)

Spread thick slices of tomato with mayonnaise or cooked dressing into which has been put chopped green pepper, watercress, onion or cucumber. Arrange tomatoes on lettuce and spread thickly with this mixture.

[Continued on page 39]



## Our Housekeeping Exchange



Conducted by

Helen Hopkins

**SLICING HARD COOKED EGGS** will be easy and successful if you will heat your knife in very hot water before using it. Do not wipe the water from the knife.—M. T., Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

**ANOTHER WAY TO SAVE FAT** is to use cracklings or scraps of fatty tissue left after trying out lard, suet and other animal fats. After pouring off the clear fat, cool the cracklings, run them through a food chopper, and salt slightly. Pack in cups or jars and you can keep for months. They make excellent shortenings for hot bread made of cornmeal and dark flour, also for gingerbread, suet pudding and fruit cake.—R. F. D., Redding, Connecticut.

**HEAD LETTUCE** that is ready to blanch may be successfully treated by gathering the outside leaves together and fastening them with a spring clothes-pin. This is especially good for tall cos or romaine lettuce.—Mrs. A. W. H., Indianapolis, Indiana.

**TO PEEL SALSIFY EASILY** without dissolving the juice, clean thoroughly, parboil, and plunge into cold water. The skin will then slip off readily. Save the first water for second cooking, as the flavor is thus conserved.—A. G. M., Redmond, Oregon.

**GOOD CHICKEN FEED** can be made by saving grass clippings, putting them in the sun to dry, and then storing them in paper sacks. In cold weather, if you pour hot water over them, your chickens will have an enjoyable meal.—Mrs. F. M. S., Alexandria, South Dakota.

**WHEN WASHING GLASSWARE** never put it in the water bottom first. Slipping it in edgewise will prevent the most delicate piece from cracking.—E. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

**CUT MARSHMALLOWS** for salads or parfaits with the scissors. Dip the blades of the scissors into cold water and the marshmallows will not stick.—Mrs. J. F., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**TO WASH THE BREAD MIXER EASILY**, pour a little boiling water into it and put the cover on tight. In a few minutes the steam will soften the little particles of dough that adhere to its sides and it can be washed with very little effort.—Mrs. A. I., Limestone, New York.

**THE RIGHT SHOE FOR THE RIGHT FOOT** is always hard for children to determine. I taught my little girl which was her right hand and foot; then I put a black cross inside her right shoe and our troubles in that respect were over.—Mrs. M. S., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

**SAVE BLUING AND TIME** by inserting a small quill through the cork of your bluing bottle.—F. W., Hines, Wisconsin.

**TO REHEAT MUFFINS OR BISCUITS**, put them in the top of a double boiler and steam for a few minutes. This prevents the crust from becoming hard.—M. E. S., Reading, Pennsylvania.

**A SMALL WOODEN HANDLE**, like those used for carrying parcels, makes a convenient twine holder. Fasten it to the wall with two nails, the heads of which allow the wires at the ends of the handle to slip on and off easily.—Mrs. G. W., Concord, New Hampshire.

**A BLUNTED SEWING-MACHINE NEEDLE** may be sharpened by stitching through a piece of sandpaper for short distance. This helps until you can get a new needle.—Mrs. G. W., Concord, New Hampshire.

**BROKEN UMBRELLA RIBS** are often caused by rust. Occasionally apply a drop of machine oil to each point of the umbrella frame and raise and lower the umbrella several times. This treatment will double the lifetime of the frame.—Mrs. C. O. G., Portland, Oregon.

**WHEN CLEANING FISH**, I find that I can cut off the fins and tail much more easily if I use a pair of scissors.—Mrs. F. B., Burlington, New Jersey.

**Editor's Note.**—We want your best suggestions for saving time, money, and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed stamped envelope is enclosed.

Address Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York.

## Salads for All Times

[Continued from page 38]

### A QUICK MAYONNAISE

1 whole egg  
1 to 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar  
1/4 teaspoonful mustard  
1/4 teaspoonful salt  
1/4 teaspoonful paprika  
1 to 1 1/2 cupfuls olive oil, cotton seed oil, or corn oil

Beat egg with seasonings and vinegar just enough to mix. Add one cupful of oil, a third of a cupful at a time, and beat each third in well before adding more oil. If preferred thicker, more oil may be added.

### RUSSIAN SALAD DRESSING

Gradually beat into the mayonnaise dressing one-half cupful chili sauce.

### COOKED SALAD DRESSING WITHOUT OIL

1/2 teaspoonful mustard  
1/2 teaspoonful salt  
1 teaspoonful sugar  
A little cayenne  
1 tablespoonful butter-substitute  
1 egg yolk  
3/4 cupful milk  
1/4 cupful vinegar  
1 tablespoonful flour (or rice or corn flour)

Mix the dry ingredients, then stir them into the butter-substitute, which is melting

in the double boiler. Stir in the yolk of egg and milk and cook over water, stirring constantly until thickened. Stir in the vinegar very gradually. Remove from fire and cool.

### FRENCH DRESSING

1/4 teaspoonful paprika  
1/2 teaspoonful salt  
1 tablespoonful vinegar  
4 tablespoonfuls olive oil

Mix all ingredients and just before serving beat well with a fork so that the oil and vinegar are well blended. A teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce will improve French Dressing for a vegetable salad. If preferred more sour, the dressing may be made in proportions of seasoning and vinegar above, but 3 tablespoonfuls oil.

### SOUR CREAM DRESSING

1 cupful sour cream  
1 teaspoonful lemon juice  
1/4 teaspoonful salt  
1/4 teaspoonful paprika  
1/4 teaspoonful mustard

Beat all together until firm. This dressing is good in a mixed vegetable salad.



## The Milk Dish Without War-Time Bread

War-time bread and crackers spoil the milk dish, as you know.

Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs—thin, crisp, toasted bubbles of steam-exploded grain.

They are four times as porous as even peace-time bread. And they taste like nut confections.

### Why We Puff Them

Don't think of Puffed Grains as mere fascinating tidbits. They are grains in which every food cell has been steam-exploded, for easy and complete digestion.

They get an hour of fearful heat, then they are shot from guns. So they are not half-cooked grain foods. Every atom feeds.

They are all-hour foods in summer. Mix them with your morning berries. Serve with cream and sugar—float in every bowl of milk. Use like nutmeats on ice cream. Let children eat like peanuts—doused with butter—when at play.

**Puffed Rice**

**Corn Puffs**

**Puffed Wheat**

**All Bubbled Grains**

**Each 15c—Except in Far West**



**Crisp, toasted, flaky bubbles to float in milk.**



Puffed Grains are the premier summer food joys. Let children revel in them.

Keep all three kinds on hand.



Ruth Stonehouse—  
I consider D. D. D.  
Soap and Lotion just what  
my skin requires after a hard  
day's work out-of-doors—after  
using it my skin feels so soft  
and velvety.

Clara Williams—  
My face feels so  
smooth after using  
D. D. D. Soap.



Mary Anderson—  
You have no  
idea how  
much better  
my skin  
looks!



Louise Lovely—I use D. D. D. Lotion  
frequently and so do my friends.

## Rashes Skin Blemishes Embarrass and Disfigure

HOW many times have you looked into the mirror and wished you had an unblemished skin like other women. Send for a liberal sample of D.D.D. and get instant relief from your skin trouble. You will sigh with relief at the first magic touch of D.D.D.—a soothing wash of oil.

**D.D.D.**  
*The Standard Skin Wash*

The logical remedy for skin affection is D. D. D. It is a soothing compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerine and other ingredients. Skin specialists know that this prescription is uniquely successful in the care of both skin and scalp.

### Send for Large Sample

Mail the coupon for liberal trial bottle. This wonderful skin wash sinks into the pores, kills the germs and throws them out. The inflamed tissue, rid of the parasites—the pores left open to receive nature's healing aid, are soothed by D. D. D. Eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum, summer rashes, prickly heat, localized skin afflictions, such as bites of insects, felons and blackheads—all yield to D. D. D. Try it yourself, and you will know why hundreds of grateful people have found D.D.D. a great aid in the relief of skin trouble. Be sure to send the coupon today—at once—for a trial bottle and watch the splendid results.



#### D. D. D. Laboratory Soap

For sensitive skins, D. D. D. Soap is remarkably effective. It is a refreshing toilet soap of delicate texture. It allays irritation while purifying the skin.

D. D. D. Laboratories  
3845 Ravenswood Ave.  
Dept. C-206 Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen. Please send me a trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription, I enclose 10c. to cover postage and packing.

**D. D. D. Laboratories** 3845 Ravenswood Ave.  
Dept. C-206 Chicago

Name.....

Address.....



# FASHIONS



Waist 8464 Sizes 34-46 Skirt 8447 Sizes 22-34

Waist 8471 Sizes 34-44 Skirt 8439 Sizes 22-32

Blouse 8459 Sizes 32-42 Jacket and Skirt 8467 Sizes 34-44

## MODES THAT FORECAST FALL FASHIONS

**A**UGUST is the harvest month in the field of fashion. Now we get the first whispers of the fall styles from the big openings, here and abroad.

Skirts are getting longer. Some have tunics of varying lengths, some have hip drapery, and some are very plain with deep hems and tucks, perhaps to relieve the severity. The neck outline, too, is a matter for consideration. Collarless blouses are very smart, and there are many different types of collars, if the collarless neck is not becoming. Belts, too, may be wide or narrow, and the waistline can be high or low or natural!

WAIST 8464. Sizes 34-46. SKIRT 8447. Sizes 22-34 (20 cents each).—Illustrating the smartness of simplicity, the first

design has interesting features. The material chosen was silk jersey, and all of the edges are bound with braid. The sleeves are of Georgette crepe and are in themselves very interesting. They hang straight from the shoulder, but the lower edge is a seam and the opening for the hand is left about six inches above it and is bound with the braid. The back of the waist comes forward over the shoulders and is buttoned to the front. The skirt, measuring only one and a half yards at the lower edge, has novel draped pockets, braided and buttoned.

WAIST 8471. Sizes, 34-44. SKIRT 8439. Sizes, 22-32 (20 cents each).—The dress illustrated in the middle is extremely smart. It has a very large collar which crosses in the front surplice-fashion, one side slipping through a slash in the

other. In the back, buttons act as a finish. The skirt has the peg-top effect, which is both new and smart. The soft satin is laid in pleats at the high waistline. Satin, charmeuse, crepe de Chine are appropriate materials for this design.

BLOUSE 8459. Sizes, 32-42. JACKET AND SKIRT 8467. Sizes, 34-44 (20 cents each).—Silk gingham was used for the good-looking costume on the right, above. The jacket is sleeveless, with a collar and revers of contrasting silk. The deep pockets are applied, and the belt of the same material slips through slashes. The blouse worn under it is collarless, drawn up at the neck and wrists with three rows of cord. A collarless blouse looks particularly well with the sleeveless jacket. This skirt, too, is rather narrow, following the mode, and measures a yard and a half at the lower edge.



# Collars and Cuffs and Vests That Add Variety

SLEEVES ARE LONG AND TIGHT  
AND SKIRTS FOLLOW SUIT

The fashionable silhouette this season takes long straight lines, but this does not mean that they are unbroken at times by hip drapery or tunics. One of the most attractive features of the mode is the combination of two materials; this is really help in the conservation of all woolen materials as well as making the dress more interesting. Sometimes there is no trimming on a costume, the charm of the design lying in its well-cut lines and perhaps the combining of two materials.

No. 8281, LADIES' ETON SUIT; with or without vest; two-piece skirt, with or without side tunics, high waistline, 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch satin for the suit, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch white for the collar and vest. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards.

No. 8137, LADIES' DRESS; sleeves attached to waist or lining, one-piece gathered skirt attached to lining; instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards.

No. 8057, LADIES' DRESS; sleeves attached to guimpe, side sections in two styles; instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch broadcloth for the dress, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 912 on dress, and 911 for bag (15 cents each).

No. 8449, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece tunic, elbow sleeves with under sleeve attached to foundation; one-piece underskirt with foundation section, straight lower edge attached to underwaist, 40-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch for the front, back, sleeve straps, belt and tunic, 2 yards of 36-inch and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 40-inch for the collar and cuffs. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

Descriptions for page 43

COSTUME NOS. 8127-8181.—The medium size requires  $\frac{3}{2}$  yards of 42-inch, 1 yard of 36-inch for the belt and band on the side sections, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 30-inch contrasting for the collar and vest.

No. 8127, LADIES' WAIST WITH GUIMPE. Pattern in 6 sizes, 32 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 42-inch,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for belt, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest.

No. 8181, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, pleated side section, straight lower edge, high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch for the skirt, and 1 yard of 36-inch for the band on the side section. The width around the lower edge is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

COSTUME NOS. 8462-8153.—The medium size requires  $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting satin for the collar.

No. 8462, LADIES' WAIST; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch satin for the waist, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar. Note the sleeve with its odd cuff and the pointed vest effect of the front of the waist, quite interesting style features.

No. 8153, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; pleated or gathered, high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, two-piece,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 38-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards. The pleats at the waistline give the "peg-top" effect which is so smart for the coming season.

No. 8171, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; four-piece skirt, 39-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes, 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch for the dress, and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 40-inch. Width, lower edge,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards. The collar, cuffs, vest and belt are very attractive when developed in a bright plaid material as illustrated.

No. 8463-M, LADIES' DRESS; 40-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes, 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch for dress, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, lower edge, 2 yards. This model is especially good for large figures.

No. 8239, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS, instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch figured, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 40-inch for collar. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards.

COSTUME NOS. 8207-8067.—The medium size requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch striped material for the costume, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch white for the collar.

No. 8207, LADIES' WAIST; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch striped, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch white for the collar. The panel front is one of the most popular of the season's modes.

No. 8067, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT, high waistline, 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch striped material for the skirt. The width around the lower edge is  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards.

No. 8129, LADIES' BUSTLE DRESS; two-piece skirt, instep length, attached to underbody. Pattern in 4 sizes, 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 50-inch broadcloth, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch white satin for the collar. Width,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards.



Dress 8137  
Sizes 34-42

Dress 8449  
Sizes 34-46

Transfer  
Design No.  
912 on Dress  
and No. 911  
for Bag

Eton Suit 8281  
Sizes 34-44

Dress 8057  
Sizes 34-42



# Smart Costumes for Morning and Afternoon

DESIGNS THAT SEEM TO EMPHASIZE  
THE STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE

FOR THE WOMAN  
OF GOOD TASTE



For other views and  
descriptions or models  
on this page, see  
page 42

# Many of the Latest Designs Have No Collars



Dress 8465  
Sizes 34-44

Waist 8235 Skirt 8445  
Sizes 34-46 Sizes 22-34  
Transfer Design No. 899

Dress 8221  
Sizes 34-46  
Transfer Design No. 889

Waist 8133 Skirt 8461  
Sizes 34-44 Sizes 22-34



8465



Peasant Blouse 8459  
Sizes 32-42



Cossack Waist  
8453  
Sizes 34-44  
Transfer Design  
No. 888

No. 8465, LADIES' DRESS; collarless, closing on shoulder; or with inset vest, front closing; two styles of sleeve; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch material. This dress has the comfort of no fastenings except on the shoulder, and is held in at the waistline by a belt. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 8235, LADIES' WAIST; closing back or front. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 890 is used for the bead design. One of the new collarless blouses.

No. 8445, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; pleated or gathered; straight lower edge; high waistline; 40-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 45-inch material. This model has the novel little vestee belt which is so very popular. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 8459, LADIES' AND MISSES' PEASANT BLOUSE; back closing, or to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. Simplicity is the keynote of this blouse. It is gathered up on three rows of cords at the wrist and neck. Splendid to wear with sport coats.

No. 8133, LADIES' WAIST; with or without vest. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch striped material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch plain. This is an ideal blouse for warm days, especially if developed in some bright striped stuff, which is so cool-looking. When made without the vest it is especially good for sports wear.

No. 8461, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT; high waistline; 40-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch. This model has extensions on the side gores overlapping the panels back and front. The novelty belt is an attractive feature of this skirt. The width around the lower edge is  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 8221, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; two styles of front; three-piece skirt, instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch. The width lower edge is 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 889 (15 cents).



No. 830, BANDING DESIGN.—Unusually stunning in effect, suggesting the Oriental embroideries. For darning-stitch with chenille, wool or silk floss. Can be cut apart for motifs. 3 yards of band  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.

No. 8453, LADIES' COSSACK WAIST; two styles of front; to be slipped on over the head or opening on the shoulder. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. This new design is very effective when developed in satin ororgette crepe and braided. The Transfer Design is No. 888 (15 cents).



# Some August Styles That Forecast Fall Fashions

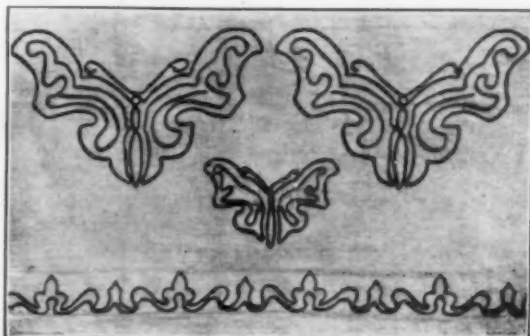


No. 8473, LADIES' WAIST; collarless, opening center-front or on shoulder; two styles of back. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, opening on shoulder, 1½ yards of 40-inch Georgette crêpe, and ¾ yard of pleating. The sleeve is gathered and attached to the seam of the cuff, with the loop extending.

No. 8451, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline; 40-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch striped sports satin. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards.

No. 8469, LADIES' MATERNITY DRESS; no outlet required; adjusted to figure by belt; with or without vest; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt attached to lining; no placket necessary; 40-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch figured, 1¾ yards of 40-inch satin, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 8187, LADIES' SMOCK; smocked or gathered; front closing or to be slipped on over the head; two styles of back and sleeve. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch poplin for the smock. Transfer Design No. 690 for the smocking (10 cents). This is an excellent design for summer sports and garden work.



No. 912, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BRAIDING.—A new and smart dress trimming in butterfly effect. The pattern includes 3 yards of 1½-inch border; 4 transfers each of butterflies in 3 sizes, the largest, 9 x 5½ inches. Yellow, or blue. Price, 15 cents.

COSTUME NOS. 8233-8457.—The medium size requires 4½ yards of 40-inch satin, and 1½ yards of 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Transfer Design No. 383 (10 cents).

No. 8233, LADIES' WAIST; pleated or tucked; two styles of vest. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch Georgette crêpe for the waist, and 1 yard of 40-inch satin for the vest and collar. The back of the waist comes forward over front to hold fullness. No. 8457, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT; two-piece skirt, straight lower edge; side foundation sections; high waistline; 40-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes, 22 to 36 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch satin. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 8227, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; opening center-front, or with yokes opening on shoulder and at underarm seam; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch. Width, lower edge, 1¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 863 (15 cents).

No. 8205, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch figured silk for the waist, and ½ yard of 36-inch white satin for the under collar and cuffs. The tabs of the over collar slip through slashes in the under collar, and the cuffs do the same thing. A particularly smart and effective design of good taste.



Smock 8187  
Sizes 34-46  
Transfer Design  
No. 690

Waist 8205  
Sizes 34-44

## Mother is the Home Doctor

Almost daily she is confronted with a little hospital work—cut fingers, bruises, burns and various preventive measures against children's ills. She must be prepared to take just the right remedial measure promptly and for that reason should always have Absorbine, Jr., at hand.

### Absorbine, Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is quite a complete first-aid cabinet in itself. It cleanses and heals cuts, bruises, sores and wounds. It kills germs and is a dependable spray gargle for sore throat. It reduces swellings and inflammation promptly and gives quick relief from aches and pains.



Absorbine, Jr., is a safe, clean, efficient household necessity for the busy mother only a few drops are required at an application.

Many competent chemical laboratories have made exhaustive tests of Absorbine, Jr., and have approved it. Detailed reports mailed on request.

\$1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.  
395 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

## WOMEN! there's great convenience in

### OVERALLS

for House and Farm Work

For real economy be sure those you buy are made of

**Miss Stifel Indigo Cloth**

Look for this boot trademark on the back of the cloth inside the garment.

REGISTERED

Remember it's the CLOTH in the overalls that gives the wear!  
**J. L. STIFEL & SONS**  
Indigo Dyers and Printers  
WHEELING, W. VA.  
260 Church Street, New York

## "MOTH-GO" NO MORE MOTHS!

Moths will not remain where odor of cedar is. Scientists have puzzled for years to bring cedar to protect clothes.

### "MOTH-GO"

is a little device which makes a Cedar Chest out of every clothes closet. It gives absolute protection against ravages of the Moth. It works automatically day and night and lasts one year—retails \$1.00 by mail. Garments will not carry the odor, pleasant and healthful, strong testimonials. Saving one garment pays for "Moth-Go" many times over. Write now before putting away clothes, furs or blankets for the summer. Complete ready for use **\$2.00**

Charges prepaid any place in U. S.  
Money back if not satisfied.

MOTH-GO Chem. Co., 818 Victor Bld., Kansas City, Mo.  
Dealers stock this rapid seller.

Keep sweet

with

**Eversweet**  
The Dainty Deodorant

25c. and 50c. Harmless Does not injure skin or clothing a Jar

For sale at all Drug or Department Stores, or by mail on receipt of price. Send 2c. stamp for sample.  
Eversweet Co., 66 Cliff St., New York

**You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes**

by applying "Lash-Brow-In" nightly. It nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. "Lash-Brow-In" is a guaranteed pure and harmless preparation, used successfully by thousands. Send 5c. and we will mail you "Lash-Brow-In" and our Maybell Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain cover. Beware of worthless imitations.

Maybell Laboratories, 4305-53 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

## Youthful Modes That Advocate Simplicity



No. 8456, MISSES' DRESS; in two lengths (suitable for small women); to be slipped on over the head, opening on shoulders; two styles of sleeve; with or without yokes and straps. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch figured silk, and 1 yard of 27-inch plain. Width, lower edge, 1½ yards.

8458 M, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); sleeveless jacket, blouse, and three-piece skirt in two lengths; high waistline. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch silk for blouse, 3¾ yards of 36-inch jersey for jacket and skirt, and 1½ yards of 27-inch for kimono collar. Width, lower edge, 1½ yards.

Dress 8458M  
Sizes 14-20

Dress 8456  
Sizes 16-20

No. 8432, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); two-piece skirt, in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 32-inch linen for dress, longer length, and ¾ yard of 36-inch check for the collar and vestee in one and the cuff facings. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. The vestee and the collar are cut in one.

No. 8206, MISSES' TUNIC DRESS (suitable for small women); two styles of sleeve; three-piece underskirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch plaid, 1½ yards of 36-inch plain for the front and lower section, and ¾ yard of 36-inch pique for the collar, vest and cuffs. Width, 1½ yards. Very smart indeed is this simple little dress in Red-Ingote style.

No. 8268, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); two styles of sleeve, attached to waist or lining; one-piece tunic, straight lower edge; one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch linen for the dress. The simple bodice is surplice, and closes with a wrapped-around belt that buttons low on the right side.



8456



8458

Dress 8432  
Sizes 14-20

Tunic Dress 8206  
Sizes 16-20

Dress 8268  
Sizes 16-20



8432



8206



8268



# The Collarless Dress and Sleeveless Smock

No. 8446, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); two- or three-piece skirt in two lengths, attached to underbody; no placket opening required in skirt. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch serge, and 2½ yards of 36-inch satin. The novelty collar is adjustable and can be worn open or closed. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8470, MISSES' SLEEVELESS SMOCK OR MIDDY WITH GUIMPE; front closing, or to be slipped over the head. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch linen, and 1½ yards 40-inch for sleeves and guimpe. The back of the midy comes forward in yoke effect, holding the fullness of the front. Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents).

No. 8238, MISSES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (suitable for small women); high waistline; shorter length. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. This skirt can be made with front closing or closing at the side seam. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8452, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); elbow sleeves; two-piece skirt, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch dotted material, and 3¾ yards of 36-inch plain. The side drapery is very easily made by sewing triangular pieces to the side seams. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



Dress 8446  
Sizes 14-20

Middy 8470 Skirt 8238  
Sizes 14-20 Sizes 14-20

Transfer Design No. 690

No. 8436, MISSES' DRESS, in two lengths (suitable for small women). Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 44-inch plaid, and ¾ yard of 40-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8448, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 851 (15 cents). This dress is all in one from shoulder to hem, with a set-in front panel, and shows the smartness of collarless dresses.



8446

8470

8238

Dress 8452  
Sizes 16-20

Dress 8436  
Sizes 16-20

Dress 8448  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 851

8452

8436

8448

*"The little Nurse for little ills"*

## for Sunburn

and for insect bites and chafing

**MENTHOLATUM** takes away the sting and burn and gently heals the irritation. It is antiseptic as well as soothing and is therefore excellent for cuts, bruises or any break in the skin. Keep Mentholum handy—take it with you on vacation trips.

**A HEALING CREAM**  
**Mentholum**  
*Always made under this signature*

At all druggists in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c. 50c. \$1.

Do this: Write today for Test Package. Free. Or send 10c. for special Trial Size.

The Mentholum Co.  
Dept. C Buffalo, N.Y.

**War knitters pronounce ESKIMO YARN 100% efficient**

You, too, can knit more, easier and faster, saving both money and labor with ESKIMO YARN. So lofty and smooth it seldom splits on needles or knots. ESKIMO also makes your work do double service. Because all short staples are combed out of wool, and only extra long, silky, healthy staples are used in ESKIMO YARN. It goes further and wears longer. Just think—a Sweater, Sweater, Helmet, pair of Wrists, Scarf, and pair of Socks; all can be knitted from only six balls of ESKIMO YARN. We'll mail you our

**HANDSOME KNITTING BOOK FREE**

For name of dealer who doesn't yet handle ESKIMO. (War Relief Societies granted special discounts.)

**Nye & Wain—Kilmarnock Corporation**  
"Meet for the Money Yarn"  
Dept. A, Auburn, N.Y., U.S.A.

**Freeman's FACE POWDER.**

Used by Society's leaders for over 30 years. Does not rub off. All tints at all toilet counters, or miniature box for 4 cents stamps.

**THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.**  
Dept. 50 Cincinnati, O.

**25c**

**Baby Won't Cry in a Rock-a-Bye**

Rock-a-Bye Swing No. 1	\$1.50
Rock-a-Bye Swing No. 2	2.50
Rock-a-Bye Walker No. 17	2.50

**Perfection Rock-a-Bye:**

Walker No. 18	5.00
High-Chair No. 5	2.50
Auto Seat No. 1	1.00
Auto Seat No. 26	1.00
Crib No. 2	1.00
Baby Play Yard No. 6	1.00
Baby Nursery Seat No. 16	3.25

If your dealer cannot supply you we will ship, prepaid, our article on receipt of money order.

**Perfection Mfg. Co.**  
2787 N. Leffingwell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Every merchant should have our Catalog of Rock-a-Bye Specialties.

No 1 \$1.50 No 2 \$2.50

**AGENTS: \$40 A WEEK**

A brand new hosiery proposition that beats them all. For men, women and children. All styles, colors and fancy stripes, including the finest line of silk hose.

**Guaranteed One Year:** Must wear 12 months or replaced Free! A prospect in every home. Often sell dozen pair to one family. Repeat orders make you a steady income.

**Easy Sales—Big Profits**  
Work spare time or full time. Any man or woman can sell this wonderful line of guaranteed hosiery at less than store prices.

**Silk Hose Free**—Try our hosiery before selling it. Write quick for particulars and state size of hose worn.

**Thomas Hosiery Co., 8408 Elk St., Dayton, O.**

**AGENTS QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS!**  
OUTFIT FREE! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today.

**NATIONAL IMPORTING & MFG. CO., Dept. H. M., 425 Broadway, New York**

**A FINE INCOME** selling KLOZEBAYERS Tights—the laundry sensation. Repeat orders constantly. North. Sales guaranteed. Send no money. INVESTIGATE.

**KLOZEBAYERS MFG. CO., 253 5th Church Street, New York**

## DO YOU NEED A SEWING MACHINE?

If you plan to buy a sewing machine, by all means send for full particulars regarding THE NEW PRISCILLA. It will mean money in your pocket.

The New Priscilla Sewing Machine does every kind of plain and fancy sewing; it contains all latest improvements and is guaranteed for a LIFETIME, yet the cost is \$10.00 to \$35.00 LESS than others. Let us send you our Demonstration Book which explains how it is possible for us to sell the high-grade Priscilla Sewing Machine at such a big saving.

To every woman who needs a sewing machine and asks for our Demonstration Book during this month we will send a beautiful hand painted Needle Book absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

Simply say you need a sewing machine and would like to receive particulars regarding The New Priscilla. The Free Needle Book will be mailed to you at once without charge. This will not obligate you in any way whatsoever. Address

The Priscilla Needlework Co.  
Dept. J, 87 Broad St., Boston, Mass.



*Has been healing children's skin 25 years*

**Sykes Comfort POWDER**

**Chafing Scalding Rashes and Irritations**

quickly disappear under the healing and soothing influence of this medicated powder, because it contains antiseptic and healing ingredients not found in ordinary talcum powders.

Nurses insist on it after bathing children because it prevents skin soreness. For skin irritations of the sick, bed sores, and for chafing of fleshy people one box will prove its extraordinary healing power. 45c. at leading drug stores or by mail.

Send 3c. stamp to pay postage on THIS TRIAL BOX FREE

THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.



**Joy and Health for Baby Only Rest and Relief for Mothers \$1.50**



**La-La-By Swing**

A Safe Nest for Baby

Gives fun, comfort, healthful exercise. Keeps baby away from danger, dirt, wet and draughty floors. Prevents illness—recommended by physicians. Leaves mother free to attend to her duties. Baby can't fall out. Hangs anywhere—indoors or out. Made of heavy washable duck on steel frames, with reinforced hangers. Folds flat. Safely holds 100 lbs.

Only \$1.50

Sent postage paid on receipt of \$1.50 cash or money order. Money back if baby doesn't like it.

Made by S. COLEMAN-SILVER CO. Dept. 18 14 W. Lake Street, Chicago

Dealers—Write for prices, etc.



**ESKAYS Albumenized FOOD**

If your baby is not the picture of health and strength, try Eskay's.

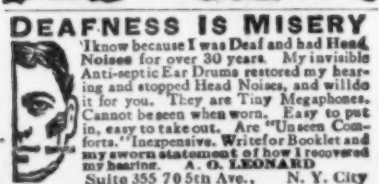
We will mail you large trial package free on request.

Smith, Kline & French Co.  
472 Arch Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.



Send 10c. for a big 10c. worth of Pins and a dainty Pin-Tray as well.

OAKVILLE CO.  
Waterbury, Conn.



**DEAFNESS IS MISERY**  
I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD  
Suite 355 70 5th Ave., N. Y. City

## The Small Girl Up to - Date



Dress 8468  
Sizes 6-14

Sleeveless Smock  
Dress 8460  
Sizes 4-14  
Transfer Design No. 690



Dress 8442  
Sizes 6-14

Empire Dress 8438  
Sizes 4-14

Dress 8454  
Sizes 4-14

No. 8442, GIRL'S DRESS; blouse in two lengths; straight skirt, pleated or gathered attached to underbody. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch figured, and 2 yards of 36-inch plain for the blouse and belt. The collar and straps are cut in one, and the pockets on the straps are put on, in turned up effect. The straight lines of this little frock are most becoming to the growing girl. Long sleeves may be used if preferred instead of the short ones illustrated here.

No. 8438, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS; overdress opening on shoulder and at underarm seam; sleeves and one-piece skirt attached to lining. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch batiste for the dress. Empire styles are always great favorites with the younger set, and this is particularly dainty and attractive. Note the interesting tunic, laced up on the side. Fillet lace edges the tunic; and narrow ruffles of the batiste, picot edged, finish the collar and cuffs.

No. 8444, GIRL'S DRESS; two styles of sleeve; one-piece straight tunic, with one-piece straight underskirt or lengthened by straight section. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch flowered voile, and ¾ yard of 36-inch organdie. This design is particularly suitable for soft materials. The scalloped tunic hangs free over the narrow underskirt.



8460

8468

8442

8438

8454

8444

Dress 8444  
Sizes 6-14

No. 8468, GIRL'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head, closing on shoulder; or with vest, closing center-front. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 32-inch for the dress and sleeves, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for the collar, vest, and cuffs. The belt is stitched several times with a loose stitch, and the collar and cuffs have picot edging. This dress, built on narrow lines, is in one from shoulder to hem.

No. 8454, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1½ yards of 27-inch for the square collar, vestee, cuffs and belt. The collar and little vestee are cut in one, and the buttonholes on the vestee may be either bound with the material or simulated by using braid. There are simulated box-pleats, front and back. This little dress is particularly good for school, and can be made effectively in either cotton or wool materials. Short sleeves can be used if preferred.



# Novel Ideas for the Kiddies Wardrobe

No. 8168, BOY'S TOMMY TUCKER SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch material for the blouse, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch contrasting material for the trousers and the suspenders. This design is very comfortable for the youngster at play and is also very easily made at home. When contrasting materials are used, checked material is very pretty for the trousers and plain material for the blouse as illustrated. The blouse may be made with a large square collar and short sleeves if desired, and the straps may be straight instead of having the suspender effect.

No. 8204, CHILD'S DRESS; smocked or gathered. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 45-inch material. This little box-pleated dress has a bunch of smocking or gathering back and front. The sash is run behind the pleats through the slashes. When the little girl is just starting school this is an ideal dress for her to wear. Developed in a dainty figured material and finished with feather-stitching around the collar, yoke and hem, this is a most attractive dress for any little girl. The transfer design for the feather-stitching is No. 448 (10 cents).

No. 8472, CHILD'S BEDTIME ROMPER, DROPPED BACK. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. An original little romper or sleeping garment in peg-top effect, the drop back buttons up on to the waist with buttonholes in the belt, which then buttons in the front or at each side. Any little child will just delight in going to bed if he may have these charming little rompers to put on. They are developed in the illustration in a very interesting material. Who couldn't go straight to sleep and have happy dreams with dear little bluebirds printed on his rompers.



Dress 8440  
Sizes 2-10

Suit 8168  
Sizes 2-6

Dress 8204  
Sizes 1-6  
Transfer Design No. 448

Romper 8472  
Sizes 1-6



Apron 8450  
Sizes 4-12  
Transfer Design No. 891

No. 8440, CHILD'S DRESS; straight skirt and long sleeves attached to underwaist. Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Loose body and cap sleeves in one. The collar is attached to the jacket or underwaist. When one material is used as illustrated, it requires 4 yards of lace edging and 2 yards of ribbon for the sash. The jacket is finished with tiny tassels of the same color as the ribbon sash. This is a simple and charming design for a party frock for the dainty little girl. The same design may be used and developed in contrasting colors, such as check material for the dress and a plain material for the jacket.

No. 8450, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE APRON. Pattern in 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years (10 cents).—Size 8 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Very attractive little apron for play. It is practical and easily made at home. This charming design is developed in linen of a solid color, and the little nursery figures are in bright attractive colors that the children all like. The large patch pockets are sufficiently roomy to hold some toys and playthings. On hot August days this apron proves very practical if one wants to keep the kiddies cool, and still have them look attractive. The transfer design which is used on large view is No. 891 (10 cents) for the embroidery on the pockets, and around the neck and bottom. No. 779 (10 cents) on small view. Built on the new narrow lines this apron overlaps in the back and buttons together, the straps over the shoulders, also button in the back.

No. 8434 M, GIRL'S DRESS WITH SHIELD; to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. This sailor dress has an odd-shaped yoke attached to panels back and front. It may be worn with or without the belt. It is a very suitable style for school, for it is serviceable and still retains a smart look which is so desirable in school clothes. The model illustrated is developed in linen, but it is also very attractive when developed in serge as a winter school dress. When serge is used, it is quite nice to have flannel for the collar and cuffs in a contrasting color. The tie is the same color as the collar and cuffs. A belt of the same or of contrasting material can be worn, slipping through loops at the side seams to hold it in place, or a leather belt would be equally effective. The shield can be high or low necked, and long sleeves may be used if preferred.



8472

8440

8168

8204

8450  
Transfer Design No. 779

8434

## Getting Together

Though the tongues of men be different, the heart is essentially the same. In a world torn with war and economic strife, what need is greater than that of "getting together"?

Today women are working as never before. Eager for political, economic and social reform, they are mobilizing the forces of good. Cognizant of her own potentiality, woman desires to use her capacities intelligently and well, wishes to learn of the achievements of others, and of the gradual leveling of national barriers before a growing universal fellowship.

The Christian Science Monitor, with a world-wide newsgathering service and an international circulation, presents the important activities of women everywhere. Education, the arts, household, fashions, and advertising are also valuable assets to its women readers.

The Christian Science Monitor, 3c a copy, is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a sample copy on request.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY  
BOSTON U. S. A.  
Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature

The Gem of the Notions

### Starsnap

The Perfect Dress Fastener

Look for this Card - At Your Dealers  
COLUMBIA FASTENER COMPANY CHICAGO, ILL.

## Beautify the Complexion

SURELY, QUICKLY.  
**Nadinola Cream**  
The Supreme Beauty Requisite  
Used and Endorsed by Thousands

NADINOLA banishes tan, freckles, pimples, liver-spots, etc., extreme cases. Rids pores and tissues of impurities. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy. Directions and guarantee in package. By toilet counters or mail, two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. Address Dept. M. NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.

Daniel Green  
**Comfy**  
Felt Slippers  
Wear Them in the House—They Save Shoes

A pastoral request brings a charming story for the children, "The Adventures of Bob and Sue".  
Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.  
Comfy Footwear for Everybody  
126 East 12th Street New York City

### Comfy Slippers

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mergolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the dermalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mergolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.



## Ascher's KNIT GOODS

THE children are lovable bundles of healthy happiness in their Ascher Knitted Sweater Suits. For the rest of the family, too, Ascher's Knit Goods are the cozy, sensible garments. Booties, leggings, sweaters, carriage robes for baby, to scarfs, spencers, house-jackets, caps, breakfast shawls for mother. When you buy fancy knit goods, look for the label of the frisky lamb. It guarantees all-wool and stands for quality of nearly half-a-century's standing.

*All stores of the better trade carry Ascher's Knit Goods. Write for Ascher's free book for the children; "The Children's Suit to a Thousand."*

**SIMON ASCHER & CO., Inc.**  
Dept. C-364 Fifth Avenue New York



# KAZOO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



### Suspender Waists

Children are perfectly comfortable when they wear the Kazoo Suspender Waist. It is not only a hose supporter and suspender waist but it tends to eliminate stooping shoulders. There is proper distribution of the weight of clothing with the Kazoo and perfect freedom for playing.

Style 4 for boys and G for girls illustrated here. Style B (with belt) for boys 4 to 10 years; Style 4 for boys 8 to 18 years; Style G for girls all ages.

Buy the Kazoo for your children—the cost is 60c, or leather trimmed \$1.00—20c extra in Canada. If you cannot get the Kazoo order direct from its giving name of nearest dealer. We will return the amount you paid for the Kazoo if for any reason you wish to send it back.

*Ask for booklet "The Right Way to Dress Kids."*

**The Harris Suspender Company**  
Dept. A  
604 Broadway at 4th St.  
New York

# "Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

—use it after every bath

"Mum" neutralizes all body odors as they occur. Never interrupts natural functions. Harmless, stainless, beneficial. Lasts from bath to bath.

25c at drug and department stores.

"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"Mum" Mfg Co 1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia



## NADINE

### FACE POWDER

IN GREEN BOXES ONLY

**Makes the Complexion Beautiful  
SOFT AND VELVETY. Money  
back if not entirely pleased.**

Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. M.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

## Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

**FIVE** bright Capable Ladies to Travel, demonstrate, and sell dealers. \$75.00 to \$150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid.

Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 93, Omaha, Neb.



**Prophy-lactic**  
Tooth Brush

Brush your  
Teeth Up! I  
Down!

Not  
This  
Way



## With That New Frock You Will Need DELATONE

SO LONG AS FASHION DECREES sheer fabrics for sleeves, the woman of refinement requires Delatone for the removal of noticeable hair from the under-arm.

Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

*Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of \$1 by The Sheffield Pharmaceutical Co.*

**The Sheffield Pharmaceutical Co.**  
339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. F. H. Chicago, Illinois.

## Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

### STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

**"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"**  
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

**STILLMAN CREAM CO.**  
Dept. 4 Aurora, Ill.

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deaf Person Knows That. I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one need ever know. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

**GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

**SEND US YOUR NEXT PHOTO**  
or negatives for Development, Printing or Enlarging by our new, prompt, perfect system. Low prices. Sample Roll developed 10 cents. Send name for details.

**FILMS**  
Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 229 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

## Interesting New Designs










**Work Suit 8435**  
Small, medium, large

No. 8435, LADIES' WORK SUIT; cap, blouse and trouserette adopted by the United States Government munition workers. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44 bust (20 cents).—Medium size requires 5½ yards 36-inch.

**Canteen Apron and Cap 8455**  
Sizes 32-46

No. 8455, LADIES' AND MISSES' CANTEEN APRON AND CAP; two styles of sleeve, adjustable cuff. Pattern in 8 sizes, 32 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 32-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch white. Width, lower edge, 2 yards.

**House Dress 8443**  
Sizes 34-46

No. 8437, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGEE OR NIGHTGOWN; to be slipped on over the head, yoke in two styles. Pattern in one size, suitable for any size from 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Material required is 3¾ yards of 36-inch nainsook, 2¼ yards of insertion, and 4 yards of edging. Width, lower edge, 2 yards.

**Undergarment 8441**  
Sizes 34-42

No. 8441, LADIES' UNDERGARMENT; one-piece straight lower section. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch crepe de Chine, 1½ yards of 6-inch lace banding, and ¾ yards of ribbon. This is very easy to make.

**Child's Set of Short Clothes 8466**  
Pattern in 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years (20 cents).—Materials required for each size are given on the pattern envelope.

**Transfer Design No. 632**



## The Newest in Needlework

By Helen Thomas



909

909—Transfer Design for Bowknots. These lace bowknots are especially dainty for underwear. Pattern includes 4 large, 4 small bowknots, and several floral designs, with embroidery directions. Price, 10 cents.

910—Transfer Design for Bead Bag. Unusually handsome with wreath beaded solid on velvet or heavy silk. The finished bag measures 8½ x 14 inches. Design for back also given. Color directions—beads required, etc., are printed on pattern. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.

911—Transfer Design for Bead Bag. A stunning bag, new in shape and design. Full color directions—materials required, etc., are printed on pattern. Design for back also given. In yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.



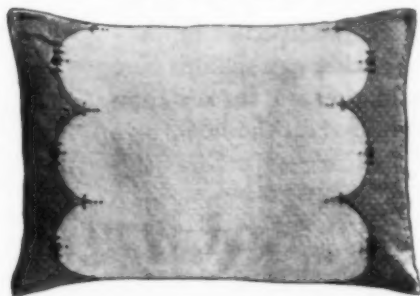
911

The vogue for bead bags continues to grow. Both steel and colored beads will be used this fall.



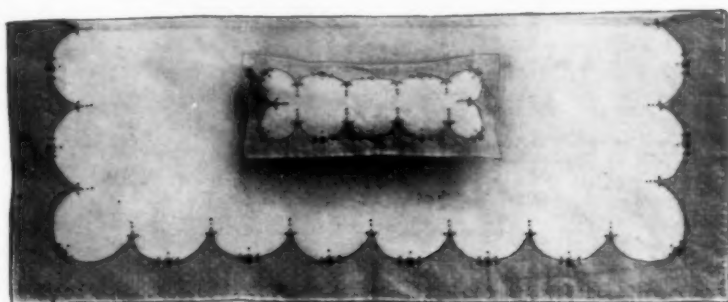
910

908—Transfer Design for Scalloped Border. Daintily effective for a colored facing under transparent material, with scallops embroidered in outline and lazy daisy-stitch. Charming for pillows, curtains, bedspreads, etc. 5½ yards of border and 4 corners included. Price, 15 cents. Matches Bureau Scarf 907.

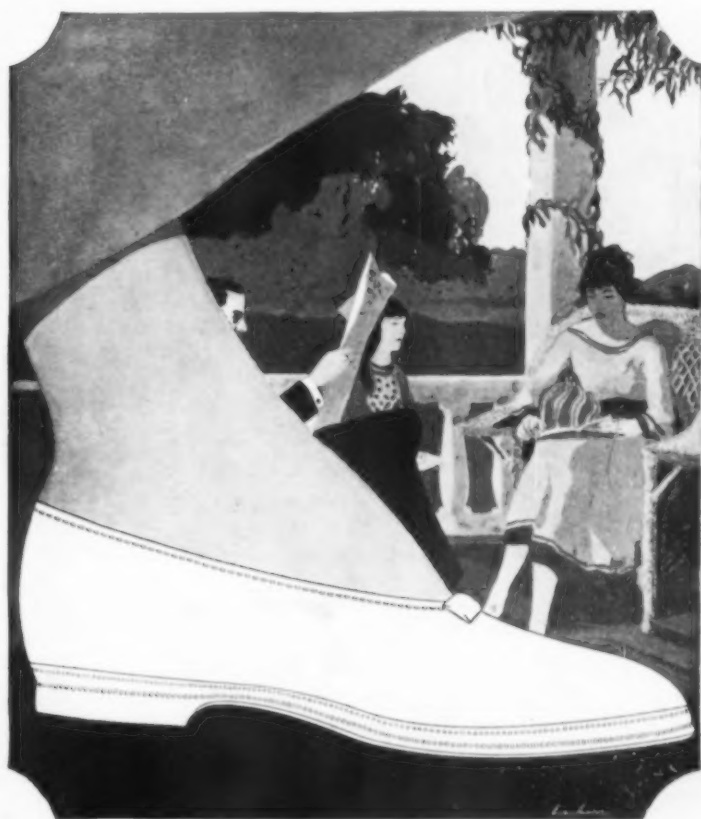


908

908



907—Transfer Design for Bureau Scarf and Pincushion Cover. A new idea that is most dainty yet quite simple to carry out. Transparent material (such as dotted swiss lawn or scrim) is used for the set. It is faced from edges to scallops with a pink or blue sateen, which shows prettily through the material. Scallops are worked in outline and lazy-daisy-stitch, with pink and blue mercerized cottons, giving a charming finish. Scarf measures 18 x 45 or 50 inches. Price, 15 cents.



## Shoes that Harmonize with Summer

Keds go beautifully with dainty summer frocks, sports suits or any hot-weather apparel. There are Keds for every occasion, every foot, every purse.

These sprightly summer shoes with tops of fine canvas and soles and heels of new, resilient rubber have captured feminine fancy because they're smart, attractive and comfortable as well as economical.

If you asked for Keds last summer and your shoe man didn't have them it was because the demand outran the supply. For this summer we have more Keds and many more dealers have stocked them.

You'll find many styles—dainty pumps, attractive low shoes, sturdier high tops for strenuous sports. Their cost is so moderate that you can afford several pairs for different purposes.

Keds come in snappy models for those who want comfort without sacrificing appearance. Keds answer the summer shoe problem for boys and girls.

Ask your dealer for Keds. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

# Keds

National  
Keds  
\$1.50 up

Campfire  
Keds  
\$1.25 up

Champion  
Keds  
\$1.00 up

Sizes for boys and girls cost less.



United States Rubber Company  
New York



## Why America has the best roast beef in the world

**T**HAT cut of prime roast beef on your table—do you realize that it is of a quality such as our fathers seldom knew?

In their day meat dressing was purely a local business—wasteful, unscientific, often unwholesome. It depended on such cattle as could be raised in the immediate vicinity—cattle adapted mostly for dairying purposes and usually sold for meat only when unfit for anything else.

Today, thanks to the enterprise of the American cattle-raiser, herds of broad-backed cattle are scientifically bred to produce fine meat. These cattle, grown in the fertile pasture lands of the West, supply a quality of beef that is the standard of the world.

This scientific breeding of enough "prime roast beef" animals to supply

tables all over America only became possible through the wonderful methods of handling meat developed by the modern packer.

Great packing plants with stockyards were established near the finest cattle lands. Shipping systems were developed that carried the dressed meat quickly to every corner of the United States.

Only this nation-wide organization—in place of the old local way—makes the cattle raiser sure of a ready market, at all times and seasons.

And because those parts of the animal that once were wasted are now turned into hundreds of valuable articles—such as fine brushes, medicines, buttons—the large packer can sell this best beef in the world, dressed, for less than is paid for the animal on the hoof.

**Swift & Company, U.S.A.**

A nation-wide organization with more than 20,000 stockholders





# Things You Really Need



Send a three-cent stamp for your copy of booklet listing 250 uses.

## Elastic

is a necessity in every home. When elastic is needed nothing else will do. You can buy good elastic or poor elastic. The danger is that you may buy inferior elastic innocently.

"Reelastic" is excellent elastic. Back of every yard of "Reelastic" is our reputation covering seventy years as producers of fine elastic webbing. "Reelastic" stretches without losing its stretchiness. It gives long-time, faithful service wherever used. The standard of quality *never changes*. Look for the KEY-WINDING (patented) REEL, holding 12 full yards. Ask for "Reelastic." Refuse substitutes.

## Dress Banding (non-elastic)

has become a necessity. Dress makers find it indispensable. It is used inside of practically every ready-made and made-to-order skirt. "Curvedge" Dress Banding is largely in demand because it is *made on a curve* to fit the figure perfectly without wrinkling. A refinement of "Curvedge" is the popular STA-UP brand (also curved), fitted with stay supports to hold it up in place. "Curvedge" is easy to sew on, very economical and a delight to wear. Next time specify STA-UP "Curvedge" and get a dress banding that will *completely meet* your need!

## Lingerie Braid (non-elastic)

is the third in this trio of things you really need. It is commonly used in ladies' and misses' combinations, camisoles, vests, corset-covers, brassieres, nightgowns, etc., and is in increasing demand for use in little children's garments. "JEWEL" Lingerie Braid enjoys a reputation for fine texture, fast colors, daintiness and economy. It comes to you on distinctive, "hand-fit" cards, each card holding *ten full yards* instead of the six or eight yards usually sold at the same price as "JEWEL." Instead of taking any kind of lingerie braid offered, insist on "JEWEL." Your satisfaction will be permanent. Remember every card of "JEWEL" Lingerie Braid holds *ten full yards*.

*At the Better Shops*

The American Mills Co. of New York  
SELLING AGENTS

395 Broadway :: New York

## "Reelastic" Garter Elastic



12 full yards on each reel. Use what you want; wind up the rest. The telltale slot shows how many yards remain on the reel. Ask for the width and grade you need. Black or white. Send for booklet listing 250 uses.

Made by THE AMERICAN MILLS CO.

Each reel is enclosed in a protecting container.

## "Curvedge" Dress Banding



Your choice of black or white. "STA-UP" or "Plain." 12 yards on each roll. Ask for the width you want. Delivered to you in neat container. Insist on "Curvedge." Made by THE AMERICAN MILLS CO.

## "JEWEL" Lingerie Braid



Made by the  
RHODE ISLAND TEXTILE CO.  
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

HANDSOME Art Cards. 10 yards on each. In transparent envelope. "JEWEL" Lingerie Braid is of exquisite, durable texture. Fast colors, washable. Pink, white or light blue. A HANDY BODKIN ON EACH CARD.

SHOPPING  
REMINDER  
(Cut this out and  
carry in your purse)

Look for

"Reelastic"  
(Use it elastic on a key-winding reel)

"Curvedge"  
(Curved) Dress Banding

"JEWEL"  
Lingerie Braid  
(on the dainty card)

74



*"Tastes Good  
an' Does Good"*

Remember I brush my teeth with Colgate's every day because I like the taste. Mother likes it too, and she says it cleans better than any other. And Father's a Doctor and he says *he* uses Colgate's because it's safe.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is preferred by both profession and public—for what it does, and does well; and for what it does not do, and makes no claim to do. You, too, should use it.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806 New York

*R.C.C.*



